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A LECTURE ON GOVERNMENT.

BY PROFESSOR B. TUCKER.

Delivered before the Students of William and Mary College,
March 6th, 1837.

William and Mary College, March 6th, 1837.

Dear Sir:—At a meeting of our fellow students, the pleasing duty was assigned us, of requesting for publication a copy of your very eloquent address, delivered before them this day.

Your compliance with this request will be truly gratifying to us, and to those whom we represent.

With sentiments of profound respect,

We remain your ob't serv'ts,

T. H. MORRIS,
M. BANISTER,
W. P. MUNFORD,
E. P. PITT,
JOHN M. SPEED.

Judge B. Tucker.

Williamsburg, March 7th, 1837.

Gentlemen:—Your polite and flattering note of yesterday is just received. I beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgments of this new proof of the unmerited favor with which my imperfect services are received by the sons of my venerated *alma mater*. I shall take pleasure in complying with the substance of your request. My reasons for not fulfilling it to the letter, will, I trust, be justly appreciated by you.

It is now two years since I first formed a resolution no more to tax the partial kindness of my young friends with the publication of any thing that I might write. But at the same time that I decline for this reason a direct compliance with your application, I propose to use it as an apology for giving to the press the lecture of which you ask a copy. Recommended by your approbation, which the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger will probably regard as an augury of public favor, I make no doubt it will be acceptable to him. To him, therefore, it is my purpose to send it, with a copy of your note. In that flourishing periodical its circulation will be as extensive as your partiality or my own vanity can desire, and far more so than any intrinsic value of its own can deserve.

With high respect and sincere regard,

I remain, gentlemen,

Your friend and ob't serv't,

B. TUCKER.

To Messrs. T. H. Morris, M. Banister, W. P. }
Munford, E. P. Pitt, and John M. Speed, } *Comm'ee, &c.*

ADDRESS.

Gentlemen:

The subject of government is that which is to occupy our attention through the course of lectures on which we are about to enter. To recommend it to your attention, to impress you with a sense of its importance, and to lay before you an outline of my plan, is the purpose of this discourse.

To perform the task proposed, we must investigate the philosophy of government. We must inquire into those particulars in the nature of man, which render society necessary to him, and those circumstances which render government necessary to the purposes of society. We must examine the relations which man bears to man in a state of nature, the modifications of these re-

lations effected by society, and the duties arising from them which are to be enforced by government.

Pursuing this investigation, we may hope to arrive at just ideas of the proper ends and objects of government. May we not farther hope to obtain some lights which may aid us in deciding what are the best means of attaining these ends? If such hopes be reasonable, then there is no subject connected merely with the temporal welfare of man that so much demands examination—none which promises so rich a reward to the patient and candid investigator. But he who would secure it, must come to his task with a mind duly prepared to receive the teachings of reason, and to follow her guidance whithersoever she may lead.

Why else is it that a subject which, during six thousand years, has occupied the thoughts and researches of men able and wise in their generations, has so long remained shrouded in thick darkness? If that be true, which all of us believe, and of which most of us entertain no doubt, then, during the whole of that time, this darkness has been never penetrated but by occasional gleams, calculated rather to dazzle and bewilder than to enlighten. And why is this, but that the investigation has been conducted almost exclusively by practical statesmen, engaged in the actual business of government, and pledged by their prejudices and by their interests to ancient errors and inveterate abuses? Would we but bethink us that the science of civil polity and jurisprudence is a branch of that great system of moral government by which the author of all things rules the universe, we should feel that it becomes us to approach the subject with awe. Whether we propose to ourselves to minister in this great system, or content ourselves with investigating its principles, we should come to our task as to the performance of a holy function. The bias of faction and of interest must be shaken off; the aspirings of ambition must be restrained; the pride of opinion must be renounced, and we must hold ourselves prepared alike to defy the "*vultus instantis tyranni*," and to disregard the "*civium ardor prava jubentium*."

Hence, gentlemen, the philosophy of government is a study most appropriate to the season of unprejudiced and uncorrupted youth, and to academic shades, never disturbed by the clamors of faction. The frown of power has no terrors here; the temptations of ambition have no allurements for us. To us who teach, and to you who learn, there is nothing so desirable as the discovery of truth; and to the search of this we can here address ourselves with a single-minded zeal, of which we, in other circumstances, and you, perhaps, in after life, might be incapable.

On the investigation to which I now invite your attention, we must prepare ourselves to enter with tempered ardor, with regulated enthusiasm, with patient hope; looking for the reward of our labors to Him, who never denies the light of truth to them that diligently seek it.

Man is emphatically a social animal. Other creatures are solitary or gregarious, according to the impulse

of instincts, which make them find pleasure in the presence of others of their kind, or cultivate a surly satisfaction in secluded loneliness. But man is social from necessity. The very laws of his nature impose society upon him, as one of the conditions of his existence. He is social in the same sense in which we say of some animals, that they are of the sea—of others, that they are of the earth or air. Society is the very element in which he must live; and the water is no more necessary to the fishes of the deep than society is to man.

He enters into life in circumstances that impose this necessity upon him. Other animals bring with them into the world a covering to shelter them from the inclemencies of the season; the faculty of locomotion is acquired in a few hours; the power of obtaining and the instinct which directs in the choice of food, are imparted long before the care of the mother is withdrawn; and, from the moment of their birth, the parent brute is in condition to cater for her offspring, and to defend or hide them from danger. But with man the case is widely different. Whole years, with all their vicissitudes of heat and cold, and parching drought, and drenching rain, must pass away, before he acquires strength to escape or to endure without perishing an exposure, even of a few hours, to either of these extremities. In the state of absolute helplessness in which he enters into life, his mother is hardly less helpless than himself, and both must perish did not the institutions of social life connect them with others to whom their existence is never so precious, as when in this precarious condition. To these institutions the father owes the means of identifying his offspring, who thus become the objects of that instinct of parental love which, in the brute creation, the mother alone is seen to display.

Do I go too far then, when I assert that society is essential to the preservation of the human species, and that man cannot be supposed to have ever existed out of a social relation? Or must I compliment the lord of creation by throwing a veil over that state of pining helplessness, in which the inhabitants of an ant-hill might make him their prey?

How erroneously do they judge, who would, for this, undervalue the dignity of human nature. When God gave man "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth," he gave him, as the charter of this gift, as the means of establishing and extending and perpetuating this dominion, the very helplessness which I have described. In this, man's weakness is his strength; for this it is which makes the strength of all the strength of each. This season of dependent weakness, prolonged until the senses have acquired their perfection—till the affections have begun to bud—till the dawn of thought has broken up the darkness of his mind,—makes him for a long time the constant recipient of benefits, which the infirmities and cravings of his nature teach him to prize and to receive with gratitude and love. It is by this fostering process that the heart is warmed to a sense of inextinguishable obligation, and puts forth those filaments which cling to the breast that feeds and cherishes him, with a tenacity that no time can relax, and no violence can sunder. The mother thus becomes a connecting link among those, who

are alike the objects of her tender care; and the enduring ties which bind man to his kind are spun from the fine and delicate fibres, which, in the prolonged interchange of good offices, are shot forth from heart to heart.

Originating thus in the weakness of man, the primary end and object of society is **SECURITY**. To war against the dangers that assail, to guard against the dangers that threaten—to destroy, or drive to a distance, every thing by which security might be invaded,—is the purpose for which men must first be supposed to have associated themselves together. Here is the inducement to accomplish that conquest over the brute creation to which man was ordained by his Maker.

In the prosecution of this, some races of animals have been annihilated—some are driven to hide themselves from the face of man in the depths of the forest, and in the caverns of the earth,—and others of more tame and practicable tempers have been subdued to the uses of the lord of creation.

Thus was security obtained; but though these enemies were subdued or destroyed, their place was taken by another, more formidable than all the rest. Man became the enemy of man. The social union, which had sprung from a sense of common danger, had ceased with its cause; but a new danger thus arose, which did but bind together those who yet remained united, more strongly than before.

It would thus appear, that, under whatever circumstances society has been formed, the prevailing inducement to it must have been a desire of security. We may be disposed to reject this idea as disparaging to the character of the bold and intrepid being that man, in the infancy and in the ruder states of society, has generally shown himself. But there are dangers at which the heart of the hero quails like that of the veriest coward. The danger that threatens the domestic fire-side, the prattling urchins, the nursing mother, and her tender babe, is one to which the brave are, perhaps, more sensitive than other men. To leave them alone and exposed, without protectors, without friends, while the hunter, in pursuit of the necessary means of subsistence, plunges into the wilderness, and for weeks and months together pursues his prey, would never be endured. The very wildness of his life, apparently most foreign to the social state, would make society the more necessary to his peace of mind.

It happens accordingly, that not only do we never find man dissociated from his fellows, but in that rude state in which he is incapable of being moulded into extended and civilized society, he is bound to the members of his petty tribe with a fervor of enthusiasm to which those of larger communities are strangers. They are necessary to him; for, but for them, the wolf or the tiger might invade his hut, or his race might be swept from the face of the earth by the incursion of a hostile tribe.

At this day, and viewing ourselves as members of a society, whose widely extended territory makes it altogether improbable that the horrors of war will ever be brought home to our fire-sides, we may be disposed to undervalue the security which we enjoy. It is danger which makes men sensible of its importance, and, in the total absence of that, we almost scorn to think of it as one of the elements of our happiness. But, think of it

as we may, it is that which gives their value to all the rest: for, without it, there can be nothing we can call our own. What prompts us to "add field to field and house to house," and to lay broad and deep the foundations of our prosperity? It is security. We know that reverses may come, and we require more than we need, least some trifling loss should leave us less than we need. What makes man every where eager to strengthen that sacred tie on which the happiness of life depends, and to render it indissoluble? It is the desire of security. Why else are men willing thus to bind themselves irrevocably to a choice of which they may repent?

A little reflection will lead us to see that this same desire of security must have been mainly influential to induce men to submit themselves to the restraints of government. If it be true, and I trust I have shown that it must be so, that society of some sort is one of the very conditions of our existence, then society must always have been found among men under all circumstances. But the ends which render society necessary, might be accomplished by small associations. There is, therefore, no warrant for supposing large ones, antecedent to the institution of government. Among savages, we find none but petty tribes, composed of a few individuals, who may be supposed to have become united by the ties of blood and marriage, or by the offices of friendship. Indeed, there is something exclusive in such associations; and while we see the individual man irresistibly impelled to connect himself with his fellow man, we find that so soon as the society which necessity prescribes has been formed, a spirit of repulsion manifests itself toward all similar associations.

Looking, then, to the nature of man, and the circumstances in which he was placed in the world, we shall see mankind scattered over the face of the earth, not as insulated individuals, but in clustering groups, united by the necessities of nature, by the ties of kindred, and the reciprocal experience of benefits. We shall see each of these groups assuming a sort of collective personality, and soon learning to look with jealousy or envy on others. Of such connections or associations, not yet bound together by any tie that constitutes a government, permit me to speak by the name of **BANDS** or **SOCIETIES**.

It must unavoidably and frequently happen, that between individual members of such bands, and individuals of some other band, collisions would arise. Whenever these should be of such a nature as to provoke mortal hostility, it would be generally found that the members of each would make common cause with their associate, whether to vindicate his quarrel, to redress his wrongs, or to defend his life. Hence, fierce and bloody contests would arise. Each of these would leave behind it the germ of other strifes, and, unless some remedy were found, extermination to one or both would often be the consequence.

It could hardly fail to happen, that in some such case a parley might lead to an agreement of the parties to submit the controversy to the arbitrament of their respective friends, with an understanding that the associates of him who should be found to have done the wrong should punish, or force him to repair it. The satisfaction to all parties, which would generally result from the adoption of such a plan, would soon lead them

to resort to it habitually, not only for the adjustment of controversies with the members of another band, but for the settlement of domestic difficulties.

Here, then, would be the infancy of government, developed from those embryo associations which the infirmity of man's nature makes necessary to his existence. You will see that governments, originating from such causes, must, from the nature of the thing, be uniformly characterized by certain features, which we find, in point of fact, to be common to all governments, and the uniform existence of which cannot be accounted for so well on any other theory. The very ends and objects of such governments would require three things.

1. That each individual should be responsible to his own society, alone, for any wrongs done to the members of that, or any other society.

2. That each society should be responsible collectively to other societies for wrongs done by its members to other societies, or their members.

3. Hence, thirdly, would arise the duty of obedience from each individual to that society, thus made answerable for him, and securing him from all responsibility but to itself.

This is the protection to which allegiance is the reciprocal and correlative duty; and in this reciprocity, we find the origin of the inseparable connexion between allegiance and protection. The two are mutually cause and consequence of each other. Let the responsibility of the community for the individual be once established, and his duty of obedience to the community will follow as a necessary consequence.

On the other hand, let it be admitted that he is bound to obey, and they who command must, of course, be responsible for the results of his obedience.

From the combined action of both principles, it will follow, that the individual being responsible to the community, and the community responsible for the individual, he cannot be responsible to any other authority.

You will see plainly in this sketch the outline of the few features which are common to all governments. You will see in it the source of that peculiar authority called *sovereignty*, the reason of its exercise, and the tests of its existence.

On this subject of sovereignty so much has been said, and so little is understood, that I am particularly pleased with the theory I have suggested; because it will render us familiar with a notion of government well calculated to preserve us from a confusion of ideas concerning sovereignty, so common and so perplexing.

I am aware that another theory has found favor with most writers. I speak of the patriarchal, as it is called. If by this it be meant that in the earliest ages there was always recognized a sort of authority in the parent over his children, and a mysterious tie connecting these together, it affirms no more than is true of all men in all times and countries. To say that this existed before the existence of any other society, is but to affirm what the very idea of our common origin necessarily implies. In this sense the proposition embraces, in the beginning, the whole human race then in existence, and does but import that they continued united together until they fell out among themselves. That they did so fall out is certain—and in all after times we find mankind united together in associations in which, doubtless, the tie of blood was an element, but plainly

only one of many elements of union, embracing individuals of various families and races.

If we look for the testimony of history, we find, indeed, in scripture, instances of what we call familiarly patriarchal associations. But we have clear evidences of society, of some sort, antecedent to these. Moreover, the oldest and most authentic of them all is, certainly, not a case of a father exercising authority over his children or his kindred. It is the case of Abraham. We find him, on one occasion, at the head of three hundred and eighteen trained troops. Were these his own? We are expressly told so. Were they his descendants, the progeny of numerous wives? He was at that time childless; nor did he until afterwards become the father even of the misbegotten Ishmael. Were they his kindred? By no means; for, in the beginning of his career, God had said to him, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." He did so, taking only his wife, "and Lot his brother's son." We then have the history of his separation from Lot; and between that event and the birth of Ishmael, comes the history of his successful expedition, at the head of his own people, to rescue Lot from the king of Elam.

Now, what do we see in this corresponding with the idea of a patriarchal government, in the strict sense of the government of a father over his children? Nothing at all—but much to show that society and something like government already existed on some other basis, and nothing that does not well coincide with the theory that I have suggested.

I have said that I am desirous to recommend this theory to you, because it perfectly coincides with the results which we find throughout the world. If this theory be true, it explains how it is that all governments are established on the three great principles I have laid down. But whether these principles thus originated or no, of thus much we may be sure, that, however governments differ from each other, they all have these things in common. 1. That each individual is responsible to his own community for his acts. 2. That the community is responsible to all the world for the acts of its members; and 3. As a consequence of these, that the individual member is responsible to none but his own community.

I have already remarked, that the device intended to guard against collisions with other tribes, and to ensure the reparation of wrongs done by the members of one to the members of another, would soon be applied to the no less important object of preserving domestic peace, and enforcing justice between the members of the same tribe. Such application completes the idea of government, and supplies all that is wanting to perfect the sketch of those few particulars, in which all governments are found to resemble each other.

If we may know the tree by its fruits, we may judge from the universality of these principles of government, and of these alone, that the evils they are intended to remedy are those which have led to the establishment of governments. To this day they are the primary objects of all political institutions. To the accomplishment of these objects the frame of every government is shaped; and by the common consent of all enlightened nations, we do not impute the character of a body politic to any society in which these things do not re-

ceive a strict, faithful and scrupulous attention. Thus we see that those associations which make light of the responsibility of the collective whole for the acts of the members, and are occasionally found countenancing the wrongs done by individuals to the members of other states, are not recognized as properly belonging to the commonwealth of nations. By some states they may indeed be employed and countenanced as instruments of annoyance to an enemy, and by all they may be tolerated and endured for reasons of state. This, to the reproach of Europe, has been long true of the Barbary Powers. But we have lately seen, that when the forbearance of France was exhausted, or when her views were directed to a different policy, the power of Algiers was crushed, and her political existence blotted out, without a word of remonstrance from any other state. Even the characteristic jealousy of the aggrandizement of France, which England has always cherished, could not make her so insensible to her own honor as to prompt a single measure in order to prevent the annexation of that principality to the French dominions. Could a decent pretext for interference have been found, oceans of blood would have been shed, before France would have been permitted to secure to herself so important a port on the Mediterranean. The consequence attached to Gibraltar Minorca and Malta, in most European wars, makes this unquestionable.

It is only then in those associations which hold themselves responsible for the conduct of their members, that the law of nations fully recognizes a national character, a complete political personality. The correlative of this, as I have shown, is the duty of obedience on the part of each member to the community; and his exemption from all other responsibility, from which it is at once the right and the duty of the state to protect him. Deny this right, and you take away the consideration of his obedience. Remove this obligation, and you free the state from all responsibility for the acts of one whom you do not permit her to command and control. The converse of this reasoning is equally just, and will prove, that by disallowing any one of the three grand principles of political association of which I have spoken, you abolish all the rest; you dissolve the cement of political society; you loosen its foundations; you break down the whole into one shapeless ruin, and remit its members to a state of rude nature.

Here, then, you find the true idea of sovereignty. This it is that places on the elevated platform of perfect equality, every political society, however constituted, and of whatever magnitude. The republic treats on equal terms with the monarchy; the petty canton with the wide spread empire; for each brings to the negotiation the same unquestioned right to command the obedience of its people, and each frankly pledges the same unreserved responsibility for their acts.

It would seem from what has been said that, in order to fulfil the purposes for which societies have been erected into governments, the attention of those who frame and of those who administer them, should be primarily directed to two great objects. Of these, the first is to preserve peace by such regulations as may prevent or redress or punish the wrongs of our own people to other nations, and to place ourselves in a condition to exact the like respect for our rights. The second is to order matters at home with a due regard to the equal

rights of all, securing to each citizen the tranquil enjoyment of life, liberty and property, providing remedies for all injuries, prescribing punishments for all crimes, and enforcing all these regulations by a well arranged system of jurisprudence. A government which accomplishes these ends, and affords a reasonable security for their accomplishment in future, is a good government. We may have occasion hereafter to consider the wisdom of comprehending other objects within the scope of its operations, and we may come to conclude that its energies may be wisely employed in their accomplishment. But for the present we may confidently assume, that such a government as I have supposed is good, no matter how adopted, nor by whom prescribed; and that one which does not secure these important points is bad, though in the formation of it the most ingenious theories that were ever devised for the perfection of government, should have been faithfully studied and adopted.

I beg you not to understand me as insinuating that there is no choice among the various theories of government. Far from it. The very object of our present researches is to ascertain which is best among the different theories to which the ingenuity of man, in all ages, has given birth. I would only persuade you to look, not to the beauty and symmetry of any proposed system, nor to its origin, but to its adaptation to the proper and necessary ends of government. We should ask ourselves, "is it like to effectuate these?" If so, it is worth a trial. But experience alone can decide whether it will effectuate them; and if, being tried, it fails to do so, then, whether imposed by force, or adopted by free choice; whether the creature of circumstances, or the work of Solon, and Lycurgus, and Numa; whether prescribed by the authority of one, or adopted by the unanimous voice of millions, it is bad, and worthy of condemnation. In the language of a great master of political philosophy, "a government of five hundred obscure country curates and pettifogging attornies, is not good for twenty-four millions of people, even though it were chosen by forty-eight millions."

The world has seen many instances of governments devised on theoretical principles, mainly with a view to the security of equal rights. How these have succeeded, history and the present abject condition of those countries which were the subjects of those experiments, show but too plainly. With the circumstances which attended the rise and progress and downfall of Rome, which led her from freedom to despotism—which raised her to the utmost height of power, and plunged her into the lowest abyss of degradation, we are all familiar. We read too of Greece, the cradle of liberty and the birthplace of art, science and literature—and we see her, for near two thousand years, doomed to wear the chains of domestic usurpation or foreign tyranny.

Is it then true, that that which is good in theory is bad in practice? Far from it. The truths taught by these examples, although humbling to the pride, and discouraging to the hopes of man, are not yet so disheartening as such a conclusion would be. But they teach us to act and to judge with caution. They teach us to distinguish between means and ends. They teach us that present enjoyment is not permanent security; and above all, they teach us that "the price of liberty is *eternal vigilance*." They show us the danger of beautiful and plausible theories, which, in proportion

as they are beautiful and plausible, are calculated to lull vigilance into fatal slumber; and lead us to suspect, that a certain degree of deformity, and slight aberrations from theoretical perfection, may produce in themselves no mischiefs which are not more than counterbalanced by the salutary diffidence of the system, and jealousy of its administrators, which they are calculated to provoke.

But, however we may cheer ourselves to our task, by indulging a hope that mankind, made wise by repeated error, may at last detect the great *arcanum* on which the adaptation of government to its proper objects depends, the fulfilment of that hope is hardly to be expected in our day. The history of the world shows us all nations, that have ever tasted of liberty, passing through the same appointed *cycle*, and, at longer or shorter periods, returning to the same points. During the first few years that follow the establishment of freedom, the experience of its advantages and blessings commend it to the hearts of men, and make it an object of almost idolatrous devotion. But the prosperity which accompanies it is too apt to debauch the mind. The sure rewards of industry, activity and enterprise, make the pursuit of gain the prevailing habit, and the love of gain the master passion of the people. It is through this passion that the demagogue successfully assails them: he corrupts them with the spoils of the treasury; he tempts them with the plunder of the rich; he engages them in the service of his profligate ambition; he gilds the fetters he prepares for them; and teaches them to wear them as the badges of party, and the trappings of distinction, until, familiar with their weight, they permit them to be rivetted on their limbs.

The season, during which this process is going on, is the season of tumultuary elections, the reign of mobs and anarchy and lawless violence. It is the season when leaders, drunk with ambition, and a rabble, drunk with flattery and alcohol, unite to plunder and oppress the middle classes, and shout the praises of parties and demagogues.

This cannot last. The spoils which purchase the vote and the shout and the bludgeon of the laborer, debauch him into habits of wastefulness and sloth. The artizan becomes weary of his trade—the operative impatient of his toil: the sources of wealth and prosperity are dried up, and the plundered hoards of avarice, and the rifled stores of provident benevolence, are soon exhausted. The means of supplying the wants of the countless multitude begin to fail, and their clamors assume a tone which warns their leader of approaching danger. The evil supplies its remedy. The mercenary voter affords the proper material for the mercenary soldier; and the habits of wastefulness and debauchery which disqualify him for every other occupation, do but fit him for that. Improvidence and sloth have made him feel the want of bread, and the paltry stipend of the soldier becomes an irresistible bribe. Happy they who are forward to secure it, and who, armed and organized, are equal to the task of curbing and chastising the petulant tempers of the multitude, their late associates! Then commences the long reign of military despotism—the empire of the sword. The duration of this is indefinite, and not liable to be determined by any change in the condition of society, produced by its own operation. Its tendencies are all to degrade and abase,

and degradation and abasement can be carried no farther. In this "lowest depth there is no lower deep." The only hope of change is from the "*igneæ vis*" of the human mind, springing up with elastic recoil proportioned to the depth of its fall, and "in its proper motion reascending up to its native seats." But the operation of such a state of things is to quench this fire, and repress its upward tendencies. Hence it is, that history no where shows us a direct transition from military despotism to free government. But there is no state of things so subject to partial changes, affecting the individual interests of the oppressor and his instruments, but rather aggravating than redressing the wrongs of the oppressed. The Janissaries will sometimes rebel against the Sultan; the Prætorian bands, impatient for new largesses, may raise up a candidate for empire, whose success may amply reward their services. Such things no otherwise affect the great body of the people, than as they are fatal to the property and lives of all who may become involved in them.

But to the ruler himself they are of the last importance; and when Tiberius and Nero and Caligula and Otho and Vitellius and Domitian have received the punishment of their crimes at the hands of their own minions, some wiser prince, some Trajan Adrian, or Antonine, perceives the necessity of creating a new order of men to stand between him and the sword of the mercenary. The materials for this will be sought among the valiant, the good, and wise, on whom ample and permanent benefits will be bestowed—the enjoyment of which, depending on the life and power of the donor, will make them faithful in his defence. The establishment of such an aristocracy is seen to be necessary by him, who, not dizzy and drunk with the giddy height of his elevation, looks down from the lofty column of autocratic power, on the bleak expanse spread out below in one dead level of abject degradation. He sees nothing to break the force of the storms which every wind of Heaven directs against his throne. He feels it continually shaking on its narrow base; and he feels the want of something to screen him from the blast, and of buttresses to prop and support him against its fury. If he is wise to choose his materials; if he selects the members of this aristocracy from among those whose public services, whose valor, whose virtue, whose wisdom, or whose descent from men so distinguished, has already gained them favor with the soldiery and the people, he will want nothing but time to establish himself and his posterity firmly on the throne. But to such a work time is indispensable. The life of one man is too short to perfect it; and its accomplishment depends upon a succession of princes aiming to effect the same purpose by the same means.

When, in the providence of God, such a succession is vouchsafed to any people, it results in the establishment of a limited monarchy, based upon a virtuous aristocracy, endeared to the multitude below by the benefits which flow down from it, and shed their balm on hearts bruised by past oppressions; and heal the wounds the sword of the mercenary had inflicted, and refresh the waste places which his rapacity had made desolate.

But the gratitude of the nobles for the favor of the prince, and that of the people for the patronage of the nobility, is not of long duration. A generation or two

gives the character of established right to that which at first was gratuitous bounty: the great baron, when called on to show the title deeds of his estate, displays his sword, and in return receives the same answer from his subordinate vassal. Hence, jealousies arise; hence, ill will takes the place of grateful attachment; and the same causes which sunder the baron from the prince above him, and the vassal below, tend to unite both in common cause against him. This tendency indeed is counteracted by the pride of place and birth, and generations may pass away before a prince is found who can bring himself to subdue this feeling to his interest; to "enfeoff himself to popularity," and, by his favor to the people, to purchase their co-operation against the power of the nobility. But let a monarch appear, who proclaims himself the people's king—who fomenters their discontents against their immediate superiors, and encourages resistance to their authority, seeking to detach the vassal from his former holdings, and by favor and flattery to bind him immediately to the throne. The natural consequence of this coalition will soon be seen in the degradation of all that intervenes between the crown and the lowest populace. The privileges of rank and rank itself will be abolished; the rights of property will be threatened and invaded; and, finally, the lofty pillar of royal authority will alone remain of all the fabric of government. But how long will it remain? If the props and buttresses of aristocracy were necessary to support it, while predominating over a wide waste slumbering in the calm of despotism, how shall it stand without them, when all the elements of society are tossing in wild confusion around it? It cannot stand. The next moment sees it fall with fearful crash, and its fragments, together with the wrecks of aristocratic power, are scattered abroad to fertilize the earth, and enrich its cultivators.

Then again comes liberty—to a people not prepared to enjoy and cherish it, a single moment of wild and frightful anarchy—well exchanged for the despotism which presently follows. Here we find ourselves at the close of the cycle, returning after a long series of ages of revolution and convulsion, of oppression and blood and rapine, to the point from which we first set out.

In the various phases of political society, as seen in its progress through these mutations, we perhaps catch glimpses of all the forms in which government is capable of being moulded. Unfortunately, of those which we would wish to perpetuate, we have little more than glimpses, while those aspects on which it is impossible to look without horror, we have full leisure to contemplate and study. For, in considering the causes which lead to these various changes, it is lamentable to observe, that that which is good is ever pregnant with a principle of self-destruction, while all the tendencies of evil are of a nature to perpetuate it, and can only be corrected by counteracting causes.

There is certainly little in this thought to encourage us in our researches. Yet our only hope of success depends on our bearing this thought continually in mind. Could we certainly know what form of government was best for the happiness of man in its *present* operation, we should have accomplished but half our task, unless we can devise some means to counteract that tendency to change, which makes the history of all that is excellent in human institutions, but the history

of things that *have* been. Does it not seem that theoretical perfection involves so much of the principle of change and self-destruction, as to lead us to doubt whether it may not be necessary to surrender something of what, in itself, is good for the sake of preserving and securing the rest?

I have little doubt that this is true, and that our best hope of discovering that scheme of things which will most conduce to the permanent welfare of society, depends upon the relinquishment of some present advantages, as the price of stability and security for those that we retain.

If then, in looking through the history of man in all ages, we can fix upon some one form of government, which for the time being has been most favorable to happiness, and to the development of those moral and intellectual qualities, of which happiness is the natural fruit and deserved reward; if we find the recurrence of that form uniformly attended by the recurrence of the like desirable consequences; and if we can then devise certain changes and modifications, which without detracting materially from such results, shall be calculated to prevent any farther change, we shall have accomplished all that the political philosopher can propose to himself.

I believe that the framers of the constitution of Virginia (and here, alas! I speak of that which has been, not of that which is) made as near an approach to the discovery and practical application of this arcanum, as any statesmen that ever lived. The devisers of the federal constitution had before them a more difficult task; but they went to it with the same general views and purposes, and executed it in a manner that well deserves the admiration of mankind.

In considering then, what government should be, abstractedly from its tendency to change, and devising the cheapest and most efficient means of restraining that tendency, we shall find ourselves following in great measure the footsteps of the authors of our institutions. In marking those changes which have taken place, we must mark their fitness to the great end originally proposed, and especially their tendency to promote or counteract the farther progress of innovation. We may thus discover what progress we have made in performing that political cycle, which it may be our destiny, as it has been that of every other people, to accomplish. We may discover whether there is any hope that we may escape its fulfilment, and even though we may conclude that we cannot retrace our steps and turn back the appointed course of events, it may be of service to ascertain the means of checking the car of destiny in its fatal career, and postponing the evil day when the history of the liberty and happiness of Virginia shall but furnish school-boy's themes in distant lands. The sun of freedom seems fated to pursue its westward course around the globe, carrying with it the blessings of art and science, and virtue and religion, to lands never yet warmed by its rays; and finally, perhaps, to shed its full glory on the same classic scenes which first glowed under its kindling beams. In that day, when the statesman of the future Greece or Rome shall look back through thousands of years to the history of what his country once had been, his eye may rest midway on the page that records the virtues and triumphs of Washington, the mild wisdom of Franklin, the elo-

quence of Henry, and the political sagacity of Jefferson. These he will collate with Solon, and Lycurgus, and Thales, and Miltiades, and Cimon, and Aristides, and Demosthenes; with Numa, and Camillus, and Cincinnatus, and Cicero, and Cato; and while, in their enduring fame, he finds assurance of the high rewards that await his own labors in the cause of freedom and virtue, his heart will bleed at the thought that his labors themselves, like theirs, shall fade away, and leave his countrymen nothing but the sad remembrance of blessings wasted by abuse, lost by supineness, and forfeited by crime.

Do you, my young friends, propose to add your names to that bright constellation, which revolving around the steady pole of virtue and truth, shall never dip below the horizon, but while the world shall stand, and long after the sun of our glory shall be set forever, will continue to shed its melancholy light on your benighted country? Do you propose to add yourselves to the number of those to whose tombs, in future ages, the Muse shall point, reproaching your descendants with their degeneracy? Or, turning aside from the pursuit of truth and the cultivation of virtue, will you familiarize your lips with the cant of the demagogue or courtier, and qualify yourselves to minister to the licentiousness of the people, or the pride, vanity and ambition of their rulers?

If the latter is your choice, I advise you to avoid this place. You will hear nothing here which shall prepare you to play the part of parasite or demagogue, the flatterer of prince or people. I dare not indulge the hope that your nobler aspirations will derive any essential aid from my suggestions, but I can, at least, promise you that my best endeavors shall be faithfully exerted to search out the truth and lay it plainly before you. Nor shall I profess a treacherous indifference to the choice which you shall make, between what is popular and what is true. However agreeable it may be to cherish our own prejudices; however politic it may seem to cultivate and flatter the prejudices of others, I shall never cease to endeavor to convince you that such are not the means of true happiness or true honor. That "echo of folly and shadow of renown," which is the short-lived reward of the demagogue, who goes to his grave dreaming of fame, and straightway is forgotten, I trust will have no charms for you. Do what you will, *so long as you retain a love of truth and honor*, you will be easily outstript in the race of vulgar popularity, by men every way your inferiors, who have but divested themselves of any inconvenient regard for these troublesome and cumbrous principles. While you are working out the complex problem of expediency and right, men who think only of the expedient, will already have chosen their part, and accomplished their purposes, leaving you no other honor but that of being esteemed half a fool, because not wholly a knave.

But, gentlemen, in the faithful pursuit of political truth; in the diligent study of political philosophy, a high and sure reward awaits you. For speculate as we may, we have an interest in what the world shall think of us when we are no more, though of that, he who lived a thousand years ago, and he who died but yesterday, alike know nothing. But such is the nature of man.

"For, from his birth the sovereign maker said,
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Nor in the fading echoes of renown,

Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment.
For why was man so eminently raised
Above the fair creation? why ordained
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame?
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre to run
The high career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And thro' the mists of passion, and of sense,
And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The approving smile of Heaven."

FLOWERS.

"What a blessing are innocent pleasures! Vulgar and vicious habits are put to shame by a rose in a cottage garden—and a polyanthus, with its verge of wiry gold, beaming from the poor man's window, is at once a presumption of its owner's taste, and a security for his virtue."

Review of Elliott's Poems. Edinburgh Review.

Ye have, sweet flowers, ye have a spell,
Whether in garden or whether in dell;
Whether ye spring by the mountain's side,
Or rise in your glory, the Florist's pride,

Ye have a spell, a spell
As pure, as sweet, and as noiseless too,
As the scent ye breathe on the early dew;
Wreath it, oh, wreath it around the heart,
Childhood will cherish, nor youth will part,
Nor age the charm dispel.

Memory points to the oak-crown'd hill,—
Joyous gambols are ringing still;—
The columbine from the cleft-rock springs,
And its gold and coral chalice flings
With its nectar drop to the sportive breeze—
Tantalus' cup to the lurking bees.

And the acorn, bright, and its cup, I see,—
Not the fall'n fruit of the old oak tree,
But finely fashion'd, like china fair,
As Mab had holden a banquet there,

And feasted her fairy ring;
And over that hill—O, the sky! the sky!
'Tis ever cloudless, in memory's eye,
The wing of the tempest afar does bear,
And the sun, forever, is shining there,
And the birds, forever, sing.

The oak-top'd hill is far away,
And long gone by is the cloudless day,
And the columbine with its coral horn
Has garnish'd many a bright Spring's morn,
And sunk to the grassy dell;
But the bloom of the pleasure is purple still,
Nor fashion's follies nor forms can thrill
The heart with joy, nor the taste allure,
That was form'd at a fountain of bliss, so pure,
And has drank at the crystal well.

Beautiful rose, at the cottage door,
With blushing petals and carmine core,

Drinking the dews of the morning hour,
And scenting the breath of the evening bower,—
So fair, so fragrant, it may not be
The vulgar or vicious have care for thee.

The eye that loves in the rose to trace
The form of beauty, the lines of grace,—
To see the drops of the night dews rest,
Purer than pearls on its virgin breast,
And the modest petals with care uncurl'd,
As fearing the gaze of the gairish world;—

The eye that glow'd with so pure a light—
In the haunts of vice, can it shine as bright?

And smile on the form of sin?

It cannot be, oh, it cannot be!—
Sinner, away from your revelry,
For your own sweet rose hath a voice for thee,
To chide, if it may not win.

Eve, gentle nurse of the Eden flowers,
Did you turn again to your floral bowers,
Beneath the glance of the Cherub's eye,
And the glittering sword that flam'd on high,
When the doom denounc'd had reach'd your heart—
"Thou from thy Eden, for aye, must part,
For a wide, wide world, that no flower adorns;—
From your rosy world, to a world of thorns!"

Did you turn again, and the boon implore?—
"A rose, a rose, for that desert shore,—
A flower to comfort the exile's eye
Beneath the shade of that frowning sky?"—
Or filch'd you a rose from the garden walk,
While the thorn shot out on its trembling stalk,—
Fitting rebuke for the bold misdeed,—
Earnest of doom to the earth decreed?

'Twas kind, 'twas kind, in the Heavens to give,
To the sentenced world in which we live,
Sweets, from a sinless land;
The bright-hued flower in cottage window glowing,—
The rose and pink, in cottage garden growing,
Oh, what a charm for weary care!
What thoughts of pleasure it awakens there!
And gives to the poor man's home a smile,
That the heart of its burdens may well beguile,
And 'lures him there, with a voiceless power,
At fragrant eve's returning hour,
To joy with the household band.

They mind the heart of a world to come—
A blooming, beautiful Eden-home,
The "Tree of Life," unguarded, grows,
And blossoms, thornless, again the rose;
Nought shall the heart from that Eden sever,
Nor its Eden wither for aye and ever.

Maine.

ELIZA.

EPITAPH.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

Underneath this stone is laid
Young Melissa, Virtue's maid;
Beauty's sister, Love's delight;
Now a holy happy sprite.

THE OLDFIELD SCHOOL.

BY BUCKSKIN.

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school."—*Goldsmith.*

When the storm of human life has passed, and the tumultuous passions have subsided into a calm, it is pleasant to look back upon the dangers we have encountered, and the narrow escapes we have had from impending destruction. Riding at anchor in the quiet haven of old age, memory loves to wander back over the past, and to contemplate the successive events by which we have been brought to our present condition. How mysteriously connected seem occurrences the most distant from one another, forming links in that long chain to which our lives may be compared! Thus, seated at ease, in my old arm chair, my snug harbor, and having recourse to that peaceful enjoyment of age, the pipe, which helps one to think, it is my purpose to recur to some incidents of my life, which illustrate the mysterious connexion alluded to, and show how circumstances, the most trivial in their nature, and apparently requiring no circumspection on our parts, often give a color to our fates. With the mind's eye, I can now see the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which arose to spread over and darken my heavens.—

Reader, I do not like my exordium; it is a style altogether unnatural to me, and savors too strongly of the circumlocutory vice of the day to be agreeable. I shall never tell my story, if I go on in that fashion—so, I pray you, let me fall into my natural gait.

Well, to begin at the beginning—My parents were poor, "*but not so d— poor neither*," as an old fellow once said to his lawyer, interrupting him in the midst of his speech, in which he was pathetically depicting the abject poverty of his client. Every thing depended upon the establishment of his poverty, but pride took alarm at the degrading picture, and the old man rose indignantly, and hitching up his breeches with a peculiar jerk, exclaimed as I have said, "*not so d— poor neither*," thereby completely overthrowing the attorney, whose risible muscles could no more be controlled than could those of the whole court. My parents were poor, but still they were able to educate me, as most parents then did, by sending me to an oldfield school, where the three R's, as I have somewhere read, (Reading, Riting, and 'Rithmetic,) were taught in perfection, and some Latin besides. Here I spent the morning of my existence, and while "winters of memory" are rolling over me, I look back to this school as the fountain of all the misfortunes of my life. While others recur to their school-boy days as the bright spot—the Oasis in the desert of their lives,—I see in mine nothing but the Upas tree, which blighted every thing around it. I can recall in perfect freshness the picture of our school-house and the surrounding scenery. In the centre of a large field of broom-straw, skirted on every side but one by pines, stood the house,—a plain building of sawed logs, *crammed*, as we say in Virginia, with mud; on the side excepted there was a fine grove of oaks, through which passed the public road; a common *worm* fence enclosed the yard, which was entered

by a stile of rude blocks. My feelings of awe on first crossing that stile can never be forgotten. I had never seen a school-master, but had formed a dreadful idea of one, having heard so much of the *instructive jerk* of his arm. A buzzing sound proceeded from the house, which I could not understand. I approached and knocked, and as soon as the door was opened, such a scene met my eyes, and such a Babel of noise assailed my ears, that I stood for some time rooted to the spot. The master, a rough looking Irishman, dreadfully marked with the small-pox, was scuffling with an overgrown boy, who used in his defence, with no little dexterity, a rule, from one end of which hung a string and lead pencil. After a smart rap over the knuckles of the pedagogue, I heard the boy exclaim, "*I'll be bound you'll never write AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT* again.*" On two sides of the room were ranged desks and benches, covered with large splotches of ink, and whittled almost to pieces, and around sat about twenty boys of all sizes. One little chubby-faced fellow, whose feet could not reach the floor, was crying out, at the very top of his voice, *b-l-a, bla*, and all the rest were spelling or reading in the most abominably loud and dissonant tones, and with that peculiar whine which a child at first considers as the distinctive characteristic of reading as opposed to talking. Some were at great *A*, little *a*, *r-o-n*; some at *a-bom-i-na-ble* and some at *con-cal-e-na-tion*—and such a concatenation of abominable sounds I certainly had never heard in my life before. The instant they saw me, all save the combatants were as still as Tam O'Shanter's witches, when he cried out "*Weel done Cutty Sark.*" Before I had power to move from the station I occupied, the scuffle between the boy and the school-master terminated in favor of the latter, who proved game, while the former showed the dunghill, and attempted a precipitate retreat through the door. As he approached, I started on one side to give him a free passage, but unfortunately he was not aware of my movement, and we came in contact, by which means the whole party, school-master and all, tumbled heels over head into the yard. The rebellious boy, by this means, was caught, and received in my presence such a *lashing*, as proved our teacher to be fully as expert as "*the most expert flogger in all Oviedo.*"

Such was my initiation into the mysteries of an oldfield school—and the reader will see at once, that I cannot be held responsible for the defects of my education. What could I learn in this Babel but the confusion of tongues? There reigned here a constant struggle between democracy and despotism; and notwithstanding the strong arm of authority was against us, the physical force was on our side—and so various were our means of annoying our tyrant, that he was ultimately obliged to succumb and wink at our enormities. When I first entered this school, I was as innocent as original sin would permit me to be: I was a good boy, and said my prayers regularly night and morning, but was soon laughed out of this; for the doctrines of infidelity had penetrated at that time almost every hovel in the land, and even school-boys might be heard promulgating the sentiments of the deists. I soon followed the example of those around me, and found with Mr. Feathernest

* A famous copy at school, which, with "Evil communication corrupts good manners," will doubtless be remembered by many of my contemporaries.

that "a good conscience was too expensive a luxury for me to indulge in." I could not keep pace with my school-mates if I remained too conscientious, and especially with Benson, the overgrown boy, who had given me my first lesson in rebellion. He was the incarnation of every thing vile, and never forgave me that unlucky tumble which I so innocently gave him on the threshold of our school. He conceived the most inveterate antipathy to me, and left no stone unturned to thwart and vex me in every thing. So relentless were his persecutions, that my chief study became revenge; and although obliged at first to submit to many a severe drubbing from his superior strength, I found frequent opportunities of retort, which did not leave him altogether victorious. It is not my intention to describe the multiplied incidents of such a life, which are familiar to every Virginian, at least. Let it suffice, that having triumphed over our tyrant, we declared war against one another, as is too often the case with more important communities, and we became divided into Bensonites and Buckskins. This feud became the all-absorbing matter of the school, and ramified itself into all our sports and occupations. Books were secondary considerations. The substitutes, positive, were boxing, jumping, leap-frog and bandy; the comparative, were cock-fighting and fives; the superlative, a scrub race. In all these various accomplishments I made a rapid progress—and in gaffing cock, I became supreme. I shall not stop to enumerate my successive triumphs over Benson. I foiled him at length in every thing. Our last desperate struggle for the mastery was in a pitched battle between his game cock, the Emperor of Germany, and my King of Prussia. The whole neighborhood assembled to witness the fight, and many were the bets upon the respective combatants. Those who have never partaken of this sport can hardly form an idea of the thrilling interest excited. In the first encounter of our royal personages, the Emperor struck the King a blow, which to all appearance seemed fatal. It was a brain stroke, and for a while my old warrior seemed paralyzed: Benson was in ecstasies. Confident of the valor of his majesty, and conjecturing his situation, I sprang forward, and with all the seeming odds against me, I offered to treble the bet upon the King. It was immediately taken up; and scarcely was it done, when my veteran combatant, rousing from his temporary stupor, flew at the Emperor, and literally cut him to mince-meat. I shall take leave of my school, with the acknowledgment that I issued from thence as finished a devil in *most things*, as Pandemonium could have turned loose; and with such exquisite accomplishments as those of cock-fighter, horse-racer and five-player, it is not wonderful that I speedily ran through the little property my well meaning and industrious parents had made a shift to leave me. I thank God, they were spared the exhibition of my folly, by being removed from this world just as my propensities were blossoming. My reader, if I ever have one, must not, however, suppose from what I have said of my vices, that I was altogether corrupt. "*None are all evil.*" I had not forgotten all the lessons of virtue I had received from my parents, and especially those which were occasionally instilled into me by a being whom I must ever revere, and hold in grateful recollection: I mean the wife of my school-master, who was so meek and gentle, so kind and affectionate, such

a pattern of genuine benevolence and goodness, that I loved her like a mother, and in despite of my wildness, would hearken sometimes to her counsels. She cast her bread upon the waters, and it was found afterwards in the circumstance, that although I plunged into every species of dissipation, I never lost that sense of honor, which kept my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying and slandering. I injured myself more than any one else, and do not believe that any thing could have tempted me to hurt a hair of any creature's head, Benson's excepted. Fate seemed determined to protract our warfare to the scenes of after life. We both fell in love with the same girl, and a duel would have been the consequence, had my antagonist possessed half the courage of his Emperor of Germany; but cowardice is always the associate of cold-blooded villainy. I know not whether his craven spirit decided our love affair in my favor, but this I know, that the immortal author of the Cockiad has said, with great truth, that

Hens, like women, though the deed be cruel,
Won't have a cock that will not fight a duel.

Having sunk at last the whole of my little patrimony, and finding myself sinking fast in the estimation of those who flee with "the lees of the wine cask," I resolved on removing to a distant county and turning over a new leaf. Sated with pleasure, as it is foolishly called, and pressed by necessity, I determined to try that sort of life which had been so often recommended to me by my excellent friend, and by dint of industry and economy was doing very well, when, as Providence ordered my evil genius, Benson strayed to the same neighborhood, and settled himself as a carpenter in our little county town. I know not whether there be any thing in the feeling which we call presentiment, but I remember a sort of sinking at my heart when this man first crossed my path. He accosted me in the terms of an old acquaintance, and I did not repel his civilities; but I secretly resolved to have as little to do with him as possible, because I was fully aware of the profligacy of his nature, and I was not so secure in my own resolutions of amendment as not to fear contamination from his company. He seemed determined to force himself upon me, and notwithstanding all my efforts to shun him, I could not avoid altogether the discredit of his friendship. This was particularly disagreeable to me, because I had formed many valuable acquaintances, and depended wholly upon their good opinion for success in my business. It was not long before the peace of our village was disturbed by this serpent, having made his way into our paradise. He corrupted our youths, and introduced the scenes of riot and debauchery where all before was good order and quiet. Gambling, racing and cock-fighting were the elements which seemed necessary to his existence; and how he contrived to support the extravagance of his expenditure upon his slender means as a workman, was more than any one could tell. I never joined in any of his excesses, but as I said before, I could not avoid the discredit of his acquaintance, and came in for my share of the odium which insensibly attaches itself to those who have been familiar with the worthless, and at the same time I incurred the vindictive hatred of Benson, who had never forgotten the ancient enmity of our school-

boy days; and the time was rapidly approaching when he had an opportunity of glutting his malice to the fullest extent.

One morning, about day break, in the month of February, 17—, I was crossing the country to my daily employment, in order to gain a public road, which led to the place of my occupation, when just as I struck the highway, my ear caught the rapidly retreating sounds of a horse's feet, and looking to my right I saw the figure of a horseman, just disappearing, at an angle of the road. I thought the figure resembled Benson's, but the view was so transient that I might be mistaken, and I deemed this the more probable because I supposed him at that time to be in another part of the county. I proceeded down the road in an opposite direction, and had not gone more than a half mile, when I discovered near a small thicket on the side of the road, the dead body of a man covered with blood. His hat was placed near him with some papers and his watch in it, and a pistol was slightly grasped in his right hand. At a small distance was a horse saddled and bridled and tied to a tree. It was impossible that the horseman should have passed without seeing these objects, and I therefore supposed that he might have entered the public road at a cross one, which I had passed before arriving at the spot. I immediately recognized the body to be that of an elderly gentleman of the neighborhood, who was somewhat singular in his manners, but he was rich and not known to be unhappy, or under any possible inducement to commit so desperate a deed as self-murder. Upon further examination, I picked up the half burnt wadding of the pistol, and unfolding it perceived that it was a piece of calico, the figure of which was easily discernible; the propriety of its preservation however never occurred to me. I continued to hold it in my hand as I proceeded in my inquiries, and without thinking of it or intending to do so, I put it into my pocket and never thought of it again until some time after. I examined the ground, which was very hard frozen, but could perceive no other tracks than those of the horse which had belonged to the dead, and even those were scarcely to be seen. What should I do was now the question? I concluded it would be best to mount the horse and ride off as speedily as possible to the mansion of the old gentleman and give the alarm to his son who resided with him; I did so, and returned with him immediately to the scene. We made no other discovery which could lead to a development of the mystery; we went to the cross road spoken of, and saw the faint traces of a horse upon it as I had conjectured. The young man informed me that his father had determined the previous week upon a journey to the town of —, and probably had a considerable sum of money about him, but we could find none. His watch was a very valuable one, and would doubtless have been taken had he been murdered. The placing of his papers and his watch in his hat looked like a deliberate design, which could scarcely be imputed to an assassin, whose hurry upon a public road would have been too great for such deliberation. The pistol however he had never seen before. His father had frequently manifested some slight oddity of manner, but the son had never dreamed of such a termination of his existence. Upon the whole, the matter seemed to baffle conjecture, and so it appeared upon the coroner's in-

quest. A verdict of death by some unknown means was the result, although public opinion seemed to lean to the idea of suicide. The son however came to a different conclusion, but still suspicion fell upon no particular person.

Three or four months had passed away and the whole affair seemed buried in oblivion, when one day, in the presence of Benson only, I intimated my intention of setting out the following morning for the town of —, and he carelessly asked me if I would do him the favor to sell for him a tobacco note, which he had received in payment for some work. As I could see no sort of objection to so friendly an act I readily assented; my reader must be informed that tobacco was at that time a sort of currency and familiarly used in all transactions like money. I went to town, transacted my own business, sold the tobacco, and returned home and paid the proceeds to Benson. I thought no more of the matter until a few weeks after, when to my utter astonishment I was arrested upon the charge of having murdered the old gentleman above mentioned. My amazement was considered well feigned by his son, who assured me that the evidence against me was irresistible, and sneeringly asked me how I became possessed of his father's tobacco? The truth flashed instantly upon me, that I had been made the dupe of a designing villain, and at once I saw the peril of my situation. I replied that I had received the tobacco from Benson, and desired to be confronted with him, that I might see whether he would deny the truth of my assertion; the officer who arrested me, consented, as Benson lived in the village where the jail was, and accordingly I stood before him, searching every lineament of his dark countenance with an eye of fire. Did you not give me a tobacco note to sell for you several weeks ago? No, was his sullen reply. Villain, I exclaimed, do you dare to deny it? and I sprang upon him with all the violence of a man who saw the desperation of his situation, unless he could obtain a confession. I should certainly have strangled the scoundrel with my grasp, had I not been overpowered by numbers and dragged away to prison. My violence served but to confirm the suspicions of my persecutors, who saw in the workings of my countenance nothing but the evidence of vehement passions, capable of any atrocity. Left alone in my solitary prison, it may be well imagined how horrible was the train of my thoughts. I felt like some malefactor whose prison was on fire, and who saw no chance of escape from the irons which held him chained to the wall. What could I do? I had certainly sold the tobacco, and was known by the purchaser and could be identified; no one had seen me receive the tobacco from Benson; nobody had seen me pay him the money on my return. That tobacco, it appeared, was part of a parcel of notes which were known to be in the possession of the old gentleman murdered, and found to be missing when his papers were examined by his son, who was his executor and heir, and who resolved to watch in silence their sale as the clue to the assassin of his father. He had taken his measures wisely, and upon going to town some weeks after my visit to the same, he discovered that the note had been sold to a merchant, who, upon application, described the individual from whom he had bought it, and disclosed his name. Here was a chain

of evidence absolutely conclusive, even if I had not been the person who discovered the body and gave the alarm. What would it avail to say that I had no such pistol as the one found near the body? It is always easy to procure materials which might lead inquiry astray. What object could I have in officiously disclosing the murder, and endeavoring to trace the murderer as I had done, in company with the son? The answer was easy; the more effectually to mislead the judgment. How corroborative of my guilt was the circumstance that no trace of another horse was visible on the spot! It would be vain to urge that the author of the deed might have designedly passed on the other road and have crossed to the thicket on foot, and having committed the crime might have returned to his horse on that road. Conjectures of this sort might have availed, had there been any corroborating circumstances to do away with the damning fact of my having possession of the note; but there were none. No one had seen the horseman on that morning but myself; Benson was supposed to be at a distance; nobody else was suspected. Could I refer to my character to screen me? It is true, it had been good since my residence in the county; but from whence did I come, and what was my standing in the place of my nativity? I could not hope for aid in that quarter: No, the death of a felon was inevitable!

Such were the thoughts which occupied my mind during the first night of my confinement! In the morning came my wife and child to see me. It is impossible to convey any idea of the deep sense of degradation I felt, notwithstanding my innocence at the reception of my family in a jail. My angel wife saw my pain and endeavored to soothe me by every means in her power; she assured me that she doubted not my innocence for a moment, and that she trusted in God for my deliverance. My child climbed my knee and asked me why I did not come home and what I staid there for, and repeated a thousand endearing little circumstances connected with home, which wrung my heart, and produced a feeling of bitterness which I had never known before. I caressed him fondly and promised to come back, and beseeched my wife to take him away, as I could not bear the agonizing emotions he awakened. I preferred being alone, as I felt even her company a restraint to me, while my mind was occupied so intensely with the contemplation of my situation. She wisely withdrew, but did not fail to return each day, to offer me all the consolation in her power and to provide for my accommodation, of which she saw me entirely regardless. I will not dwell upon what may be readily imagined. Day after day passed without the smallest ray of hope of escape from my perilous condition. I employed counsel, but had nothing to say to him but the repetition of my innocence, nor could he conscientiously offer me any prospect of acquittal. The examining court was held, and the result was what might have been expected. I was remanded to jail for further trial at the superior court, and spent two dreadful months of tedious restraint, though each day found me more composed and more prepared to breast the shock of condemnation. I have ever found this the case with me, that I have been impatient under the trials of life, as long as there was a chance of avoiding them. Small matters always harassed me more than

great ones, and now that I had viewed my condition in all its possible aspects, and had become satisfied that there was no escape from my toils, I fortified my mind and resolved to bear my lot with a firmness which should at least exempt me from contempt. I was sitting with my wife on the evening preceding my trial, and was once more detailing to her the circumstances attending my accidental discovery of the body of the old gentleman murdered. I was at her request more minute than usual, as her mind was anxiously bent upon finding some clue to lead us from our labyrinth of difficulties. The circumstance of the half-burnt wadding of the pistol had until now passed entirely out of my mind, but the instant I mentioned it she started up and exclaimed, what became of it? I told her that it remained unnoticed in my pocket for a long time, but that at length I drew it forth accidentally one day and had thrown it into a drawer at home, which I described, not with any view of preservation, but simply to be rid of it. She clasped her hands and devoutly thanked God that there was yet a hope, and then solemnly addressed me thus: "My dear husband, I would not for worlds awaken a hope in your bosom which may be disappointed. I perceive the enviable state of calmness to which you have been brought by the goodness of God, but nevertheless a sudden thought has occurred to me which I will not reveal to you, lest it should excite in your breast the same intensity of feeling which pervades mine at this moment. I must be gone; farewell until to-morrow; I cannot return sooner." So saying she hastened away, and I sought that repose which is so difficult in situations like mine. I did sleep however, and strange to say, my dreams were all that night of a character the most pleasing, and my slumbers were more refreshing than those I had for some time experienced. But oh! what were the thoughts which rushed upon my mind, when I awoke and returned to a consciousness of what was to take place that day? Those thoughts, rushing like a whirlwind upon me, have left an impression which can never be effaced while memory lasts. It is true, I hastened to get the mastery of my mind again, and trampled down those thoughts for the day. I bore me up heroically; I attended the summons to court with alacrity; I walked through the gaping crowd with a firm step and manly look, and repeated the "*not guilty*" with a clear and determined voice. All the horrible pageantry of a trial had passed; the jury were empanelled; the witnesses were sworn, and among them that son of Belial, Benson. The attorney for the commonwealth had recapitulated all the disgusting circumstances of the murder, and showed their necessary and unquestionable connexion with me; my counsel had risen to speak when a slight movement among the crowd behind me caused me to turn my head, and I beheld my wife making her way to the bar. She touched the elbow of my lawyer and whispered in his ear. He received something from her and then begged the court to excuse him for a few moments. They readily consented to do so, and in that painful interval I rose and fixed my eyes sternly upon Benson, determined to watch closely his diabolical countenance. His eye quailed beneath mine, and an evident paleness came over his cheek. What had produced it? Had he seen what was tendered by my wife, or did his guilty soul simply tremble before the keen glance of his

victim? In a few moments my lawyer returned, and addressed the court with a strong appeal to their feelings of humanity. He described the great peril of the prisoner, and the difficulties under which he labored in producing proof to rebut a charge which seemed to be corroborated by such strong circumstances, and said that he trusted the court would have patience and indulge him in any effort he might make to establish the innocence of the accused. He then stated the particulars I have already related respecting the wadding of the pistol; its casual preservation, and its discovery by my wife in the drawer in which I had left it. He exhibited it to the court, and asked at their hands the immediate arrest of the witness Benson, and the detaining him in custody until a search could be made of his house, and that a warrant might issue for that purpose. He was willing, he said, to rest the hopes of his client upon the result of the investigation to be made, whether there was any thing in Benson's house from which the half-burnt calico could have been torn. It was staking all, he admitted, upon a desperate throw; but seeing no better chance, if the court would have patience to make the inquiry, and it failed, he would at once surrender the cause and give up the prisoner to his fate. The court of course assented. Benson was forthwith arrested; the warrant issued, and the officers of justice went to make the search, accompanied by my wife and my legal adviser. Who shall count the ages which rolled away while that search was making?—The time seemed to me an *eternity*. Hope was awakened, and I could not suppress the throbbings of my heart. The court seemed as still as death. I fancied amidst that awful stillness that every one could hear the pulsations of my heart. I tried every means in my power to be calm, but each effort seemed to increase my agitation. I listened for the sound of returning footsteps until I thought my heart would burst with the suspension of my breath. I turned my eyes again upon my foe, and he too seemed striving in vain to be calm. He seemed uneasy and restless. What was the cause? Was he indignant under suspicion? or was he fearful of detection? I could not reason; my senses were confused by the rapid circulation of my blood. At last the sound of coming steps was heard; the blood curdled at my heart, and I should have fallen but for the cry of joy which burst forth from my wife as she entered the court. "It is found! It is found!" she exclaimed, "and my husband will not die. He is innocent! He is innocent." In an old chest, covered up by a pile of lumber in Benson's shop, was found a counterpane, from whence had been torn the piece of calico, used in loading the fatal pistol. The figure corresponded precisely, and this, taken in connexion with my constant declaration, that I had received the tobacco from Benson, would have been conclusive against him, but in the same chest was discovered another pistol, the fellow of the one found in the hand of the murdered man. The testimony was thus so conclusive against him, that he acknowledged his guilt, and speedily suffered the penalty of his atrocious crimes.

Such were the baneful consequences which flowed from my education at an oldfield school, where the laxity of authority engendered every vice. In galloping across the country lately, it was my fortune to lose myself, and to emerge suddenly upon the very

spot where once stood our school-house. Not a vestige remained of it; the fine grove of oaks, beneath whose shade I had so often gambolled, were all cut down, and the broomstraw field was all washed by the rains into frightful gullies. Just so had time furrowed my cheek with the tears which had coursed them down, and I shuddered as I turned away from the scene of the contests of a Benson and a

BUCKSKIN.

I REMEMBER.

"Eheu quam minus est cum reliquis versari,
Quam tui meminisse."

I remember well when Love was young—

When bright'ning hopes were ours—

When the joyous harp was ne'er unstrung

Within thy fairy bow'rs:

Or if its notes would sometimes glide

Into strains of gloom and sadness—

Oh, then how sweetly thou would'st chide,

And bid me not my sorrows hide,

But to thy faithful breast confide—

Till the harp again,

In lightsome strain,

Poured forth rich streams of gladness.

Thou could'st not deem that my young heart,

'Mid scenes of hope and love,

Was cankered with guilt's poisoned dart,

Which time could ne'er remove—

Thou could'st not dream, thou angel one!

That he, whom thou hadst cherished,

Was doomed to see thy peace o'erthrown—

To walk this wilderness alone—

To mourn beside thy funeral stone—

To drag, with pain,

Life's heavy chain,

When all his hopes had perished!

E'en then, my soul, with restless gloom,

With dark forebodings fraught,

Was rushing, reckless, to its doom,

Urged by tormenting thought;

And when the harrowing tale was told—

The fearful mystery spoken—

How for the cursed demon, gold,

He, thy heart's chosen, his troth had sold,

Thy life's warm current was checked and cold—

While the faint-drawn sigh,

And the wild-glared eye,

Told that thy heart was broken!

With the murd'rer's mark upon my brow,

I'm doomed thro' earth to roam—

No kindly smile to greet me now—

For me,—no peaceful home!

But in my darkest, dreariest mood—

My brain with anguish riv'n—

My clouded soul shall cease to brood

And batten on its bitter food—

All fiercer feelings be subdued—

When I think that thou

Art an angel now,

Pleading for me in Heav'n!

EREMUS.

DEATH OF MISS PATTERSON.

"They were the first on board, and sought first the one they most loved! Alas, the pale form was there, but the spirit that gave it light and animation had fled! Still the tokens of its peaceful departure lingered in the sweet composure of her face; the brow was still written with thought—the cheek softly tinged with the dreams of her rest. They had come to greet her, to hear her speak and welcome her home; but the only office that now remained was to consign to the earth this beautiful relic; with breaking hearts they dressed her grave on the banks of that stream where she strayed in her childhood, and where long the melancholy waves will murmur the music of her name."

Colton.*

The ship had left the fair and balmy isles

That glitter o'er the soft Ægean sea—

Had left Italia's sky of sunny smiles—

Italia's bright and glorious scenery!

And hope's sweet smile in many an eye did stand,

As gallantly she bore towards their native land!

And there was one, whose bright and sunny eyes

Did sweetly beam with joyfulness and hope,

As in her fancy her fair home did rise,

And childhood's cherish'd scenes around did ope!

Sweet visions of the future—a vast throng,

All rainbow-tinted, danc'd her brain along!

She saw again her home—the lov'd ones there—

She heard again affection's accent bland—

She met the eye, with smiles soft and sincere,

And press'd again the long-divided hand!

And only wonder'd why she e'er did roam

From her heart's only paradise—her home!

Slowly the vessel reach'd its destin'd place,

And many a yearning heart awaited there,

To welcome with a sister's warm embrace

The gentle wanderer, so young and fair:

To print again the warm kiss on her brow—

To hear once more her tongue's glad music flow.

With joy to greet her, they were first on board—

Eager was every heart, and bright each eye:

And first they sought their lov'd one and ador'd,

With sweet anticipation's stream raised high.

But, ah! no bounding step nor gleesome tongue

Burst forth—but dark despair on every face was hung!

The pale and silent form, alas! was there—

All, all that gave it light and life had fled;

Yet smiles all heavenly ting'd her cheek so fair,

And seem'd to whisper that she was not dead!

But all, alas! were gone—the eye so mild and bright—

The mind so rich in gems of thought and light!

With sad and aching hearts they made her grave

Where she in childhood stray'd—by a fair stream—

Where long the light and melancholy wave

Will murmur sweet the "music of her name."

Where maids will gather oft at evening's gloom,

And deck with flowers fair and bright her early tomb!

E. M. H.

Winchester, Va.

* The Rev. W. Colton, in his "Visit to Constantinople," has given a sweet and touching sketch of the death of Miss Harriet Patterson, daughter of Commodore Patterson.

IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.

BY SIMEON SMALLFRY.

There are some public speakers of talents and reputation, who pronounce the last syllable of words ending in *ment*, as if it were written *munt*: thus,—*argument*, *agreement*, &c.

In like manner, the letter *i* is often sounded like *u*; or rather like *er*: thus,—*possubble*, *terruble*, *cituzzy'n* (or *citterz'n*), *Missourer*;—for *possible*, *terrible*, *citizen*, *Missouri*. This piece of affectation is not confined to the vulgar.

A popular, and really strong-minded member of Congress, that I wot of, habitually says *done*, where he ought to say *did*. Thus,—"*I done* all I could"—&c. In the western states, they in like manner use *seen* for *saw*: thus, "*I seen* the Governor yesterday."

It is quite common to hear "*insid-i-ous*" called "*insid-u-ous*;" even in reading, where it is properly spelt.

Of all the letters in the alphabet, *r* is that which we in Virginia the most barbarously misuse. Sometimes, we sound it ostentatiously, where it does not properly occur at all; as *after* a word ending with *a*, *before* another word beginning with any other vowel. Thus, "*Alabama-r-and Mississippi*;" "*Indiana-r-and Ohio*." I have heard a right well educated and intelligent lawyer, meaning to call the name of Santa Anna very emphatically—pronounce it, "*Santa-ranna*." He would certainly call my fourth daughter, "*Amelia-r-Anne*." But the sin of *omission* is what we are most frequently guilty of, towards this letter *r*. Many words of which it is a lawful and efficient member, are so pronounced, that its presence never could be suspected from the sound alone. Thus, *more*, *before*, *horse*,—are called *moe*, *befoe*, *hawce*. And so in many other instances.

Who has not laughed over Major Jack Downing's grotesque assemblage of *Yankee-isms*? We Virginians, are apt to think *our* dialect singularly pure: but whoever will mingle freely, for a month, with all classes of our people, and vigilantly watch for, and carefully note down their inaccuracies of language, (including phraseology, syntax, and pronunciation); will find them not less numerous, or less glaring, than those which so raise our mirth or spleen, in our steady brethren "*down-East*." The seeming odiousness of such a quest after trivial imperfections, would vanish, if the seeker's aim were to inculcate a lesson of charity, by showing us, whilst we cry out against the mote in our brother's eye, that we have at least as thumping a one of our own. In truth, however, there are even strong reasons why impurities of speech should be hunted out; especially, those, (called *provincialisms*) which pervade only this or that portion of our wide country; and mark, disadvantageously in each other's eyes, the people inhabiting those several portions. Such little diversities are often the first and rankest food for local prejudices: at any rate, they are powerful auxiliaries to clashing interests and warring passions, in making discord more fierce, bloody, and unappeasable. As party names are useful, in giving a bodily form at which faction may hurl its missiles, and thus facilitating the indulgence of men's natural tendency to hate and revile each other,—so, differences of language are hostile *badges*, which guide, concentrate

and inflame local animosity; and, far more than "mountains interposed,"

"Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

What made France and England "*natural enemies*;" so that their blood has dyed every sea, and fattened the soil of every continent, in both hemispheres, through a war of centuries? Not the "narrow frith" that divided them: not any *real* conflict of interests—for an enlightened political economy (thank Heaven!) is now beginning to show that *apparently* diverse interests are *really* sources of harmony; links of mutual dependence and mutual affection. No! it was the Frenchman's "*parley-voe-ing*" with so many bows and shrugs; and John Bull's hissing, guttural, and rugged sentences, graced so plenteously with "G—d d—ns." The efficacy of this cause of international hatred was happily indicated by the English sailor, who, after a sojourn in some French town, said to a messmate, in a tone of the sincerest contempt,—"Now Jack, did you ever see such d—fools as these Mounseers? Why, they don't know how to talk! They call a *hat*, a 'CHOPPER' (*chapeau*), 'and a cabbage, a shoe' (*chou*)! Difference of mere *dialect* is a greater cause of enmity than total difference of language: partly, perhaps, because in the former case every gibe, every invective, is fully understood, and lodges its venom effectually in the heart; partly, because such near similarity of language implies relationship, and relations, when at variance, are always the bitterest enemies; partly, for the same reason that *slight* differences commonly occasion the greatest animosities—that a heretic is deemed worse than an infidel, and a member of an opposite party in our own country, is more hated than a foreign enemy. Some negroes of Africa used to bear inextinguishable hatred towards the monkey, because of his resemblance to themselves. They thought he meant to mimic them. Possibly, our wrath at a *slight* difference from ourselves, is heightened by our thinking that the other party, being *so nearly right*, is wilful and obstinate in refusing to be *entirely* right.

But whither am I rambling? I set out only to indicate a few errors in the Virginia dialect. To illustrate these yet further, let us embody them in part of a speech, which, without doing much violence to fact, we may suppose to have been made by a member of Congress to his constituents, in giving them "an account of his stewardship," on a county-court-day.

"While this terrubble *to-do* was making, fellow cittuzzy'ns,—I done all that was possubble under existing circumstar wake the gentleman show his hand, and develo insiduous game he was playing. I went to the Indiana-r-and Ohio members, and asked them to tell me, if they could, what he meant by his movemunt?—whether he was for kindling the Missourer question again, and giving the go-by to the sollum agreemunt that the north and south had come to, on that subject? As to his making the President a stalking-hawee for *his* insiduous schemes, and just putting a great man's name in place of argumunt,—I told him he had done that once befoe, but he would never do it any moe; at any rates, not to *me*. For I was too old a bird to be caught *twice* with the *same* chaff. Yes, fellow cittuzz'ns! I would be a subject of the Grand Seinor, or of Santa-r-Anna himself, befoe," &c. &c.

The bar, the hustings, and the parlor, afford many such examples of elegance; "like orient pearls," and so forth. I have supplied only the thread upon which they are strung.

THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

BY JOHN C. McCABE.

There is a memory as pure as angels' thoughts on high,
Which starts warm drops from feeling's fount, and
wakes a mournful sigh;
It comes so sadly sweet e'en now across my swelling
soul,
That every baser feeling sinks before its soft control.
It comes when sunset's rosy beam burns on the western
wave;
It comes when star-lit dew is bright upon the grass-
grown grave;
It poises on its snow-white wing, like meek-eyed wand-
'ring dove,—
Oh, 'tis the holy memory of a fond Mother's love!
It bids me think of life's young morn, e'er sorrow's tears
had stain'd
My now wan cheek, or this sad heart by treachery had
been pain'd;
And oh! how recollection thrills at thoughts of childish
bliss,
When every ill would melt away beneath a Mother's
kiss.
It bids me turn to that sweet hour when first, a child, I
knelt,
And, taught by her, I lisp'd a prayer,—tho' young, e'en
then I felt
When her soft voice rose up with mine to Heaven's
high courts above,
How holy and how pure must be a virtuous Mother's
love.
It calls the parting hour back when from my childhood's
home
I sped to seek a name 'mongst men 'neath science's
classic dome;
When that fond Mother blest her boy, and kiss'd his
then smooth brow—
O, mocking vision of the past, how beautiful e'en now!
I launch'd my bark on Folly's sea; on Dissipation's coast,
While Passion's breakers round me beat, had very nigh
been lost;
But 'mid the tempest of the soul one beauteous star
above,
Came bursting through the mental gloom, it was a
Mother's love.
I sought again my Father's halls—no sound of joy was
there;
I heard my Father's deep full voice in holy fervent
prayer—
Cold funeral lights around the room their awful bright-
ness shed,
I wildly shriek'd my Mother's name—my Mother! she
was dead.

I knelt beside her flower-strewn bier, and call'd her long
and loud,
Then, in an agony of soul, I tore away the shroud,
And clasp'd her pale cold hand in mine—Oh, from her
home above,
I know she looks upon her child with all a Mother's love—
Time brought relief. Yet often now past hours will
arise,
Like pale autumnal stars along sad recollection's skies;
Then each unholy thought retires, and leaves the bosom's
shrine,
For that pure flame to burn before with lustre all divine.
Perchance I may be worthy thought to go to that blest
sphere,
Where loved ones meet again with those they prized so
fondly here;
Then, mother, may those broken ties united be above—
And I, sweet Mother, shall enjoy eternally thy love!

THE BRIDE.

The subject of the following lines was a lovely girl, "the only child of her mother, and she was a widow." The young lady died eight and forty hours before the day fixed for her marriage, and, on her wedding day, was buried in her bridal dress.

Sleep, my fair child! Thy mother's cradle hymn
Was ne'er so sweet as the seraphic song,
That fills, with dreams of endless bliss, the slumber,
Of her who dies in maiden innocence.
Sleep! thy fond mother's breast was ne'er so soft,
As is the bed where now thy spirit floats
Cradled on clouds, and wafted to the sky:
Never so tenderly thy mother's arms
Folded thine infant form, while she inhaled
Thy balmy breath, as He, whose kiss of love
Drank thy last sigh, and, in the long embrace
Of bliss eternal and ineffable,
Now clasps thee.

Bride of Christ! how well thy brow
The nuptial chaplet graces! How the robe,
That shrouds thy beauteous form, befits the day
That gives thee to the arms of Him, whose love,
Stronger than death, shall snatch thee from the grave.

Sweet spirit! from thy high abode of bliss,
Dost thou look down to chide the selfish tears
Streaming from eyes that should be bright with joy?
Forgive us, dear! thy mother's heart *must* yearn
For lost delights. And he—thy chosen one,—
Shall he not mourn the wreck of all his hopes;
Nor give one tear, to see the cup of bliss
Dashed from his thirsty lip, shivered in fragments,
And the nectared draught wastefully lavished
On the insatiate and thankless grave?
We know *thou* hearest us. We know thine ear
Drinks in our silent thoughts; we know thine eye
Looks tenderly upon us. But *we* see not
Thy seraph form, nor hear the soothing voice,
Which, to our desolate hearts, would speak of joys
That wait us in that far bright world, where thou
Hast gone before us.

Sweet daughter! Let us weep!

GLIMPSES INTO THE BIOGRAPHY

OF A NAMELESS TRAVELLER.

CHAP. V.

Sudden suspension of a love scene—Solitary ramble—The traveller encounters some American *gens d'armes* and carries off a real Spaniard on his back—He silently resumes his travels wrapped in a circuitous reflection. Stage coach companions—Description of "A Night Scene" not to be found in any gallery of paintings extant.

It is with difficulty I restrain myself from perpetrating a little philosophy at the opening of a chapter: I only do so in this instance in consideration of the very deep interest the reader must feel in my extrication from the trying situation in which he left me at the close of the last.

Miss Araminta Standup (or Standhope, or whatever be the orthography of her surname) lay but a few seconds in "love's entwining arms," when a bustle in the adjoining passage caused her the deepest emotion. She started from me—the vermilion of her blushes gave place to the lily—the lily to the violet—and then nature resumed her calm sway. The violet receded (except from a small part of her nose) and then came the lily again to her cheeks. It was not the common white lily, nor any other product of free trade. It was the gorgeous lily *superbum* of our native marshes—far superior to the sickly *fleur de lis* of the Bourbons.

"Take this pledge," she said quickly, almost choked with agitation. "It is nothing to what my love will bring thee hereafter—*say* at midnight. 'Go, youth beloved,' " she continued, thrusting a small morocco casket into my hands, and myself out of a back door—"but remember!—at twelve to-night—opposite the ——— church, 'meet me by moonlight alone.' "

I had no opportunity to utter a word. The voice of my charmer (which was at least "the voice of song," if not of "music's self,") was suddenly hushed as the door slammed in my face. I found myself on a little piazza, in a back yard, opening by a gate, which was ajar, into a blind alley. All this I saw at a first glance. A second revealed to me a singular fixture—on the door through which I had just been so lovingly galanted. This was a small iron hook, which, supposing that so curious a mode of fastening the door *upon the outside*, was of course intended for some purpose, I immediately placed in a corresponding staple in the door-post, by way of practical experiment. I then put the casket into a pocket of my inexpressibles, and was about to make a peregrination of the city, when a backless chair, used *pro tempore* as a wash stand, over which I came near stumbling, induced me to change my determination. Removing the wash basin, I mounted the stand and looked through a fanlight over the door. Why did I do so? Will the shock my feelings received—my intense feeling for Araminta at that horrid moment—ever wear off?

Two foreign looking wretches, with swords by their sides (you meet them at every corner in the metropolis of the southwest), had entered the apartment, and in their outlandish lingo, only the oaths of which were pure English, were unblushingly accusing my beloved of conduct of which it were impossible—utterly impossible to believe any lady guilty. One of these scoun-

drels ripped open the bed with a jack-knife (I believe they never use their swords) and strewed its knotted contents over the floor, while the other ransacked every hole and corner of the room. Poor Araminta stood in a sort of stupor—"speechless agony," I believe, is the most approved term—but when they next turned towards her and threatened to search her person for some jewels (which I had satisfactory private reasons for believing she did not possess), I thought she would have sunk to the earth, like a true heroine of romance, as she was, "overcome with the variety of her emotions." I was, however, mistaken; the fortitude of the sex in trying occasions is wonderful, and hers seemed to rise with the emergency. In the height of her virtuous defiance, she actually threw off one article of her clothing after another, bidding the scoundrels search them, until but a single garment remained to shield her delicacy from—— Indeed, her situation "may be more easily imagined than described."

I must say I had by this time become very much excited, and what added to the intensity of my feelings, was to see the low bred rascals coolly pick up the vestments so indignantly hurled at their feet, and cut open the hems and seams, without appearing in the least struck with the unmatched charms which their hurried and agitated rejection by their owner had partially exposed. "I should like to know," said I, mentally, "how much farther this foolery is to proceed, and screwing my courage to the sticking point, I was just about to "enter in a rage," when one of the fellows happening to espy me, gave a yell, which had the most curious and indescribable effect imaginable upon my nerves. Possibly this would not have deterred me, had it not been for the fact, that his savage ejaculation, and the accompanying jumps which he made for the door, caused his companion and Araminta to look at me; when a very unkind remark extorted by the discovery from the latter, which impugned my wisdom in a brief, off-hand sort of manner, (and unless I very much mistake, contained the slightest touch of profanity, although the whole speech consisted of only three or four words,) temporarily diverted my anger at the indignity she had suffered, against herself. Stung with this, I sprang from my position, over the steps into the yard, forgetting to unhook the door, wildly clasped my temples, dashed through the gateway and rushed adown the aforesaid blind alley with "headlong precipitation." Coleridge says truly,

"To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain."

It is very likely I may be censured for this course, but upon mature reflection I do not think I ought to be. It is true, that toward the close of the scene above described, Araminta had bestowed some pretty severe epithets upon the officers, and with great spirit; but for all that I was by no means certain whether she would fight; and for me to engage, armed with nothing but "mine honesty," against two swordsmen, must certainly appear in the estimation of all reasonable men a proof rather of quixotic fool-hardiness, than of true courage. But another consideration struck me at the time, which had its effect in determining me. I was, it is true, incited by my education (reading romances) to put my life or liberty in jeopardy whenever an

opportunity offered, and I distinctly recollected that in all cases where the heroes, however innocent, got into the clutches of the law, the very strongest proof of guilt was instantly brought against them, *by mistake*. They, however, are always discovered to be innocent in time, to save their necks and patch up their reputation—no easy task for me to undertake—and, indeed, their escapes are almost invariably effected by the death-bed confession of some criminal, whose conscience began to disgorge the iniquities with which it had become surfeited, in the very nick of time. In fact, there was some such thing in my own novel, and although that production was true to nature throughout, yet, upon the whole, I hardly thought it advisable to trust implicitly to such a contingency in my own case: an author being a person entirely separate and distinct from his hero, though most people confound them.

In the present instance, I could not for the life of me think who was concerned that would probably confess and be imprisoned or die for me. Othello says, he "loved not wisely but too well"—and hence his difficulties. As I loved none too well—for it will be recollected that at this juncture I was nettled at Araminta's last remark—it is probable I loved wisely. Such, at any rate, was my hasty conclusion; and with a lightened mind, I emerged from the blind alley, and turning every corner I came to (a curious way I have), was soon lost in the mazes of that strange city into which my destiny had so singularly cast me.

But I was scarcely lost ere I came very near being found, and for that matter picked up. I believe I had turned too many corners; for just as I had arrived at a street which I had determined to cross, I saw those sworded wretches whom I had left in Araminta's chamber coming directly towards me, though, as I thought, endeavoring to avoid being observed by me.

Fortunately for the peace of the city there were intervening objects, or I might have come into direct contact with those fellows, and it is scarcely necessary to repeat that my feelings toward them were somewhat inimical. Some person's funeral was coming up the cross street at the moment, and along side of it a dray. At right angles with it, and along my path, came a huge umbrella, under, or rather behind, which was an unfortunate little urchin—the factotum of a merchant tailor—carrying home some fashionable gentleman's new circular cloak; himself, and his burthen dragged along by his unmanageable parachute, which was flying full before the stormy breeze.

By this time one of the swordsmen was at the opposite corner, and his companion was "streaking it" down the street to semi-circumnavigate, as it were, the funeral train, and probably with some malicious ultimate object. At that instant, the juvenile snip was blown up against the dray and completely capsized, parachute, Spanish cloak and all. My impression is, the child was badly hurt, but as three or four humane persons immediately surrounded him, who were no doubt more proficient in the healing art than I was at that time, though I have studied physic since, I did not feel specially called upon to do any thing except to extricate the cloak from the disaster. This, in the confusion of the moment, and being suddenly beset with my old infirmity, absence of mind, I threw around me, and at the same instant took the arm and part of the umbrella of

a solitary gentleman who walked next the mourners in the passing procession, and who I have no doubt was an intimate acquaintance of the bereaved family. I have never decidedly regretted this step, as from subsequent circumstances I was satisfied that the deceased was a highly respectable person.

Upon our arrival at the church, the procession passed into the centre aisle; but thinking I should have a better view from the gallery, I ascended the stairs. Strange as it may appear, I sat there but a few moments, in an inconspicuous situation, when I distinctly saw the two swordsmen enter and seat themselves in different pews, though, it is true, at a respectful distance from the company. As I was well satisfied that these sworded wretches took no real interest in the service, their hypocrisy so disgusted me that I could not bear the sight; and leaving my seat (observing such silence as not to disturb the congregation), I retreated, in remarkably high displeasure, to that part of the steeple usually called the belfry. Whether this name be correct or not, the place was such to me, both in the more ancient and the modern acceptation.

From this elevated situation, a small circular window gave me so commanding a view of the city, that I instantly forgot every thing beside. When I recollected myself, I found the shades of evening fast settling around me—the church was deserted and dark, and the doors locked. I positively felt quite gloomy.

In the course of the afternoon I had been much amused with the various specimens of human nature who had visited a coach office opposite the church, and reflecting upon the various destinations of the applicants for seats, their probably widely different motives for travelling, etc. I became so much enlisted in the spirit of "our locomotive countrymen," that I resolved forthwith to resume my own travels.

I do not recollect precisely how I got out of the church. Suffice it to say, it was with some difficulty, though not with so much as attended my egress from the yard in front of it. In the latter, I was fully convinced that a Spanish cloak, although a very rich and graceful article of apparel, is not the proper costume for those who have much to do in the way of surmounting such difficulties of life as involve climbing iron railings at night. Indeed, I tore the one I wore so badly, that I really could not think of returning it in that plight to its owner—an idea that had previously flitted confusedly through my imagination.

In pursuance of my new-formed resolution, I proceeded to make the requisite inquiries at the coach office, when, finding that the first conveyance going the way I wished would not start until one o'clock next morning, I resolved to ramble about and view the city by gas-light, by way of employing the interim. As I left the office, I passed a very respectable looking lady in deep black, who was just entering, and I thought examined me minutely, though I could not be certain, for she wore a long crape veil. Loitering a moment, I found she was in search of a seat in the same coach about which I had myself been inquiring. Being now satisfied that part of the company at least would be respectable, I made up my mind fully to go with it, though I did not think it worth while to engage a seat until my return from my proposed stroll.

The weather had by this time become clear—the

streets were "alive with groups of gay pedestrians," and the windows of the various shops, splendid with the effect of gas, and gorgeous with their display of rich goods, "gave the whole scene an air of fairy enchantment." Those of the jewellers particularly interested me, insomuch that I stepped into several, and examined various articles. The exorbitant prices of these, however, were, as my much respected *ci-devant* employer, Mr. Boundincaif, used to say, "above my mark." On my remarking upon their high rate in proportion to the same articles in the north, the vendors gave me such an account of their tremendous expenses, that I had good cause, considering the "consumption of purse" which then seriously affected me, to felicitate myself upon my resolution to seek a colder, though "more genial clime." The circumstance, however, operated so powerfully upon my propensity to study human nature practically, that in very mischief, I tried the converse of the proposition, by ascertaining how much the same men would be willing to give (supposing for a moment I would sell) for the jewels of my Araminta. The manner in which they, in this case, changed their tune, and harangued upon the low rate at which "those sort of things" were at present furnished, convinced me that to dispose of them was not for the interest of my principal, and moreover gave a general result sufficiently indicative of human frailty. I am not malicious: let us draw a veil over it.

I love a precise punctuality. I hate to be beforehand with an appointment, as much as being too late; and after the shops were shut, I found much difficulty in amusing myself until the hour set for the starting of the coach. I was much tempted to visit one of the theatres, at the door of which I stood ruminating a few minutes; and had any gentleman been polite enough to tender me his check, a theatrical *critique* (a thing at which I consider myself pretty good,) might have wound up this chapter; but the poet is right:

"Destiny preserves its due relations."

I really had not a cent in my pocket.

At length "the wee short hour ayont the twal" arrived. The empty coach was at the door of the office, and so was I: the passengers (including the lady in black), the sleepy agent and the coachman were inside of it (the office), jabbering about "the gentlemen's trunks," the "widder lady's bandbox," the way-bill, the mail, "and so on," by the light of a flaring candle. I have an unconquerable antipathy to this sort of vulgar bustle, and the door of the coach being open, I stepped into it, and unobtrusively ensconced myself in a corner of the back seat. After some further parley, the "widder lady," as the agent called her, was handed in, and took her seat beside me. The remaining passengers—a big man and a little one—followed, each taking a seat to himself, the door slammed, coachee mounted the box, cracked his whip, and we were off in a jiffy.

The two male passengers had each his peculiar *snore*. As is often the case, the smaller man was by far the most noisy, asleep as well as awake; nor was it long ere both were "going it in full chorus." At this time I ventured to make a common-place remark or two to the lady; but, exhibiting a dignified reserve, she disregarded me. I was extremely mortified, but I was no less fa

tigued; and finding nothing to keep me awake, I followed the example of my male companions. In a short time I awoke uncomfortably cold. My cloak had in some way or other got awry, leaving me exposed to the fresh night breeze, which was rather too familiarly searching me to the heart. I shivered, again wrapped my spaniard about me, and once more essayed to imitate the gentlemen in front, who were still uninterruptedly playing their bag-pipes. Judge of my surprise when, at this juncture, the lady laid her fair fingers lightly, but impressively, upon my arm!

"You were an hour too late, dearest," said she, in a whisper; "but it was admirably managed nevertheless—was it not love?"

"Admirably managed, madam!" said I, in astonishment, "pray what?"

"Our elopement."

"Elopement! Ah, this absence of mind will be the ruin of me yet. Really, Araminta, for I now recognize your dear voice, I owe you an apology. I should have returned your casket at twelve"—and I was about to feel in my pocket for it when she considerably saved me that trouble.

"I have it, love," she said sweetly. "Knowing the danger of stage coach travelling, and fearing you might be robbed while you slept, I extracted it. By the way, *more ami*, you have *raised* in the world since this morning. That is a very splendid cloak."

This singular insinuation demanded immediate reply. It was due to my feelings as a gentleman, which it is unkind in any lady to wound merely for the sake of a pun, but at that moment the coach plunged into a deep rut—the big gentleman's hat was crunched into a jelly, and he muttered between his teeth—the little one received no injury that I could perceive, but "embraced the opportunity" to swear a huge mongrel oath, partly French and partly English. Both were, however, wide awake, and remained so, and consequently the very interesting conversation in which I had become engaged with my extremely faithful inamorata, was "irremediably consummated."

NOTE.—It was one of those singular instances which show how much more curious are the chances of real life than those of fiction, that led me in a fit of absence of mind to the very spot appointed by Araminta for our meeting, when all her pressing injunctions in relation to that meeting, had entirely escaped my memory.

STANZAS.

My love was like a flower of Spring,
As charming to mine eye;
The rose of Beauty, flourishing;
But soon alas to die!

And now my love is like a star,
The gem of Evening, bright;
That shines upon me from afar,
And cheers me with its light.

I would not have my flower again,
Altho' it was so dear;
But I would seek my star, to reign
For ever in its sphere.

SULLY:

A TALE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

LETTER VI.

From scenes of strife the statesman comes;
For what?—To look on rural sights;
On boats and nets and fishing-hooks;
On deer and fawn; on sheep and crook;
On mountain tops and Blue Ridge glens;
But not on Gertrude's charms.—*Note Book.*

He was a member of the Amphictyonic Council, and, like a king, he opened the door of the Union, going in and out to see after the terms of the compact.—*Note Book.*

Were not Blackstone and Mansfield wedded to the Muses?
But people are in earnest when they sue out a divorce.
Note Book.

MANNSFIELD, September 25th.

My Dear L.—I have been several days at this seat. Phil Parker sent me here by the news, that John Randolph, Esq. had come to this house on a visit. He was on his way to spend a week with Judge T. By the way, Judge T. is a man whose demeanor is very elegant. There is a chasteness about his manners that we have rarely observed in any other person. His prejudices, however, are considerably strong; and it is a task to win his confidence; but when won, his attachment is immovable. He is a man of genuine modesty; and for this reason has rather declined than hunted after preferment. He ought, indeed, to be on the bench of our Supreme Court, and, perhaps, at no distant day, he may experience that promotion. He is exceedingly sensitive on the score of injuries, especially if those injuries be inflicted by a person who has been favored with his regard. He is restive under liberties taken with him, if those liberties have not been invited by himself; fond of conversation after he becomes well acquainted; rather devoted to retirement, but active in public life; and remarkably patriotic. Intellectually it is difficult for me to appreciate this gentleman, having passed but three hours in his company—and as to his Lectures on Law, Sully cannot read law. We should conjecture, however, that there is an absence of ideality from his mind, so that, like Blackstone, he never wrote a farewell to the Muses. This is the more remarkable, because his father did chant an ode occasionally among the winding stairs of the Temple of Jurisprudence. It is not my intention to subvert the claims of Judge T. to taste, for a severe taste he unquestionably possesses. With the best English classics he is familiar; but his knowledge of polite literature cannot be said to be redundant. This is as it should be; for few departments are separated by stronger barriers than law and polite literature. In the one, we live in the vale of Tempe; but in the other, we live in a desert of oaks too stately to accept the wreaths of the poet. Judge T. is ratiocinative—fond of thought—with a considerable power of calculating bulk, weight and distance. Mathematical precision pleases him better than a full-orbed eloquence. He has fallen into one error beyond all question, and that is, that rapidity of utterance is indispensable to the orator. It is admitted that parts of a discourse ought to be pronounced in this way; but uniform swiftness of speech always reminds one of the babbling torrent more than of the majestic river. But the design of this letter

is to say something of the statesman whose presence at this seat brought me from Mountain View. To trace his character will require a pencil of mercurial powers; and for this reason I would instantly relinquish mine, if any thing like justice had ever been done to this remarkable man. It has surprised me more than once, that the British Spy, whilst engaged in sketching public characters, did not think of this individual; for though the fame of a statesman never can be as lasting as that of the poet, it is certainly more durable than that of barristers.

In approaching Mannsfield we had to pass some avenues of aspen trees, and their tremulous leaves made me think of going into the presence of a man whose fame was so extensive. Indeed, he has often been spoken of as a man of unlimited pride and of aristocratical principles. It was then a question whether he would notice one who was a kind of hanger-on to the illustrious families that live in this settlement—and my reception would have been sufficiently cold, had the statesman suspected me of an intention to get his portrait. He would justly have considered me as an intruder who had come to watch him in his unguarded moments, when he had exchanged the arena of politics for the fragrant cells of rural life. But upon being introduced, the statesman arose and observed—"Squire Sully, if report be true, it is my good fortune to see one guileless man." "In this, Squire Randolph," said I, "the public have deceived you; but it would be inexpedient to regret the mistake." "Are you," continued he, "a descendant of Sully, the minister of Henry IV. King of France?" "My descent," rejoined I, "is neither regal nor aristocratical; but filial veneration prompts me to call it patriarchal, my father being the patriarch of the town in which he lived." At this he resumed his chair—and there sat before me a tall meager man, of spare visage, but keen penetrating eye—with his hair parted before like Milton's, whilst behind it was tied with a black ribbon, and fell in folds on his shoulders. He wore a green coat, and boots of fair tops, and in all his attitudes he appeared to aim at erectness. "Squire Sully," said the statesman, "have you given much attention to historical writings?" "Somewhat," said I, "to the history of Greece." "Those republics," rejoined he, "were independent of each other, and the Amphycionie Council was to keep steady the balance of power." "It would give me pleasure," said I, "Squire Randolph, that our conversation should flow in the channel of literature rather than of politics." "Who then," said he, "do you deem the best writer of English history?" To that question my reply is, "that England has never yet produced a good historian." "It would gratify me then," said he, "to hear in detail your objections to the writers now in vogue." After stating my objections at length to Rapin, Clarendon and Henry, and when about to analyze others—"But, Squire Sully," said the statesman, "how then do you manage to get a knowledge of events in English history? Were you a legislator, you would find a constant demand for facts." "Then," said I, "Squire Randolph, if you would shew the same politeness you exhibited just now, it would gratify me to point out the way of managing the desideratum." "Very cheerfully," said he; "very cheerfully." "He then, Squire Randolph, does not deserve the credit of being well read in history, who has failed to con-

nect events with the literature of the period in which the events took place. The Persians invaded Greece, but he who would see this event in its true lights, must become familiar with the tragedians who have thrown around it a dramatic interest. In them we see the barbaric splendor of the east—the haughtiness of the invader, and his signal repulse." "You are right, Squire Sully," said the statesman. "How tame," continued I, "are some events in the hands of the English historians, compared with the uses made of the same events by the bard of Avon, who traces villainy from its bud-dings to its cornucopian luxuriance. In like manner, historians generally do not come up in their feelings to the age of chivalry. The age was too mercurial to be represented by any but imaginative men; for what was chivalry but poetry putting on the drapery of action?" "Perfectly right, Squire Sully," said my polite auditor. "The current of mind in other departments, Squire Randolph, runs parallel with the current of history, till the channels bend to each other, and the currents fall into the cistern of transparent truth. He that would understand the reign of James the First, must understand the mind of Lord Bacon. Thus the map of England may be replete with knowledge. Every ruin, cairn-castle and hill, may be redolent in life." "Altogether right, Squire Sully," said the statesman; "suppose you give us a history of Virginia." "You do me too much honor, Squire Randolph," said I.

The next morning the statesman ordered his horses. One of them was a dark bay and the other a bright sorrel, and they looked something like Arabians. "Will you permit me, Squire Randolph," said I, "to order my pony?" and accordingly, attended by Juba, we set out for a ride. We passed a building, of which the statesman remarked that it put him in mind of Cansbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. "Well, Squire Randolph," said I, "would you have brought Charles First to the block?" "The king," replied he, "did violate his coronation oath; but the times required a Satirist. It was right to watch the king. All public men need watching." "Let us not glide into politics, Squire Randolph," said I; "and to change the subject, did you ever shoot an eagle?" "Never," replied he, "but to bring down aspiring men is essential to the safety of the government." "I am no politician, Squire Randolph, but it is to me a pleasing reflection that neither eagle nor sparrow has ever fallen by this hand." At this, the statesman, without dismounting, fired at some woodcocks, and it pleased me that the birds escaped; but Juba winked at me not to express my satisfaction.

We were now approaching the bank of the Shenandoah in a direct line. "My objection to politics, Squire Randolph," said I, "lies here—that the science seems to take away our taste for natural scenery." "You are right, Squire Sully," said the statesman. "We have no time to watch mountains—we must watch men." "Well," said I, "that house belongs to an Angler, and perhaps you would like to hear some particulars of his life;" but upon reaching the establishment the statesman remarked—"This is just such a house as James V. of Scotland would have given to the Angler. You remember the anecdote of his making the poor man happy." "Perfectly well," rejoined I; "and it is the only anecdote that ever gave me a moment's wish to

be a king." But the Angler happened to be over at Prairee Isle. "Squire Randolph," said I, "this is a magical pony of mine; he will obey a whistle." "We have heard of dogs," said he, "that have been taught to cypher, but this exceeds." "Let me assure you," said I, "that sometime ago the fairest lady in this valley was extricated from this river by the Angler's whistling on this bugle. But as you seem skeptical, let us follow Lord Bacon's rule, and reduce the thing to the test of experiment." "If that pony," said the statesman, "by just whistling on that bugle, will bring the Angler from Prairee Isle, I pledge myself to give the Angler five guineas." "Then get out the guineas, Squire Randolph," said I; for having whistled, the Angler was mounting at the island. The statesman looked on with intense interest; but when the pony reached deep water his rider called out—"Squire Sully, help me with a whistle." At this the statesman laughed immoderately. "Juba," said he, "this pony is worth my best blooded horse." We spent an hour with the lord of the soil, and then returned to Mannsfield.

The device had been fixed on, merely to display the statesman in the amiable points of his character. He had often been represented as malignant, ironical and bitter, but it will be impossible for me ever to forget the emotions of his countenance as he handed his donation to the Angler. Intellectually, he was an extraordinary man. He was in the political world, what Byron was in the literary; and as the one is suspected of competency to have been a Politician, if he had not been taken captive by the Muses, so the other might have been a man of Letters if he had not been taken captive by the State. John Randolph was fond of public life; but he was not without misgivings, whether he was not wasting time that might have been devoted to better pursuits. Common men may carry on the State, but Science, Philosophy, and the Muses, require extraordinary men. But he had a dread of despotism, and his organ of suspiciousness was so large, that it often roused to exertion a frame worn down by disease. It is not my province to investigate his course on the great questions which agitated the country, or the moral traits of his character. He was no doubt quick of resentment, and rather unforgiving to his equals—relentless where prejudice became deeply seated—he was lofty in his bearing, and his independence was nursed on the lap of an ample estate—he was quick in reply and often inimitable in his wit—keen in his satire—and his views of politics were extensive. He easily sacrificed friends, but no man gave better evidence of constancy in friendship. He had not the mind of a systematic logician; but there are other paths to truth than by the way of simple ratiocination. He often wandered from his subject, but not until he saw the certainty of a graceful return. His mind was radiant with all the lights which history could supply or memory retain, or imagination and eloquence could employ. No politician was ever better acquainted with facts and dates, and none ever borrowed more apt illustrations from writers of all nations. He, however, gave a decided preference to the literature of England—gathering not only on its highway, but gleaning from its sequestered nooks. He cared not where he roved for illustration—whether to Grecian fable, or Persian tales, or Arabian song, or English legend—to the fairy circle—the Chi-

nese gong—to Swift, Shakspeare, Grotius, or Puffendorf. He studied splendor and effect; but it is vain to deny that he was useful to his country. His imagination was controlled, not so much by his judgment as by his taste, and at times he rose to the romantic eloquence of Chatham. His utterance was clear—his orthoepy perfect—his voice feminine, but of the finest compass—his gesticulation graceful—his person commanding, and his countenance often picturesque in debate. There was one subject on which we wish he could have proved recreant to the strictness of his principles, and that was the celebrated Greek Question. By standing in the opposition on that occasion, he lost a fine opportunity for his eloquence; for who could better have pictured that land of the arts? Who could better have portrayed the obligations of the world to the models of patriotism which she has supplied? Who could have made a more efficient appeal to the marble pillars of the capitol? But this singular man now sleeps beneath his paternal oaks, and the day is not distant when his country will do him justice.

LETTER VII.

Then fable came and laughed and sung.—*Italy.*

Poetry is an art which accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind.—*My Lord Bacon.*

Poetry is the melody which the mind makes when the imagination takes the lead; so that it is a matter of mere moonshine, whether the melody be sent abroad in prose or verse. There is a second hint to Virginians thrown out in this Letter.

Note Book.

MOUNT IDA, October 16th.

My Dear L.—We have had a spell of remarkably wet weather. When we got up in the morning it rained—and it did the same when we went to bed at night. This kind of weather, however, gives me most pleasure. It seems so snug to wrap oneself in an old great coat; and on looking out of the window at the beginning of the spell, it pleased me not a little to see Oscar coming with my old chair from Mountain View. This was very thoughtful in friend Phil.

It perplexes me to say why this place was named Mount Ida. You know that Ida was a mountain in Crete, from which the sea was visible on all sides. But here a person is shut out from the maritime world. The former proprietor, however, might have been thinking, when he named it, of a sea of woods—the beaches of which are two parallel mountains. If this conjecture be fanciful, we would hazard another, which is, that the former proprietor might have been a man of classical taste, and during the prevalence of this rain my suspicions were confirmed by finding in the garret a bevy of Greek books. What a treasure! We will take occasion from the incident to write a literary epistle.

The island of Crete is said to have been remarkable for correct forms of government at an early period. The people of Greece drew improvement from distant sources, and Egypt was the fountain of science to many tribes of men. Letters, however, had a higher origin than Egypt, or any of the countries on the northern or southern shores of the Mediterranean sea. Their origin in fact was celestial, but of all people none have rivalled

the Greeks in the diligence, the skill and invention with which they wrought among the elements of learning—and hence, these elements were combined into striking forms. The fable, the lyric ode, the satire, the comedy, tragedy, history, the epic poem, the popular oration, the philosophical discourse, and even the epigram, were some of the fruits which regaled the inhabitants of Greece. In all these departments, writers simultaneously arose. In seclusion, the historian bent over the inspiring task of recording events with which the fame of his country was identified—the martial poet dismissed multitudes of thoughts, that they might all be supplanted by some concentrated image of electric power—the philosopher dispersed sounds of wisdom through olive halls, and the rude cave of the orator became to him a grotto. And why? Because Greece understood the value of letters, and therefore supplied impulses to the cultivation of the mind. Restricted in territory, all the republics repaired to the Olympic contests, and men of letters, instead of being held in disdain, partook of the animation inspired by olive crowns and burning wheels. Land of mountains, on whose summits the eye of the poet was always rejoicing—of springs, before which the weary bard laid off his sandals—of groves, in which the philosopher found a fragrant home—of myrtle steepes, which shaded the brows of the historian—of temples, created by the wand of the architect—of hills, surmounted by the models of the statuary—and forums, which were vocal with the eloquence of the exulting orator. And why may not Virginia resemble Greece? It is not mine to answer: but let her native children ponder the question.

In looking at Roman literature there is one feature by which it is uniformly marked, and that is the principle of imitation. Greece supplied models in every mental department to those who became masters of the world. The minds of Tully, Seneca and Pliny, were enriched from foreign fountains, and even to this imitative literature the Romans furnished incentives. Men of genius were not left to pine in obscurity. There have been days when men of letters played with the imperial purple—when philosophers had estates and poets were not without villas. It is delightful, in turning over their works, to read, not of want, but of the villa with its curling vines, its playful fountains, and its smiling prospects. Who does not rejoice that Cicero, Virgil, Pliny, Seneca, and Tibullus, could point to their retreats of lettered ease, from which wolfish avarice was excluded? It is true that Ovid was an exile, but the cause of his banishment, just or unjust, is unknown; and it is true that Seneca and Lucian were put to death in the reign of Nero—but who was safe when such a despot governed? Literature promises no exemption from acts of outrage, but its voice has often quelled the fury of tyrants. To this end, in eastern despotic countries, it has often veiled its diamond truths in fable.

Literature has had its periods of declension and of revivification. Its eras are conspicuously marked. Such an era occurred on the fall of the eastern empire of Rome, when Dante introduced celestial strings into the Italian harp. Then Petrarch collated manuscripts at Arqua—Tasso opened on Europe his oriental panorama—Ariosto enchaind attention by his wizard spells, and Boccaccio told his hundred tales—and from Italian sources English literature received some features of its

complexion. Chivalry lent its machinery, and various mental incentives gave rise to the dramatic writers who figured in the reign of Elizabeth. The Parnassian mount courses through the different reigns, but breaks into summits over the age of Shakspeare and Milton, as if it intended to leave granite memorials of the bards. Who can pass the shrine of Milton without homage? Deeply read in all that antiquity could supply—enamored of the models of virtue furnished by the republics of Greece—encircling within his genius all that lay between the thymy vales of Sicily and the Alpine hills, when looking for a theme he did not pause in his search till the Muses led him into Eden, where he completed a work as immortal as time. But in the literature of the reign of Anne, there was a relaxation from the severe to the gay, the light and the graceful. Then the Muses poured from their manifold horn the easy satire, the descriptive essay, the useful fable; and to this species of mental effort the works of Bacon probably gave rise—works which contained the seeds of a beautiful vegetation. Though cast off by his country, and enduring what among the ancients would have amounted to the penalty of exile, alone in the retirement of St. Alban's, this great man still wrought for the good of his species.

But the bishop of Cloyne, who built a college in the Summer isles, predicted that the Muses after wandering about in the old world, would make their final home in the new. If this be true, our country will be highly honored; and the question may be put to rest, whether, as Americans, we are ever destined to become a literary people? The reproachful question—Who reads an American book? has long since been answered in the halls of the English nobility and by the medals of English kings. But this sketch has been given simply with a view to ground on it a few remarks. We would then ask the question, Whether there is no danger that in our literature we may become the imitators of the English as the Romans were the copyists of the Greeks? Indications thus far point out the reign of Anne as holding the goal which we desire to reach. Our men of letters complain of the barrenness of our country as to the materials which it furnishes. But when Campbell chose to make Pennsylvania the scene of a work, he vanquished the difficulties arising out of popular character and manners. We have many motives to the raising of indigenous works, and particularly should we notice that the English ask productions from us, not about England but America. But another question deserves here to be propounded—Will Virginia ever give encouragement to the cultivation of letters? In some respects her glory is complete. She has been the parent of great men. This statement is made good by Mount Vernon, Monticello, and Montpelier—whilst in the person of Chief Justice Marshall, death has stricken dumb the oracle which dispersed so many responses of wisdom to these United States. But has Virginia ever yet produced an individual, of whom it can be said—This was a man of letters? Is there a spot in our state, of which it can be said—Here stood the house of a poet? And yet has Virginia no golden violet to bestow on the man who shall first redeem her literature from the bondage under which it has so long lain to politics? It is in vain to ask what advantages are to result from the cultivation of elegant letters. Suppose the state had

within its limits an Arqua, a Twickenham, or an Abbotsford. Would no glory result to us from such a possession? Would no advantage accrue from a place of pilgrimage to thousands smitten with the love of song? Some have asked—What did Burns accomplish by the production of a few small volumes of poetry? More decidedly for Scotland than any other man, in the associations he threw over the country. Of whom do the Scotch speak when gathered around their winter fire? or of whom do they most think when abroad among their mountain mists? Of whom do they meditate when spring dots the vallies with cowslips, or when summer sets its crowns of verdure on their hills? Of whom do they muse when they seek a home among the savannahs of the West Indies, or beneath the shade of the banyan? In their associations, they forget their regal line to think of the Ayrshire ploughman, who interwove his name with every object from the highlands to the Tweed. His form is seen every where, nor can they lay the brilliant spectre. The glory of all that lived and conversed with the peasant bard seems to have faded away, whilst the bard survives secure in the admiration of his country. We need not ask what good he accomplished, when, if he had never lived, Scotland, in comparison with what she now is, might have been as the wastes of Barbary. But if Virginia would be advantaged by the rise of a single poet to lend a charm to her inspiring scenery, and to attach the affections of her children to their home, what advantages might not arise from a hundred such men? And this may be; nor will the state be long in deciding the question whether they shall be fostered by her care, or crowned indeed, and then banished the republic.

LETTER VIII.

To paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore.—*Campbell.*

Here is an unfortunate pair come together; but we shall neither kill Gertrude nor drown the Angler.—*Note Book.*

We may send vernal flowers round about to our neighbors; but who thinks of the Autumnal Emigrant on his way to the Prairies? He looks wishfully at the deer, and passes on, saying "I too may have a park in the west."—*Note Book.*

AUBURN AND WYOMING, November 22d.

My Dear L.—On returning from Mount Ida to the house of friend Phil, the family were rejoiced to see me. The first voice that saluted my ear was that of the child Roberta, exclaiming—"Father, yonder comes Squire Sully with his flower-basket." The last few days, however, have been passed at this seat, which is certainly named after a couple of unfortunate places. This is rather a strange fancy in its proprietors. Auburn, you must know, is a heavy stone building gone to decay, whilst Wyoming nearly adjoins it in the same yard. The latter is fitted up in true cottage style, with a few locust trees that skirt the lawn; a white railing runs round the house, with gates that turn on pivots to give you entrance, with a plenty of woodbine at the windows. But though humble, it contains a quantity of old books saved from the wreck of a large estate, and it has about it marks of a once sumptuous family. It is the abode of Gertrude. Here she gratifies her taste by reading the classical writers, or amuses herself

with her port-folio. On reaching here, she was using her blue eyes, even at twilight, in tracing out some corners of Italy and Greece, for she had spent the day in classical research. "Friend Gertrude," said I, "let me assist you." "It's not important just now," she observed, "and it's time to close the maps."

We have said that this joint establishment was called after unfortunate places. Auburn was a village of the Emerald Isle, that went into a state of decay; but it was immortalized, even in its decay, by the pen of Goldsmith. There is something in the writings of Goldy, as he was familiarly called by the knot of wits that got tied together in the reign of George III. that pleases me beyond description. His sheer natural humor transports me, and his Chinese letters are delightful. The mind of Goldsmith was not scientific, but his taste is unrivalled; and in reading his works, my eye is rivetted by the attitudes of the Alpine antelope, or on the footsteps of the stately lion, or on himself, as he winds by the Loire, or plays on his simple instrument by the cottages of the Swiss peasantry. Before this artless child of the Muses, we forget the inefficient style of Addison—the Corinthian gorgeousness of Burke—or even the classic splendor of Milton.

But if Goldsmith has traced the slow inroads of decay on a village, which had been the home of simple enjoyments, Campbell has portrayed the sudden destruction of a town once seated in the vale of Wyoming. A melancholy, deep and touching, pervades the poem, in strict keeping with the dark passions displayed. Some men, manifestly, have written too much; but Campbell belongs to the number of those who have been too sparing in contributing to the literature of the age. We owe him a debt of gratitude for his work on the British Poets, in which he has taken a wider scope than Johnson. But we leave the bard who has drawn a melancholy halo around Wyoming, hoping, however, that our Gertrude is reserved to a happier destiny.

If any thing has ever perplexed me, it is an attempt to unravel the character of Gertrude, or rather to analyze the charm of her manners. She is the gentlest of creatures, and yet she is firm—melancholy at times, but in a moment it is chased away—retired in her habits, but she could win the rudest Goth—diligent, but always at ease—practical in her views, but often ideal—spreading abroad the fertility of her virtues, but keeping secret the sources of that fertility. The man is to be pitied who could not listen a whole day to the accents of her tongue. "Friend Sully," she remarked to me the other day, "we shall soon need a new poem." "What shall the title be, Gertrude?" replied I. "The Deserted State," said she; "for my friends are migrating to the west, and the old Angler may be forced to resume his staff. But, friend Sully," continued Gertrude, "this subject is mentioned only to ask a favor of you. At this season—and sometimes it is not without bleakness—there are forlorn emigrants crossing the ford of our river. The multitude passed by in October, but there are gleanings to the harvest. Will you take this pair of guineas, and go to the river? The amount is small, but it's rather too heavy to be sent under the wings of a bird." "Don't doubt me, Gertrude," said I—and, mounting my pony, soon reached the bank of the Shenandoah, and on the other side discovered

some emigrants. On leaving Wyoming, its fair inmate had handed me a pocket spy-glass, by using which I saw a man descending the opposite bank. His goods were carried by a horse that tottered under the burden, and he was followed by a ragged train of boys and girls, whilst the mother held in her arms a couple of twin children. The man and the person who kept the ferry began to talk. "Ah," said I, "that ferryman is after money, and it's in vain that M'Kenzie wrote his *Man of Feeling*." The parties soon got to high words; the one excited by insolence, and the other by despair. At length the ferryman called out in tones that reached across the river—"Well, yonder is Squire Sully, ask him." At this my pony plunged into the ford, and, on reaching the scene of the altercation, I took my stand, and kept whistling to Pilgrim till he had carried over the caravan in parts and parcels, and then returned for his owner. After reaching the company I took out the guineas, observing at the same time—"Unfortunate man, a kind hearted lady, Gertrude by name, has commissioned me to bestow these guineas where it may please me best; let me then give one to each of these infant children." "On one condition alone," said the man, "and that is, that the boy shall be named Sully, and the girl Gertrude."

This emigration is, indeed, becoming a serious affair, and it ought to be turned over among the lights of philosophy. One would suppose that we were in the midst of the crusades, from seeing the crowds that pass every week to the south and west. It pleases me to see emigrants coming into Virginia, even from across the water, because my information of foreign habits is thereby increased. But forsaken towns, and hamlets falling to ruin—seats of opulence abandoned—and mills standing idle that used to entertain our happy peasantry—these things make me sad. Man must be restive to relinquish for precarious schemes, a land, along which the Blue Ridge draws its flowing line in streams of beautiful elevation, and which can boast of a water power equal to that of the best maritime states. The delusion is complete as was the South Sea scheme, which involved in ruin statesmen the most profound—wits the most acute—and speculators the most sagacious.

This letter thus far wears a melancholy hue—and we must add somewhat to its sombre aspect. It is not to be wondered at, that Gertrude is at times in the shade of despondency. She is the grandchild of a man who once lived on James river, and who owned estates on Pamunkey, York and Roanoke. His establishment was superb. His park was the best on the river, holding a multitude of English deer; and his furniture was imported from the same country with his deer. But his family being of English descent, he went over to see relatives still living—and there was commenced that system of incautiousness which made hasty inroads on his property. He was impatient of control—could not bear to be taunted—and where other men would adventure a guinea, he would hazard an estate. But my heart is so appalled, that it forbids me to trace the windings of that tornado which swept his sheaf clean of every grain. We err; for there was one left, and that was a ring which had been handed down and guarded with sacred care. The reason of the vigilance exercised over this miniature object was, that after the re-

verse of his fortunes, he went to a Heraldry office in England, and found

His coat of arms—a flowing sheaf
Surmounted by a cypress leaf,
But fastened by a diamond ring.

It so happened, however, that the people on James river, in those days, were much addicted to the sports of the turf—and two celebrated horses were brought into those parts to engage in an Olympic contest. One was called the King of the Forest, and the other the Maid of the Oaks; and the gentleman of whom we write went in his reduced condition to the race. There was a prodigious crowd on the ground, and the animation of the field was unusually great—and before the horses started, one Colonel R. rode up the course, and found this man seated on a fence. "Do you feel inclined to stake on either of these horses?" said Colonel R. to the sorrow-stricken man. "There was a time," replied he, "when the individual addressed might have defied the turf; but the wheel of fortune has crushed all save this solitary ring." "That were unfortunate," replied Colonel R. and kept on his way. The horses were soon brought to the post, and at the close of the first heat the King of the Forest had proved the swifter. The temptation now became too strong for a man who had lost estates in the same way. Accordingly he found Colonel R. and the ring was staked on the King of the Forest, and not only staked, but lost. The shade of despair now seemed to involve in its folds the last twinkling ray of hope. But Colonel R. was a man of tender feelings, and from that day performed many kind offices to this once princely individual; and after the property had gone through several hands, he became the purchaser of the estate which had once belonged to the sires of Gertrude. These particulars will explain the reluctance with which its possessor yielded the ring even at the call of philanthropy. It is now in my possession, set apart to the redemption of Angler's Rest; and yet others attach to it but little value. The other day the people assembled to sell out the Angler. It was shown on that occasion; but the diamond of the great Mogul could not have staid execution. Just, however, as the place was to be struck off, a messenger came, bringing along with him some quirk of the law, by which the place obtained a respite till some time in March. The old Angler was glad; but he may be like the thirsty Arab, who dreams of a fountain, but on awaking, still finds himself among dreary sands.

LETTER IX.

As in the hall we talked the ransom came,
And in one night, with no ungrateful mind,
Albert was sailing on a quiet sea.—*Italy*.

If a man be near drowning, let him draw on the bank. But would'nt it puzzle Franklin, Parry and Ross, to tell how three whistles could bring a windfall?—*Note Book*.

Seeing that all are happy, you need not be prolix.—*Note Book*.

SHARON, January 3d.

My Dear L.—We like, among a cluster of country seats, to find one occasionally bearing a sacred appellation. Crimes may, indeed, be transacted at such places, as well as at Lumnor Hall, or among the heaths of

Lammermuir. But to approach the denouement of our simple story; for the tale being a mere peg on which to suspend a few thoughts, it may be as well to draw it and give it to you.

Christmas Eve caught the family of friend Phil and myself at this place. In old times, the Lowlanders always wanted some merriment about this part of the year, but of late they have become a little more sedate. In the evening Gertrude came in a rusty carriage, drawn by an indifferent pair of horses. The Angler too had come, and it seemed strange that he should bring his Indian presents, till it occurred to me that he was afraid they might be taken by the sheriff. Nothing was now wanting to complete our party but Phil Parker, who had promised to join his family, and in a few minutes, wishing to revive something like the old Christmas sports, he rapped at the door and repeated the following lines:

Once on a Christmas eve, ere yet the roof
Rung with the hymn of the nativity,
There came a stranger to the rural gate
And asked admittance.

Upon opening the door an Indian chief whom he had picked up on his way to the seat of government, made his entrance. Ah, the old Angler was glad and so was the chief. They laughed and looked and talked, and Oscar put down his head—"Squire Sully," said he, "hant that the dead Latin that they's speakin between em?" "The living Indian, Oscar," said I, "nothing but the living Indian." Gertrude you know excels on instrumental music, and with great simplicity and sweetness she sung the following lines:

Warrior of a tented field,
Tented by many a stately oak,
With deserts for thy battle shield,
And rolling clouds thy martial cloak.
Chieftain, wilt thou hail the day
When heavenly light thy hut o'erflows,
And bowmen all convene to pray,
'Mid scented leaves from Sharon's rose?
When ruby birds and emerald meet,
To chant in choral interlude,
And wrens shall chirp at eagle's feet,
And kids shall play with leopards rude.
When o'er the lion's shaggy mane,
The fawn shall crop its myrtle meal,
And kids whose sires he rent in twain
Shall with the lion gently kneel.

After Gertrude had closed her lay, the company looked contented. This, however, is a word rather cold for the occasion. They looked smiling, and the moments were stealing away, but not without leaving a vivid influence on the memory and affections. But a shade was resting now and then on the face of the Angler, and it was not difficult to tell what was passing in his mind. "Angler," said I, "that lien which has perplexed us so long has been adjusted, and Angler's Rest is free from incumbrance as any Blue Ridge bird." "When, and how?" said the Angler. "Yesterday," said I, "as to the when; and as to the how, be it known that it has been done by a friend of mine, Ned Ringgold by name, who lives on what was once called Powhatan river, but at present called James, after an English king." "Squire Sully," said the Angler, "will you send him my thanks?" "You may give them

yourself, Angler, for he will soon be here." "Any thing speechial guine to take place, Squire Sully?" said Oscar. "Nothing, Oscar, except that Miss Gatty is guine to James River."

The company soon after retired, and the next morning the Angler accompanied the Indian chief to the gap of the Ridge.

LETTER X.

Claude of Lorraine finished his pictures, but in all mine there shall be something left for the imagination to supply.

Note Book.

Being done with the present tense, we can go on to the preterite.—*Note Book.*

Angler, take this bugle, and give it to friend Phil—for chivalry is gone out of fashion.—*Note Book.*

GREENWOOD, ———, 1836.

My Dear L.—It was an exact year from the time of my entrance to the valley, to the time of my getting out of it. The serious pursuits of life put an end to my knighthood; but my memory has drawn more than once on that year of playfulness. Gertrude was established in the home of her fathers, and it has ever since been the abode of hospitality, elegance and goodness. Ned Ringgold was at the University about the same time with myself and Phil Parker, and it was then and there that we made a triple league to be friends so long as we lived, nor has this league been broken. At the same time he told us the tradition of his ancestor's winning the ring, and he vowed if it ever descended to himself that he would restore it. You see he has made good his pledge.

Ned Ringgold was about as clever a youth as could be found one of a thousand. There was a point of contrast however betwixt him and Phil Parker. Friend Phil was so sprightly, that he retains a portion of this temperament up to the present date; but Ned is remarkably grave. This is owing to an abstract talent which he has cultivated at a large expense of time and trouble. He used to tell me sometimes—"Your urn of ideality, friend Sully, is rather hot. Take the circle of the mathematics, and it will be cool like a cucumber." This is true; but if as a connoisseur the Muses have not allured me to the top of Parnassus, they have at least chained me as an amateur around the base of the mountain.

On the morning of my leaving Mountain View, the Angler came for my luggage. "Luggage indeed," said I; "Angler, here are some papers filled with scribbling; but the critics—" "And who are they?" said the Angler. "People," replied I, "who fish in troubled waters, catching many a foolish perch; but sometimes they have caught a Tartar." We now entered the boat, for its owner was to convey me across the ford, and after whistling for a windfall, he remarked—"Squire Sully, Angler's Rest looks very snug; suppose you live with me. If we could hook you in for a year or so longer you might own it." "Thank you," said I, "but Squire Sully is going to be married." At this the Angler laughed. "Why, we thought about here," said he, "that you were cutting your eye at Miss Gatty." "There's as good fish in the river, Angler, as were ever taken out of it, and the lady of my choice is quite equal

to Gertrude." "Has she any terra firma?" "About a hundred acres," said I. "Whereabouts?" said the Angler. "On the east of the Ridge," rejoined I; "about midway between this and where Gertrude is to live."

We had now got across the river where Oscar, having brought my pony, was in waiting. The Angler fastened his boat, and with Oscar accompanied me to the top of the Ridge. My tears flowed fast at the prospect of parting with these children of nature, but it could not be helped. Opening my purse—"Oscar," said I, "you have rolled me about in my old chair; take care of it and send it to Greenwood. You have brightened my spur and brushed my sandals; take these guineas. It's all the remuneration—" "Muneration," said Oscar; "Oscar want no muneration; I loves de pure grit, but wont dis minish Squire Sully; but hant you guine to come back and see Miss Gatty?" Just at this point the Angler remarked—"Squire Sully, will you take this box of fish hooks?" "Thank you," said I, "and do you take this bugle, and tell friend Phil that my knighthood is over, and take this Blue Ridge flower to Roberta." Then shaking each of them by the hand we bade each other adieu.

These were happy days. Then the affections were springing like the buds of the wilderness. But since then the realities of life have given the world a sombre aspect. It is painful to send shadows across the light of these pictures. My life has been so far laid off in circles of thirty-eight years, and to the twenty-third circle my imagination is always on the return. With my difficulties you have had some acquaintance. Greenwood was embellished by the taste of my wife. We had a few Spanish and Italian books. Some pebbles were sent me from the Ilyssus. A nautical friend brought me some lava from Mount Vesuvius and a piece of the rock of Gibraltar, and some spars from the grotto of Antiparos. Another friend brought me a goat from Juan Fernandez and a lama from Peru, whilst an Eastern sultan sent me a Persian gazelle. But Greenwood got into the same predicament with Angler's Rest. It was not agreeable to live in daily expectation of being turned out of house and home, and to see my chair and deer passing into other hands. Thomson might have written of the man who loved to be in difficulties, but he could not have meant me. During the pendency of these embarrassments, Gertrude Ringgold, my eldest daughter, would sometimes pull my gown and say—"Father, tell me one of your tales." My heart was heavy and my mind began to muse on the west. "What," said I, "must Sully lay down his sylvan hatchet and take to the woodman's axe? Shall he demolish prairie hives, after listening so long to the murmuring of the Hyblian bee, or lay down the stone of philosophy for the frock of the boatman?" The prospect was appalling, and the incongruity on a small scale appeared as great as when Rousseau wore his Armenian dress, or when Byron went to fight the Turks. In the meantime my wife kept adding to my grief, by saying—"Don't mind it, Sully—don't mind it. We shall soon, by hook or by crook, get a snug box somewhere else." Such was my plight, when one evening my child Gertrude, came running to me. "Father," said she, "a gentleman and young lady are coming." "Oh," thinks, said I, "it's the sheriff;" when on going to the door who should it be but Phil Parker, and my

once playful Roberta. "Alight, alight," said I, "but it's a time of distress, friend Phil—for to-morrow Greenwood is to be sold." He had the same old laugh that he used to have, and he drew a letter, of which the following is a true copy:

"To Phil Parker, of Mountain View.

"When you receive this, repair immediately to Greenwood, and see whether Oliver Sully, Esq. has the property of the palm tree to grow when weights are appended to him. Take off the weights and make him as easy as a pin stuck in the centre of a circle. A bird came here the other day and my dear Gertrude caught it, and under its purple wing was a paper containing a statement of his debts. This little favor is the more convenient to be done, as the ring has brought Gertrude some accession of fortune from across the water.

When shall we three meet again.

NED RINGGOLD."

I now told my wife that my Blue Ridge Letters were finished, when she came to me and with a sweet smile demanded the steel pen with which they had been written. "Sully," said she, "you must now take to your hay carts, or you will soon be in debt again." "It makes no difference," said I, "as long as Ned Ringgold lives." But that pen will be laid aside, after you, my dear L. shall be raised to some conspicuity, by its copying a work of mine called "Lorton."

INVITATION.

Come from thy cold and cloudy clime,
For softest airs are whispering here,
And Winter now is past his prime,
And Love's own leafy time is near.
Come bask beneath our smiling sky,
Come drink the balmy breath of Spring;
And give thy cheek of damask dye
To Zephyr's fondly-fanning wing.

Here hearts are warm, here hands are free,
Each eye shall cordial welcome beam;
And thou our Nymph and Grace shalt be,
And Naiad of our silver stream.
And Love shall lead thy steps along,
And Pleasure follow in thy train;
While Music pours her sweetest song,
To welcome Beauty back again. EREMUS.
Athens, Geo.

MADRIGAL.

THE WREATH.

A wreath of fair flowers the maid
Had gathered all wild on the lea,
And wove in a fanciful braid,
She smiling presented to me.
O yes, whispered I in her ear,
This chain I may venture to take;
But that of your beauty, I fear,
Will not be so easy to break.

THE TUCKAHOE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

1585. First settlement of Virginia, towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

1605. Captain Smith came over and remained three years.

1613. John Rolfe married Pocahontas.

1616. Pocahontas died at Gravesend, England.

Note. Pocahontas was a titular name as princess, her private name being Matoax, or Matoaka; but after her conversion to christianity, she was baptized Rebecca. She left one son, John Rolfe, who was educated at Plymouth, England, and afterwards came over to the colony and married, and left an only daughter, who married a Bolling, from whom several respectable families in Virginia claim their descent.

INDIAN POPULATION.

Captain Smith, in his General History of Virginia, estimates the number of Indians within a circle of sixty miles around Jamestown, at five thousand, of whom fifteen hundred were warriors, being to the aggregate population in the ratio of three to ten.

In the expedition which effected a landing at Jamestown, a mutiny broke out at sea, and Ratcliffe proposed to tack right about to England. However, as they proceeded along the coast they encountered a storm, which drove them into Hampton Roads. Thirty of them landed at Cape Henry, and were assaulted by five Indians.

That night a box containing sealed instructions was opened, and the Council were found to be, President, Edward Maria Wingfield; Councillors, Smith, Newport, Ratcliffe, Martin, Kendall.

The point selected for the colony was Jamestown, on the north side of the James river. On landing, they first set themselves to erect a fort, in shape of a half moon; then all hands went busily to work, felling trees, clearing land, weaving fishing-nets, laying out gardens, and the like.

In a few days Newport, Smith and twenty others, ascended the river. In six days they came to Powhatan, a royal village of twelve wigwams, seated on a picturesque range of hills, not far below the falls, or what is now Richmond. Here resided King Powhatan. It is now the seat of a gentleman named Mayo, and is described by Mr. Wirt in the British Spy.

Shortly after the establishment of the colony at Jamestown, it was assaulted by the natives. For their better security in future, the English protected the half-moon by a palisado, and mounted some culverin guns.

HUGUENOTS.

In 1502 a settlement was effected in South Carolina by some French Protestants called Huguenots. They fled from France to escape persecution. This was the first attempt to colonize North America; it was undertaken for the sake of freedom of conscience, and like many similar enterprizes, failed. These refugees, worn out by sufferings, and distracted by dissensions, at their own request, were taken back to Europe in an English ship.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

1583. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, brother-in-law to Sir Walter Raleigh, with five ships, set sail for America. He landed at Newfoundland, and claimed it for the British crown. On his return voyage, Sir Humphrey was deplorably lost in a storm at sea.

NORTH CAROLINA.

1584. Sir Walter Raleigh, nothing daunted by the loss of his brother-in-law, sent out two ships under Amidas and Barlow. They landed on an island in Pamlico Sound, proceeded up Albemarle Sound, and there landed on Roanoke island. They found the *salvages* ignorant, simple and friendly. Amidas and Barlow returned to England, with a cargo of furs, sassafras and cedar. They gave Queen Elizabeth a high-colored account of the newly discovered country, and her majesty, charmed with the picture, called it Virginia, either in honor of her own virginity, or because it was a virgin soil.

HISTORIES OF VIRGINIA.

The historian, Doctor Robertson, has left among his posthumous works a succinct history of Virginia and of the Northern Colonies, from the first settlement down to the Revolution of 1775.

Captain John Smith published his General History of Virginia in a quarto volume. He writes like a soldier; his style is rough, uncouth, confused; but as an authentic record of facts, this quaint work is of very high value. Pity that so gallant a knight, like Bayard, "without fear and without reproach," should have had so unchivalrous a name as John Smith. His history has been republished in Virginia, from a London copy of the old quarto, with plates; but as might have been foreseen from the latitude, the publication was attended with considerable loss. A modernized edition might meet with a more favorable reception; but few will be found willing to wade through the impracticable pages of the original.

Stith, a Professor of William and Mary College, wrote a history of Virginia. He reduced the chaos of Smith to some order, and his style is sufficiently classical, but not the less prolix and papaverous on that account. It is for the most part a digest of Smith, with interminable details of the transactions of the Colonial Company, and of its dissolution by James the First, which is as much labored as if it had been the decline and downfall of an empire. It is now out of print, and a rare book.

Beverley also wrote a history of Virginia, and Jefferson observes that Beverley is as much too concise and unsatisfactory as Stith is prolix and dull.

Another history is by Chalmers, and the most voluminous of all by Burke, a young Irishman, who falling in a duel before the completion of the work, it was concluded by a Frenchman, Girardin.

Burke's style is florid and verbose, making every thing little by an attempt to make every thing great. There are some abridgements, in better taste; but altogether, there is no good history of the Ancient Dominion.

Hening's Statutes at Large, the Pandect of Virginia, is a mine of historical materials.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The life of this great man is peculiarly interesting to Virginians. The biography of him, prefixed to his History of the World, contains a number of curious details; but, according to the spirit of that age, it is immensely tedious.

The new life of him, by Mrs. Thomson, is as entertaining as a romance. It appears, from a fac-simile of his autograph, that he spelt his name Raleigh.

PROPER NAMES.

Cape Henry is called after Prince Henry, son of James the First of England. This Prince was a great friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, and visited him in the tower of London, during his long imprisonment there. He died a minor.

Cape Charles, called after Charles, brother of aforesaid Henry, Duke of York, afterwards Charles the First of England.

James River, Jamestown, James City County, after James the First of England. James river, called by the aborigines Powhatan.

Powhatan was the title of the king; his private name was Wahunsenacock.

The *Appamattox* Captain Smith calls the pleasant river of Apamatuck. The Queen of Apamatuck was a special favorite of his royal highness, Powhatan. Her residence is set down on Capt. Smith's map a few miles from the falls of the Appamattox, in what is now the County of Chesterfield.

Pamunkey river Smith spells variously, but usually Pamaunkee. Dean Swift, in a letter to Hunter, a Governor of New York, rallies him on marrying the Queen of *Pomunki*.

The Indians had no written language. Smith and the other early historians spell words as they sounded to their ears. It is likely that the Indians of that day would not be able to recognize these words as we now pronounce them.

INDIAN WORDS.

Arougheun, Raccoon; Mussascus, Muskrat; Utchunquoyes, Wild-cat; Cattapeuk, Spring; Popanow, Winter; Cohonk, Cry of Wild Geese; Cohattayough, Summer; Messinough, Earing of Corn; Taquitock, Fall of Leaves; Toppohannock, Rappohannock; Patawomeke, Potomac; Sasqueshannocks, Susquehanna; Suckahanna, Water; Messamins, Muscadine Grapes; Asspanick, Young Squirrels; Opasom, Opossum; Mockasins, Shoes; Tomahack, Axe; Weanock, Weyanoke, a place on James River; Wingina, Virginia; Wingandacoa, Virginia; Putchamins, Persimmons; Pawcohiccora, Milk of Walnuts; Ponap, Meal Dumplings; Chechinquamins, Chinquapins; Matchacomoco, Grand Council; Werowance, a Captain; Cockarouse, a Councillor; Pawcorance, an Altar-Stone; Pericu, a

King-Beaver; Ustatahemen, Hominy. Note. This is said to be an African word. Lord Bacon calls it the cream of maize, and recommends it as an article of diet for the sick.

Beverley spells wigwam, wigwang.

Indians had no salt but what they obtained from ashes. They were fond of roasting ears, and had them dried. Their spoons held half a pint, and they laughed at the small spoons of the English, that had to be carried so often to the mouth.

One month they called the Moon of Stags.

Their money was made of conk-shell, and was called either peak, or wampum-peak, or runtee, (which last was a drilled bead,) or finally roepoke, made of cockle-shell.

For knives they made use of sharpened reeds or shells.

For skinning deer, flat stones sharpened, and semicircular, of the shape of a saddler's knife.

For axes and hatchets, stones sharpened and fastened to a stick, and glued with turpentine.

Their bows were made of locust; their arrows were plumed with feathers of the wild turkey, fastened with the glue of the velvet horns of the deer, and headed with a white stone, or the spur of a wild turkey.

Beverley had seen one of their canoes thirty feet long.

UTTAMUSSACK.

Twelve miles above Richmond, near the James river, there were three houses for their idols, and a solid crystal, three or four feet solid cube, called a Pawcorance, or altar-stone, so clear and translucent, that the grain of a man's hand might be seen through it, and it contained silver ore. This the Indians called their altar-stone, and on it they offered their sacrifices.

NECKS.

The colony of Virginia was divided into necks, the northern neck between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, and the other necks between the other rivers.

MOUNTAINS.

The Alleghanies Beverley calls the Apalachian mountains. Henry Batt and a party were sent out by Governor Berkeley on an exploration among these mountains.

Governor Spotswood was the first man that crossed the Blue Ridge. In consideration of this, the King of England gave him a golden horse-shoe, with a Latin inscription. This horse-shoe has, within a few years, been sold to a jeweller for old gold!

MARRIAGE.

1609. John Laydon married Anna Burrows, and this was the first marriage in Virginia.

The first birth was that of Virginia, daughter of Ananias Dare, born August 18th, 1587.

COLONIES.

1609. Jamestown sent out two colonies, one to Nansemond, on James river, thirty miles below Jamestown—the other to Powhatan, six miles below the falls of James river, now the city of Richmond. This last land was purchased from Powhatan for copper. Each colony was settled with one hundred and twenty men.

Shortly after another colony was planted at Kiquotan, near what is now the borough of Norfolk, at the mouth of James river, and a fort was there built and called Algernon, since that time made more illustrious by being the cognomen of the patriotic Sidney.

Mulberry island, in the James river, eighteen miles below Jamestown.

HUGUENOTS.

1699. Eight hundred Huguenot refugees came to Virginia, and settled at Monacan town, south side of James river, twenty miles below Richmond. They made an attempt to tame buffaloes, by catching them young. They made a strong-bodied claret wine of wild grapes. They found a patron and benefactor in Colonel Byrd.

CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

During the great rebellion in England, several good Cavalier families came over to Virginia; and at the restoration of Charles the Second, some families of the Roundheads came over and settled in the colony, but not many, they being for the most part pre-possessed in favor of the New England colonies.

MALEFACTORS.

It has been often repeated that the first settlers of Virginia were convicts. This is a mistake; very few of this description were transported to Virginia at any time.

WILLIAMSBURG.

This place was at first called the Middle Plantation; after-

wards it was named after William the Third. It was laid off in the form of a capital W, in compliment to the Prince of Orange.

INDIANS.

By the treaty of 1677 each Indian town was to pay three Indian arrows for their land, and twenty beaver skins for protection.

INDIAN POPULATION.

The Indians in 1707 had only five hundred fighting men left, so that the whole Indian population was at that time less than two thousand within the limits of the colony.

BREAD.

The Indians made bread of sunflower seed.

RAPPAHANNOCK.

The Indian name for this river was Toppohannock; there is a town in Hanover county by that name.

BOTANY.

Beverley mentions the following species as met with in Virginia:

Cherries; Plums; Persimmons; Mulberries; Hurts, or Huckleberries; Wild Raspberries, probably Blackberries; Wild Strawberry; Chesnuts; Chinquapins; Hazelnuts; Hickories; Walnuts; Puccoon and Musquaspen, roots with which the natives painted their bodies; Cushaw or Cymlings, called by the northern Indians Squash; Sumach; Sassafras; Jamestown Weed, a great cooler; Tuckahoe, a tuberous root, growing in marshes. There is a place in New York of this name, and a creek in Virginia, and those living east of it are called Tuckahoes—those west Cohees, perhaps corrupted from the Scotch expression "quothe he." Currants; Cranberries, probably the same with Captain Smith's Rawcomens; six species of Grape; Honey Tree; Sugar Tree, maple—the Indians had made maple sugar time out of mind; Maycocks, Maracocks; Lupines; Myrtle, from which was made a wax, out of which were made candles without grease, never melting, and exhaling a fragrant incense; the Crown Imperial; Cardinal Flower; Indian Corn.

PRICES CURRENT IN VIRGINIA, 1703.

Beef and Pork, 1d. to 2d.; Pullets, 6d.; Capons, 8d. to 9d.; Chickens, 3s. a dozen; Ducks, 9d. a piece; Geese, 1s.; Turkey Hens, 18d.; Deer, 10s. a head; Oysters and Wild Fowl, cheap.

JAMESTOWN IN 1616.

Two hundred and eighteen years ago this little colony was the germ of a future empire, destined to spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A pinnace from England lay off at anchor, rocking on the waters of the James. Men were at work upon a palisado, and the clink of the anvil was heard. A mocking bird warbled to the strangers, and occasionally was heard the plunge of the surgeon.

With the fatigues, sufferings and perils of a colonial life is mingled a tincture of romance, the curious thirst of adventure, the fresh glow of new images, and the dignity of danger.

Here some of the English, oppressed by the heat of an unaccustomed sun, lay reposing in the shade of a tree; while others, with shouts and laughter, played the favorite game of bowls.

Among the lookers-on were some of the Powhatan Indians, naked, with keen eyes and raven hair, gazing at the game with a sort of stoical attention. Ah, little did they foresee that from this speck of cloud a storm would gather to sweep them from the earth!

In the group of the bowling green might be seen "younger sons of younger brothers, poor gentlemen, starveling gallants, ostlers trade-fallen, decayed tapsters—the cankers of a calm world and a long peace."

Perhaps a party of Captain Smith's men might be seen firing at a target, to the consternation of the *salvages*; or on the way to a neighboring forest to fell trees.

Perhaps Captain Smith was employed in punishing profanity, by pouring a bucket of water down the coat-sleeve for each oath, or landing a boat load of corn just arrived from *Pamaunkee*.

Were Captain Smith to revisit Virginia, he would find Jamestown in ruins, and no Phoenix arisen from the ashes. He would be startled to see the Pocahontas or the Patrick Henry come foaming by with the speed of a race-horse. He would find, too, rail-roads running through woods that he first explored, and over rivers that he first navigated. And as the train of cotton bales and hogsheads of tobacco came sweeping by, he would naturally be reminded of his old friends, "the sophisticating tobacco-mongers in London."

TENNESSEE RIVER.

The Tennessee is formed by the junction of the Clinch and Holston, which rivers find their source in the mountains of south west Virginia; it flows southwest through eastern Tennessee, west through north Alabama, and then suddenly wheeling north, runs through the western part of Tennessee and Kentucky, emptying finally into the Ohio, not far above its mouth; so that the mouth of the Tennessee is almost exactly on the same parallel of latitude with its source.

That part of the river which flows among the mountains is remarkably picturesque.

I was not fortunate enough to pass the painted rocks in the day time; they are described as a remarkable curiosity, being perhaps a quarter of a mile long and three hundred feet high.

The banks are crowned with forests of luxuriant growth, untouched as yet by the civilized axe; the oak, ash, walnut, alder; the sycamore, whose white limbs have been compared to a lady's arm, with her sleeve rolled up; the maple, whose leaves, yielding to the blast, has been likened to a troop of girls in a gale of wind.

These trees are some of them overgrown with the clematis and other parasites, which at times embroider the entire trunk, aspire to the topmost boughs, and hang in pendant festoons, adorned with crimson flowers.

The river is winding, and its frequent turns serve to slowly unfold the curtain of the scenery. The various combinations of river, and mountain, and woods, will well repay the traveller for a trip along this stream. Much of the country on the banks is the land of the Cherokees, and there is a stillness, a natural grace, a primitive wildness here, that reminds you that the foot of the white man has seldom trod this soil.

There is a curious place on this river known by the inelegant name of the Suck. The river here is narrow and very rapid; so much so, that it took us a day or more, with twenty hands at the windlass, to warp up. Green and well-wooded mountains arise on both sides here; on the brow of these mountains a naked ledge of rocks, extending in a line, look like the lofty ramparts of a fort.

The river hereabouts is so crooked, that where it is twenty miles around, it is only seven across. The other rapids in the neighborhood of the Suck are known by the culinary names of Pot, Pan, and Skillet, and a place not far above, is called the Tumbling Shoals.

Just above these Shoals the view is very fine; the river parts into two streams at an island called Tuskegee; the water tranquil as the surface of a mirror, in which the banks are reflected, with their lofty trees and rich foliage, and mountains rising on each hand; looking up one branch of the river, and you behold the Lookout Mountain, reposing in silent beauty.

On the other hand, the river looks like a sequestered lake, embosomed with trees.

In the morning a thick veil of mist lay asleep on the mountain tops, until, dispersed by the beams of morning, glancing aslant the declivities, and unmasking rocks and cliffs, that frown down upon the beholder like the gloomy castles of another age and country.

There are scarcely any houses along this part of the river; occasionally a log house is to be seen, or a canoe, or a group of children at play on the banks—but for the most part mountains and woods.

I have seen the Hudson, and read of the Rhine; and I doubt whether either of these rivers can present a picture better worth seeing than the Lookout Mountain, burnished in the golden colors of descending day, and towering above the Tennessee.

THE HALF-BREED.

On board the steamboat I found a half-breed Cherokee Indian, who had with him a little daughter, copper-colored and shy. He told me that he had another daughter at home, who wore her hair a yard and a quarter long.

In the course of our chat together, I learned from him that he had served in the Creek war under General Jackson, and was in the battle of the Horse-Shoe. The Cherokees in that action were six hundred and fifty in number. They were stationed on the bank of the Talapoosa, and ordered to guard it; but some of them, swimming the river, took possession of the canoes of the Creeks, and no sooner had the Creeks raised the war-whoop, than the Cherokees crossed the river in spite of their officers,

who in vain endeavored to stop them, riding among them on horseback. The Cherokees advancing towards the Creeks, fired at the distance of eighty yards; the Creeks war-whooped—the Cherokees were silent.

My informant said, that for the first half hour of the engagement he was in great alarm, especially from the yelling of the Creeks and whistling of the bullets. After that, however, he felt quite cool and calm throughout the day, the action having lasted from ten o'clock to sundown.

He fought in this style: firing his rifle several times—then lying down, wiped her out—rose and fired, and so on all day. It was all bush fighting, the Indians preserving no line. Although he aimed at a particular Creek every shot, yet impossible to tell whether he killed or not, so many firing.

The loss of the Cherokees was nineteen killed, fifty wounded. Early in the action, a Cherokee, shot in the head, fell against him, and a bullet passed through his hair.

He told me that he was far more alarmed at night, when all was over, and he came to recollect the scenes he had passed through that day, than while fighting.

The Cherokees fired over the breastworks of the enemy, turning the muzzles of their rifles down upon them.

General Jackson was not in the heat of the action, but stood behind a little rising ground.

The Cherokees, when they met in camp after the battle was over, shook hands and embraced one another.

Next, a party of whites and Cherokees visited the battle ground.

He saw Sam Houston next morning; he was badly wounded. The leader of the Cherokees was shot in the head, but survived.

He mentioned that he was one of a deputation of four Cherokees, that went a year or two ago to Washington City, and had an interview with General Jackson on the subject of their removal. The President cut their remonstrances short, by saying that it was not within his power to prevent their removal—that it was demanded by the States, and any interference on his part would cause more blood to be shed than all the wars that have occurred.

The Cherokees, he says, think they have some reason to complain of General Jackson's course towards them; and they say that now, in the day of his power, he ought to remember the Cherokees, who stood by him at the Horse Shoe, where, but for them, he would have been beaten.

He was, however, reconciled to a removal, on the ground that the Cherokees, being for the most part illiterate and ignorant, are incapable of understanding the laws of the whites. The nation were to remove to the territory west of Arkansas in two years. It was his intention to go too, and as long as he lived, to share the fortunes of the nation of his mother and his wife.

NOTES.

The fragment of a wall of the old church, standing solitary in a ploughed field, is all that remains of Jamestown.

The water hereabouts is gaining on the land, and the time may not be far distant, when the ground on which it stood shall be submerged.

As we rode along the strand of the river, I thought perhaps this sand has been imprinted by the foot of Pocahontas.

The main street of Williamsburg is bounded at one end by the College, and at the other by the ruins of the Capitol.

The College of William and Mary is an antiquated structure, which Mr. Jefferson compared to a brick-kiln with a roof on it.

In front of the College stands a statue of Norborne Berkley, Lord Botetourt, one of the colonial governors. He appears in the court dress of that day, with a short sword at his side. Inscriptions on each side celebrate the virtues of his Lordship. The marble is moulded by age, and the Governor's nose has been knocked off.

The College Library contains somewhat less than four thousand volumes, of which many are theological.

Some of the books were presented by Robert Dinwiddie, and have his coat of arms affixed, the crest, an eagle, and the motto, "*Ubi libertas, ibi patria.*"

In others was inscribed the name of Major General Alexander Spotswood, another Governor of Virginia.

Some were the gift of the former Presidents of the College, and others of the Assembly of Virginia.

Catesby's Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands, were given (as appears from a note on the first

page, in the hand-writing of Thomas Jefferson) on condition that it should never go out of the College. This work was printed London, 1754, with colored plates, in two vols. folio, in English and French.

The Capitol was burnt only a few years since; the walls are still standing, which once resounded with the accents of the "forest-born Demosthenes, whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas."

The Old Raleigh is the name of a tavern, one room of which is styled the Apollo, and in it the Assembly at one time met.

In the Old Church a few years ago was to be seen the gubernatorial pew of Sir Alexander Spotswood. It was raised from the floor, covered with a canopy, around the interior of which his name was written in gilt letters.

Two offices, appendages of Lord Dunmore's palace, are still extant, as also the powder magazine, the contents of which were seized by Henry and his company at the dawn of the Revolution. It is a small round brick edifice, with a conical roof, and now converted into a Baptist meeting-house.

Leaving Williamsburg, I passed over a level country, which afforded no evidence of being inhabited, except occasionally an old-fashioned farm-house, with its roof picturesquely velvety in green moss.

The country appears to be in a state of decay; every thing, like the ponds, appears to stagnate. The country gentlemen have eaten up their estates; their property has gone down their gullets.

The hospitality which wastes its substance in riotous living—which is generous before it is just—which squanders thousands on strangers, and leaves a legacy of debts to its heir—this it is which has lent its aid to impoverish and depopulate the country. "Fools make feasts, and wise men come to eat them."

The water scenery at Yorktown is very fine—the waves of the wide river rippling clear and blue in the splendor of the morning sun. On the opposite side is seen Gloucester point, to which Cornwallis attempted to cross over with his army in boats, and was prevented by the winds.

The beach of the river is smooth and wide for miles—a charming place for a ride or a walk.

There is a cave in the solid mass of stone marl on the river-side, called Cornwallis's cave, in which they say, but I do not believe it, that his Lordship took shelter from the American cannon. I entered this wonderful cavern; but alas! there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—Cornwallis's cave is converted to a hog-pen!

I picked up a fragment of a bombshell within the British entrenchments.

The house of Governor Nelson stood just within the British lines; it was riddled by the American shot. Nothing remains of it but some scattered brickbats.

Not more than a stone's-throw from the present stage road, I was pointed to a stake, erected on a rising ground in the next field; at that spot the British General surrendered his sword.

LA FAYETTE.

While I was at College, La Fayette arrived at New York. I remember with what an electric thrill I heard the first note of the bugle that announced his arrival in the village where our College was situated. He came escorted by three hundred horse. For several days we saw a succession of troops, artillery, baggage-wagons, &c. passing through the village.

La Fayette breakfasted in the refectory of the College; he was surrounded by officers, divines, and other distinguished persons. He ate little, and conversed mostly with the President of the College, who stood near him. La Fayette gave a toast, recalling the recollections which his return to the village inspired. His English was ungrammatical.

La Fayette departed in Joseph Bonaparte's elegant barouche, drawn by four greys. He was accompanied by the Governor of the State.

Soon after, I had the honor to shake hands with the General, and to have a look at him in a private house. I shook hands with him in the State House, in the room where the Declaration of Independence was signed. The person admitted at the front door passed around this room, along a cordon of officers, committee, &c. to where the General stood, and moving on round, went out at the back door. Just as I came to where La Fayette stood, an old Revolutionary soldier kissed his hand.

I saw the General's entry into the city in a long triumphal procession—several thousand troops, at the head of which, on horseback, a great number of officers, all the city trades, &c. The streets along which he was to pass were crowded—theatres were put up—the windows were filled with spectators—the troops glittered by—the bands played martial music. At length appeared an open barouche, drawn by four cream-colored horses; in it sat La Fayette, with his small French cocked-hat in his hand, and Judge Peters with his hat on. The General continually waved his hat, and bowed to the people on all sides, who received him with thrilling cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs, smiles of beauty, and every token of gratitude, and triumph, and joy.

Another day I saw a naval procession. The Governor's wife with La Fayette, entered the navy yard which was quite noisy, as six forty-four pounders were firing not ten steps from them. Here was drawn up a company of marines, whose discipline was the most exact I have ever seen.

The corvette John Adams fired a salute of twenty-two guns, and manned her yards.

CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA.

I attended the debates of this body a fortnight. The Capitol, in which the Convention sat, is a fine building, nobly situated—more so than any other I have seen in this country.

Richmond is a picturesque place; the James looks beautiful there in a spring morning; the rocks, and islands, and foaming rapids, and murmuring falls, and floating mists, all light and glorious, under a clear blue sky.

The Convention boasted several men of distinction—Madison, Monroe, Giles, Marshall, Randolph, Leigh, Tazewell, &c.

Mr. Madison sat on the left of the Speaker—Mr. Monroe on the right.

Mr. Madison spoke once for half an hour; but although a pin might have been heard to drop, so low was his tone, that from the gallery I could distinguish only one word, and that was, Constitution. He stood not more than six feet from the Speaker. When he rose, a great part of the members left their seats, and clustered around the aged statesman, thick as a swarm of bees.

Mr. Madison was a small man, of ample forehead, and some obliquity of vision, (I thought the effect probably of age,) his eyes appearing to be slightly introverted. His dress was plain; his overcoat a faded brown surtout.

Mr. Monroe was very wrinkled and weather-beaten—ungraceful in attitude and gesture, and his speeches only common-place.

Mr. Giles wore a crutch—was then Governor of the State. His style of delivery was perfectly conversational—no gesture, no effort; but in ease, fluency and tact, surely he had not there his equal; his words were like honey pouring from an eastern rock.

Judge Marshall, whenever he spoke, which was seldom, and only for a short time, attracted great attention. His appearance was revolutionary and patriarchal. Tall, in a long surtout of blue, with a face of genius, and an eye of fire, his mind possessed the rare faculty of condensation; he distilled an argument down to its essence.

There were two parties in the house; the western, or radical—the eastern, or conservative. Judge Marshall proposed something in the nature of a compromise.

John Randolph was remarkably deliberate, distinct and emphatic. He articulated excellently, and gave the happiest effect to all he said. His person was frail and uncommon—his face pale and withered—but his eye radiant as a diamond. He owed, perhaps, more to his manner than to his matter; and his mind was rather poetical than logical. Yet in his own peculiar vein, he was superior to any of his cotemporaries.

Benjamin Watkins Leigh cut a distinguished figure in the Convention as the leader of the lowland party. His diction is clear, correct, elegant, and might be safely committed to print just as spoken. Yet high as he stands, he is not perhaps in the highest rank of speakers. He never lightens, never thunders; he can charm, he can convince, but he can hardly overwhelm.

Mr. Tazewell I never saw up but once, for a moment, on a point of order; a tall, fine looking man.

P. P. Barbour presided over the body with great dignity and ease.

Of these seven extraordinary men, four have since died, to wit: Monroe, Giles, Randolph, and Marshall. Mr. Leigh is now an U. S. Senator, and Mr. Tazewell Governor of Virginia.

NAVARINO.

BY MISS E. DRAPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

Spirit of evil—dark Ibrahim—see

How bleed yon shores, where thy cursed arm hath
rivenSweet life asunder—and what yet may be
Of life remaining, into exile driven—

Perchance, a smile may light thy gloomy brow,

When musing on destruction—but for thee
Vengeance nor sleeps, nor slumbers—even now

Her broad eye blackens at thy infamy—

And Alla! may protect thee, if he can

Think such as thee a goodly Mussulman.

Upon those ancient mountains which surround

Ill fated Maina, the dawn was beaming—

And down their rocky steeps there fell around

A flood of light, in golden shadows streaming—

The wild bird's sonnet sounded merrily,

And the clear waters softly rippled by—

All breath'd tranquillity—and Maina

Had ne'er seen dawning of a brighter day.

But lo! the stillness of the morn is fled,

And death, and tumult, in confusion spread—

See, o'er those ancient rocks vast crowds appear,

Climb their high summits, and seen lost in air—

Then, madly hurrying to a neighboring height,

Perchance that from a nearer gaze, they might

Just catch another glimpse, and feed their eyes

In one last look below—when the bright skies,

Glow black with gathering smoke—and from their view

Fade the last traces of th' ethereal blue.

With frightful glare the vivid red flames burst,

Devouring all things, and then slack their thirst,

Amid the rolling streams of human gore,

'Till—done the fierce repast—they rage no more.

And the wild wind, their ashy fragments strewing,

Leave but to Maina the name of ruin.

As when the dimming clouds of tempest rise,

Hide the fair hills, and blacken all the skies;

When in wide stream descends th' impetuous rain,

And the fierce whirlwind hurries o'er the plain;

While the black thunder peals his note afar,

And the pale lightning dances thro' the air,

Rending the summit of all Nature's height,

Shaking her lowest depths—in fearful fright

The shuddering birds dart trembling thro' the air

Away—away to shelter them afar—

So shook fair Maina on that sad day,

And so affrighted, fled her sons away.

Hark! from afar a slow, and murmuring sound,

Pealing, and deep, as distant thundering;

The trumpets clang—the clashing arms resound

In all the terror of a martial din;

The fiery steeds, the nodding crests move on,

Not in proud order—wild, and desperate,

As if the foremost of their ranks were gone;

And *they* were hurrying to a bloody fate

To battle Greeks—what boots it to delay?

"To battle Greeks," the distant echoes say.

There came a sound of horror in the air,

And Missolonghi to her centre shook,

And terrible the heap of carnage there,

Fallen like ripe grass 'neath the mower's stroke—

One little remnant of that garrison,

(Standing like monument above the dead,)

Roused into madness at the proud Turk's song,

Seized up their broken arms and wild they fled,

While the glad Mussulman in conquering blast

Told the last hope of Missolonghi past.

Upon his lip quiver'd life's parting prayer—

And in the anguish of his keen distress,

The dying Greek grasped what he held most dear,

In all the agony of last caress—

And orphan children, clinging side by side,

In pale disorder, knelt all carelessly,

Dipping their little hands in the red tide

Of their Sire's blood—Ah! could'st thou, Allah! see,

And seeing, call Ibrahim Pasha great,

To butcher Missolonghi in his hate?

There had been one, brave Missolonghi, who,

Tho' born a foreigner, regarded thee

With deepest feeling, and all eager flew

His native home in quest of thine, where he

Shone like a star in gentle beauty bright,

Twinkling thro' dark clouds on a winter night,

That, spite of storm, a little while will stay,

To guide the frail wreck o'er a swelling sea,

And light the lonely mariner to spread

The rattling canvass o'er his dizzy head.

We'll tell his name, for it can never die—

And vain it is that any foe should try,

By breath of slander, to destroy, or dim,

The fadeless wreath the Greeks awarded him.

Tho' wove in bitterness, in beauty now

It blooms—it blossoms on his mouldering brow,

And patriot tears, with which each leaf was wet,

Like pearly dew-drops, glisten on it yet.

The pitying Angel, he shall look thereon

In the last day—and will he not forgive,

Tho' faults were many, tho' but virtues one,

Yet for that one, will he not bid him live?

Yes, to the generous Byron may be given

A sainted dwelling, in the light of Heaven—

For to the portals of the bless'd he bears,

The brave man's pity, and the good man's prayers.

The merry Mussulman in triumph smiled—

And well they might o'er such a victory—

As gaily they the lingering hours beguiled;

The bright skies echoed with their revelry—

They sang Mohamed, and again,

How many a time the Greeks had fled;

Ibrahim was *their* leader then—

What had good Mussulmen to dread?

The joyous host grew valiant at the theme,

Cursed every Greek, and every Christian name.

Awhile they sported—but too soon they found

That Gauls, and Britons, look'd upon the shore.

Strange terror seized them, and the giddy sound

Of joyous mirth inspired their hearts no more—

They, who had never dreamt of fear before,

Now felt the bosom tremble—well they knew,
 Tho' they stood strong for an approaching war,
 That force invincible, which nearer drew,
 Was match o'er-equal; yet all desperate,
 They man'd their war-ships for approaching fate.

Aye, 'twas a night of deadliest, deepest gloom,
 To every Mussulman—just such an one
 As Egypt felt, when her imperious lord
 Dared to provoke the majesty of light—
 And o'er her guilty sons in wrath was pour'd,
 A bitter darkness, and a seven-fold night—
 And the same horror shook each Turkish heart,
 As did Belshazzar's, when with trembling start
 He listen'd to the Prophet's awful story—
 Of coming downfall and departing glory.

O'er the fair surface of the liquid blue
 Rode the proud squadron of the Christian band,
 'Till from the highest mast the joyous crew
 Behold the welcome sight of Grecian land.
 And on they swept—nor wind, nor wave withstand—
 Their colors dancing in the sportive gale—
 Near, near they come, urged by the favoring wind,
 With shouts transporting soon the land they hail,
 Drop their huge anchors—furl the broad white sail.

RECENT DISCOVERIES

Respecting the

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES OF THE SUN'S LIGHT.

It has been known for several years, that light of different colors possessed powers of exciting the sensation of heat in different degrees, the observation being originally made by the celebrated astronomer, Herschel; who, on viewing the sun through powerful telescopes, with colored glasses intervening, to take off the excessive glare, found that sometimes there was an insupportable heat transmitted to his eye, and at other times an inappreciable quantity. He examined a beam of light which had passed through a prism, and came to the conclusion that the violet was the coldest of all the colored rays, and the red the hottest; but what was extremely singular, that a class of rays emanated from the sun, competent to excite a more intense sensation of heat than any of the former, but quite invisible to the eye.

A short time after, another curious fact was established by Ritter, that rays capable of producing a variety of chemical changes came from the sun, and these like the former were also invisible to the eye. The violet ray, insulated by a flint glass prism, was discovered to exhibit these properties in the most marked degree, but beyond the violet, in a space where no light could be seen, the action was still more energetic. Philosophers therefore inferred, but only upon this indirect evidence, that there were three kinds of rays emitted by the sun, one exciting the sensation of light, another that of heat, and another competent to induce chemical action.

For many years no further discovery was made. A celebrated Italian physician, MELLONI, has at length

announced, that by passing a ray of light, first through water, and then through a piece of glass-colored green, all the heat of the sun's rays might be stopped, and the light insulated. A most accomplished English lady, Mrs. Somerville, has also very lately stated, that by means of a similar, or the same arrangement, the chemical action of the sun might be suspended.

We have to announce that discoveries of the same kind, but much more extensive, have simultaneously been made in this state. Dr. Draper, the professor of chemistry in Hampden Sidney College, found in an investigation of this matter, that not only compound media, such as water and colored glasses, would stop the heat and chemical action of the solar ray, but that there is an extensive class of bodies which accomplish the same thing; these are chiefly the coloring matter of certain vegetables, and salts dissolved in water or in spirits of wine. Some curious facts have thus been disclosed. A body may be transparent to the sun's light, or to his heat, and opaque to his chemical ray. A solution of tannin, which is made from the bark of the red oak, is transparent to the sun's light, and opaque to his heat; the same may be said of litmus, or turnsole, dissolved in water, and of a variety of tinctures, such as turmeric, saffron, &c. Some of the metallic salts afford very fine examples of these results; the substance known in commerce as the bichromate of potassa, when in solution, is transparent to the ray of light, semi-transparent to the ray of heat, and absolutely opaque to the chemical ray, and on the other hand, this latter ray will freely pass through a stratum of solution of sulphate of copper and ammonia, thick enough to be opaque to the two former. Color has little or no agency; the chloride of gold and the chloride of platina, which are yellow—the sulphate of copper, which is blue—the muriate of cobalt, which is pink—the chloride of chromium, which is green, and the sulpho-cyanate of iron, which is red, though they are all more or less transparent as respects light, are far less so as respects heat; and in regard to the chemical ray, some of them are quite opaque, and some quite transparent. An examination of nearly three hundred substances has led to the conclusion, that even substances which are colorless, limpid, and as transparent as water, exercise very different functions. None such however have yet been found opaque to the ray of heat, or the chemical ray, though some approach to that condition.

Dr. Franklin, and the philosophers of his day, supposed that the solar light on being extinguished, became heat; the general tendency of these experiments would lead to a very different conclusion. In this age of luxury, it is probable that these researches, refined and delicate as they are, can be made to minister to our comforts, and the revival of one of the fine arts, now nearly extinct, will be the consequence. We can admit into our chambers the full blaze of the noonday sun, and shut out his heat! Those of us who have witnessed the gorgeous volumes of party colored light, which pass through the painted windows of the palaces and abbeys of the old continent, and the quiet feeling of calmness that comes over us, may expect with pleasure the restoration of these inimitable ornaments, and the voluptuary may look forward to the poetical delight of "basking in a cool sunbeam."

MAY.

The drear Winter is past!—
 No cold lingering blast
 Our feelings annoy;
 The air softly blowing,
 The sun warmly glowing,
 Enhances each joy.
 Nature laughs in the trees,—
 Hark! she sings in the breeze,
 And bids us rejoice.
 All creation is glad;
 Ah! then, who can be sad
 Nor list to her voice?
 Now Youth, Friendship and Love,
 Haste to rifle each grove
 Of its flow'rets gay;
 Weaving garlands to twine
 Round the favorite shrine
 Of beautiful MAY.
 Bright'ning skies, and green earth,
 Herald forth her glad birth;
 While aged and young
 Hail the FIRST DAY OF MAY
 As a blithe holiday,
 With music and song.
 'Tis the time of the year,
 When the heart, eye and ear
 Are fill'd with delight;
 When birds are all singing,
 The sweet flowers springing
 Most fair to the sight.
 Oh, that through the blue sky,
 With the birds I could fly,
 What rapture 'twould be!
 Or in green shady bowers
 Could I dream away hours
 In sweet revery.
 On Fancy's light pinions,
 Through airy dominions,
 Exultingly soar;
 In the dark depths of space,
 New pathways to trace,
 Unthought of before.
 In shade thus reclining,
 'Till the sun is declining,
 Would pass the long day;
 But the noon-tide has gone!—
 All its sweet dreams have flown!—
 Fair visions of MAY!
 Borne on warm southern gale
 Silver-fleecy clouds sail
 Through the evening air;
 While sunset is beaming,
 Its rich colors gleaming,
 How bright they appear!
 Like Hope's fond illusion
 They seem a delusion,
 And fade from the sight.
 The twilight is ending,
 The dews are descending,—
 And now, it is night.

These bedew'd starry hours
 Sweetly scented with flow'rs,
 The offspring of MAY,
 To the fond lover's heart
 Higher joys can impart
 Than the splendor of day.

Then, most welcome, sweet MAY,
 With thy retinue gay,
 Thrice welcome to me;
 Since thy influence bland
 Purest feelings expand,
 Each thought making free.

Sweet mother of roses,
 In thy bosom reposes
 Delights ever gay.
 Come then, join heart and hand,
 Youth and age in one band,
 To celebrate MAY.

HOPE.

Illusive Hope, no more deceive,
 Unless your spell is stronger!
 If you can force me to believe,
 In pity cheat me longer.
 The fraud is sweet; but bitter pain
 And keen despair confound us,
 To wake and find thy broken chain,
 In glittering fragments round us.
 The heart that trusts thy syren smile,
 Drinks copious draughts of pleasure;
 In dreams of innocence the while,
 It grasps its soul-sought treasure:
 But let the mystic gleam depart,
 Which caused our dreamy blindness!
 Too coldly sinks the breaking heart,
 Amidst the world's unkindness. FERGUS.

TO ———.

If yon bright star, whose gentle smile,
 Shines sweetly through the gloom on high,
 Were but some sunny and sea-girt isle,
 Far in the light of a cloudless sky:
 Where spring's young buds and summer's flowers,
 Are mingled with the changeless green
 Of fairy walks and sylvan bowers;
 And dazzling founts, whose silvery sheen,
 Gives back the rainbow-tints, that play
 When moon-beams kiss the ocean spray;
 Then would we seek its distant shore,
 And joy to greet each other there;
 Nor sigh that we return no more,
 Where all we trust is falsely fair;
 But heart with heart should mingle there,
 In bliss uncheck'd, unchang'd, to share;
 And the pure love of early years,
 Ere we have known the false one's guile,
 Or shed the heart's repentant tears,
 Should win us to that lonely isle. MORNA.

ODDS AND ENDS:

FROM A JOURNAL.

ROME, January 24th, 1833.

Visited the *Collegio Romano*. The building is immense, as may be inferred from the fact that sixteen hundred pupils are now under its roof. The library, though at present in some disorder, is very rich and extensive, and contains some rare and highly curious works. I was shown a number of books printed by Aldo; amongst others a Theocritus, the third work which issued from his press, the paper and typography of which are of exquisite beauty, equal to any thing, I should think, that can be produced at the present day. The University of the Sapienza, the first in Rome, is shut on account of the prevalence of liberal principles among the young men, there having been a serious disturbance created by its students some time ago. Politics, indeed, from what I can learn—which, to be sure, is not much, as newspapers do not flourish here as luxuriantly as they do in America, the only one being a paltry little sheet that gives nothing but information respecting the health of the Pope, and the ceremonies to be performed on such and such a day—are still in so uncertain a state, that the government has not yet decided whether a masked Carnival shall be allowed, fearing that advantage may be taken of the disguise to excite commotions. The strangers here are as much interested in the decision as the conspirators, if there are any, can be, for without masks the Carnival is said to be a very dull affair.

In the evening I went to an immense ball given by the great banker Torlonia, to whom my letter of credit from Hottinguer in Paris was directed. That personage gives a series of balls during the "season," for the entertainment of those who draw upon him. Few inhabitants are invited, so that one gets no idea of Italian society at his routs, though an excellent one of the foreigners sojourning in Rome. I accompanied Mr. — in his carriage. It was not with marvellous ease that we reached the "*Palazzo Torlonia*," as when we had arrived within about three squares of it, we were obliged to proceed at a funeral pace in consequence of the multitude of carriages. At different stations were posted soldiers on horseback to preserve order and prevent any carriage from leaving its place and attempting to get before another, so that not the slightest confusion occurred. We drove, in our turn, into the spacious courtyard, and ascending a splendid marble stair-way which cost twenty-four thousand dollars—"ever mindful what it cost" is our American motto—we proceeded through rows of servants to the room where "the lady of the house" stood to receive her guests. This lady is the mother of the banker, or rather the Duke, his father, now dead, having purchased the title. She is said to be eighty years old, and if such be the fact, she is the most wonderful woman I have ever seen. Her appearance does not indicate more than sixty at the farthest, and during the whole evening she was moving about with all the activity of youth. There were eight rooms open, forming a magnificent suite, in two of which were bands of music for the dancers, among whom I enrolled myself, though the species of waxed sail-cloth on which we were obliged to move our feet, was

not the most delightful material, especially for a waltz. In Italy dancing always takes place on some kind of carpet, on account of the floors being of brick or marble. The apartments, of course, are sumptuously furnished, and contain some fine works of art; amongst others the famous group of Hercules and Lychas by Canova. The company was very numerous, but the quantity of space afforded them prevented any thing like a squeeze. I was surprized at the little beauty that was to be seen. The prettiest young lady there was an American.

I witnessed a great ceremony in St. Peter's, on the 18th of January, the anniversary of the foundation of the Church. The Pope was carried in procession to St. Peter's chair at the farther end of the building, in which he sat during the celebration of high mass by a Cardinal. The whole College of Cardinals was present, all dressed in their red robes, besides the other various ecclesiastical dignitaries. I went in company with my fellow travellers, who have since proceeded to Naples, and we all obtained excellent seats by the roguery of our valet-de-place, who had the impudence to tell an officer, apparently of high rank, that we were nephews of the Prince of Denmark, in consequence of which, he, the officer, came up to us in the politest manner, and bowed us into places reserved for distinguished strangers, where we had a perfect view of what was going on. We could not conceive at the time by what enchantment the fellow had induced the officer to treat us with such civility, but we had scarcely got out of the church after the end of the ceremony, when he made us an humble salutation, and with meek solemnity asked the commands of our "royal highnesses," and then related what he had done. It was well for us that the credulous personage whom he deceived, did not discover the trick, or we might have been stripped of our "regality" and our seats, sooner than would have been desirable. I was greatly disappointed in the music upon the occasion, although the Pope's choir was in requisition. They never sing with instrumental accompaniment before His Holiness, nor are female voices allowed in his hearing; and the tones of those unfortunate men who are employed as substitutes for the latter, are to my ears, with the exception of two or three perfect notes, really disagreeable, being shrill, dry, and at times almost unearthly. My expectations indeed, with regard to music, generally, in Italy, have been as yet any thing but realized. I went once to the opera in Florence, and have been once to each of the two principal opera houses in Rome, and I am sure that the *troupe* now in America must be better on the whole than any one of the three I have heard, though it may not have a *prima donna* equal to the lady who bears that title at the "*Teatre d' Apollo*" here. She, however, is a German, with a name which, for the safety of my jaws, I hope I may never attempt to pronounce; but she is by far the most delightful cantatrice I have met with in Italy, both as to science and voice. I wonder she does not go to Paris, where she would sing to much more purpose in the way of making money, as her salary must be comparatively inconsiderable here, if it be in proportion to the prices of admission; the part I heard her in, was that of Juliet in Bellini's last opera, "*I Capuleti ed in Montecchi*," some of the music of which is beautiful, though, on the whole, it is not equal to either the "*Pirata*" or the "*Straniera*,"

by the same composer. The best musical performances in Rome are said to be those of the "*Academia Filo-harmonica*," an amateur company who execute an opera every Friday evening in complete style.

The weather has been generally fine since my arrival, but so cold that mount Soracte is "silver'd o'er" with snow, quite as much as when its whiteness attracted the "bleared" eye of the poet by whom it has been immortalized. There has been a singular scarcity of rain during the whole winter, and in consequence of it old father Tiber has entirely lost the *flavus* hue for which he is celebrated, and possesses scarcely vitality enough to drag his slow length along. For those who wish to economize, the lowness of the water is a sad affair, as it has greatly increased the price of wood, which is mostly brought in boats.

—
NAPLES, February 20th, 1833.

Started from Rome on the 13th, with two companions, and arrived here on the third evening. We passed over the road and through several of the places celebrated in Horace's journey to Brundisium, besides Capua, Gaeta, and other spots immortalized in history and poetry, but the weather was not of a character to allow any stopping to "classicalize" on the way, even if we had not been anxious to arrive as soon as possible at Naples in order to see the Carnival. We found the city so crowded with strangers that we were obliged to employ several hours in hunting for a place to lay our heads for the first night, and the greater part of the next day was spent in a search after lodgings, which at length we met with in a good situation, and for a moderate price, but not very attractive or splendid in themselves. One thing I certainly have learnt since my arrival here, and that is the fact, which the Swedish chancellor sent his son abroad to be convinced of—with how "little wisdom the world is governed." The grand amusement of the Carnival was a procession of the King and his court, dressed as Chinese mandarins, and masked. His wise majesty, the Queen and a numerous suite, were drawn in a fantastically constructed car, by eight horses, preceded and followed by a large cavalcade; and in their progress up and down the Toledo, the principal street, they pleased themselves with throwing sugar plumbs at their loving subjects and receiving volleys of them in return. If there be any truth in the sentiments that Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Bolingbroke, with regard to the preservation of the respect of the populace by rare exhibitions of the royal person, this King cannot be an object of great veneration to those over whom he rules. Such a spectacle as I have just described was well calculated to remove all feeling of awe from the Neapolitans; and besides, he is constantly driving about the streets in a little vehicle of no magnificent appearance, with nothing to indicate that he is more than a private individual, except a couple of outriders. In fact he is not very popular, from what I have learnt, though he is by no means so much disliked as his father; and in some respects his conduct is said to be deserving of every eulogy. He has introduced the strictest economy into both the public and his private expenditure, and already he has saved as much money as the prodigality of his father had wasted. All the latter's innumerable dogs and horses have been sold, and various sinecures abolished. He allows his cook, it is said, but five dollars a

day for the expenses of his table, a circumstance which greatly annoyed that personage at first, accustomed as he had been to the profusion of the late King, by which he increased his salary twofold; but on his representing to his present master that he could not with so small a sum provide a sufficient number of dishes for a royal dinner, he received a jocose answer, advising him to put them far apart from each other and fill up with ornaments, by which an adequate display would be made. His object, it is supposed, in laying aside so much money as he does, is to accomplish a plan for the improvement and embellishment of the city, which will render it beautiful in the extreme. He has one hobby, however, for which he spares no expense—his army. He is constantly reviewing it, and certainly it exhibits a highly imposing aspect, doubly striking to one just arrived from Rome, where the church *militant* is by no means very formidable or handsome in appearance. It is a pity that he does not possess as much of the spirit of chivalry, as of fondness for military display, in which case he would treat his wife better than report says he does. It is currently related that a short time ago, being displeased with something she had done, he gave her a box upon the ear, which so roused her Sardinian blood as to cause her to say to him that she had thought, in wedding him, that she married a king and not a lazzarone.

Nothing can be greater than the contrast between Naples and Rome. It is almost the difference between life and death. If one be emphatically called the city of the soul, the other, if I may so speak, may as emphatically, be styled the "city of the body." What a mass of vitality there is here! The majority of the inhabitants seem absolutely to live in the streets; and if you escape being run over by horses, or trampled under foot by the crowd, you incur equal danger of breaking your legs, or otherwise injuring yourself among the endless articles and implements of business that "stop the way." The appearance of the city, however, is any thing but prepossessing. Few of the houses are remarkable for aught save ugliness, dilapidation and filth, although many are dubbed "*palazzi*;" and all the streets, except two, are mere lanes. These two are the Toledo, running entirely through the city and the Chiaja, occupying the greater part of the shore of the Mediterranean. The former is chiefly a business street; in the latter are the principal residences; at least the foreigners always live there, most of the buildings, as far as I can see, being either hotels or lodging-houses. It is certainly one of the most delightful places of residence imaginable, affording views of the bay, the islands, the neighboring mountains, including Vesuvius himself, and the surrounding country, which can scarcely be surpassed. The situation of the city is one of the few things in respect to which "expectation" does not "fail." Its beauty more than equals all that I had imagined, and would excuse almost any hyperboles in reference to it, that a poet's eye, rolling in fine frenzy, might prompt him to utter. Between the atmosphere here and that of Rome, there is as much difference as between the aspect of the cities. One is as bracing as the other is relaxing. I could wish that the objects of interest and curiosity which crowd the Eternal city were here; but the *Studio* is almost the only lion of any very considerable con-

sequence in Naples itself. Not far distant, however, are Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius, Pæstum, &c. So that I shall have enough to see and do.

— PARIS, July 22d, 1833.

There has been nothing going on here lately, of much moment, except the preparations for the *fêtes* of the three days, which will be superlatively brilliant. One of the chief shows is to be a ship of a large size, which will be attacked and defended. It is nearly finished, and lies on the Seine just opposite to the Tuileries. Of course, its construction is not of the most solid kind, its sides being of canvass painted instead of oak, but it makes a very respectable figure. Nothing can exceed the interest manifested in relation to it by the Parisians, numbers of whom have never seen a ship in their lives. The *quais* near it are constantly thronged with wondering crowds, whose various expressions of astonishment and delight afford no inconsiderable amusement to the observer. Whether it be this "*vaisseau magnifique*," which completely absorbs the minds and hearts of the inhabitants of this good city, I know not, but certain it is that the other day they allowed the statue of him who was once the object of their idolatry, and about whom they are always making such a fuss, to be elevated to the top of the column of the Place Vendôme, without a single indication of gratification or enthusiasm. The number of persons assembled to witness the "hoisting" was comparatively insignificant, and not a sound was uttered to lead a stranger, ignorant of what was going on, to imagine that any interest was felt in it by the assemblage. To be sure the statue was veiled, and the worthy citizens might not have been very certain that it was not Louis Philippe himself, instead of the hero of Austerlitz, whose bronze effigies was concealed under the covering, and did not like to testify gratitude for "the gift of the Greeks," until they were aware of its character. It is to be uncovered on the second of the three days with appropriate ceremonies, when, doubtless, should the little Corsican show his brazen face, and prove that no *mystification* was meant, there will be a grand chorus of French ejaculations. There is something suspicious, certainly, in a Bourbon's raising a statue to Napoleon. The government seem to have had no idea that the affair would go off so quietly, as they had stationed a considerable quantity of soldiers about the column, to prevent any disturbance. Engravings of the statue have for some time past been exhibited in the windows of the print-shops and hawked about the streets, by which he is represented habited in his famous *redingote*, with his no less famous cocked hat upon his head. What a beautiful specimen of anti-climax—a column modelled upon that of Trajan at Rome terminating in a cocked hat! So much for French patriotism and taste.

I have been several times to the Sorbonne to hear the lectures, but have only once been fortunate enough to succeed in my object. The lecture I heard was by Amperè, the successor of Villemain, upon the influence exercised by oriental literature upon the literature of France, more particularly in the department of tales and romances, in the middle age. He is a small man, with an intelligent face, and talks in an easy, careless, but true French style. I seemed to me to treat his subject very well, but it did not strike me as one of great

importance or interest. I also attended some days ago a sitting of the French Academy, and saw, amongst other worthies, Arago and Puissant, the famous astronomers and mathematicians, and Gay-Lussac and Thenard, the chemists. The actual President, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, is rather a 'softish' sort of person, both in face and manner. The first report read was one on quarantines, which gave rise to a regular French discussion, during which the President might often have uttered the reasonable request of "*pas plus de quatre à la fois*." I would rather hear a French debate for fun, than the most ludicrous farce performed in any of those *ne plus ultra* temples of mirth—the *théâtres des Variétés du Vaudeville*, or *du Palais Royal*.

— August 10th, 1833.

Went the other day to the annual public *Séance* of the *Académie Française*, the literary portion of the Institute. It was crowded, particularly with ladies, and its proceedings were certainly much more amusing than those of the Academy of Inscriptions, which made me, ever and anon, think of Piron's phrase, *l'Académie des Quarante avoit de l'Esprit comme quatre*. It was presided by no less a personage than M. Jouy—a gentleman whose physical weight and dimensions are quite worthy of those of his intellectual being, considerable as the latter are. His face is not especially remarkable in any way, but his head has an imposing appearance from its size, and the quantity and respectable greyish hue of the hair by which it is covered. On his left hand sat Arnaud, one of the perpetual secretaries, and the author of the tragedy of Germanicus, whose pertness fully entitled him to his position near the President, and seemed to demonstrate that, however great his fondness for filling his mind, he by no means ever allows literature to play him the same trick that science once did Sir Isaac Newton, if the story about the great philosopher's forgetting his dinner be true. The Academicians were in their official habiliments—blue coats embroidered with green, with standing collars. The sitting was opened by the reception of M. Tissot, the celebrated lecturer on *belles-lettres*, at the *école royale*, and author of several works of high repute, particularly the "*Etudes sur Virgile*," who had just been elected a member to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of M. Dacier. He read a discourse on the occasion, which commenced, of course, by begging

a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceived,

and then was filled up by an eulogium of his predecessor. It was an exceedingly interesting paper, written with great neatness, spirit and point, and in commendable good taste, being free from that hyperbole and fustian which constitute the main ingredients of most panegyrics. When the plaudits consequent upon it had terminated, M. Jouy opened his lips, and addressed the *Réceptaire*, in a strain of compliment which must have tempted him to cry *jam satis* more than once, unless his appetite for praise be perfectly canine. His works were all passed in review, and their merits emblazoned in such a way that one might have imagined that the new member was the literary glory of the age, whilst his personal qualities were by no means consigned to oblivion. I must do M. Jouy, however, the

justice to say, that his periods were so nicely balanced, his phrases so piquantly turned, and that the composition altogether wore so *spiritual* an air, as to neutralize the disagreeable effect of the fulsomeness of his matter, verifying in a certain sense the saying, that "vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness." Two or three reports were next read by Arnault, respecting the competition for the various prizes which the academy distributes, and the names of those to whom they were awarded, announced. Messieurs de Tocqueville and de Beaumont obtained for their works on our penitentiary system, the second of the four *destinés aux ouvrages les plus utiles aux mœurs*, published during the course of the year, two of which are of 6,000 francs, the third of 2,500, and the fourth of 1,500. The first was obtained by Mademoiselle Necker de Saussure, for a work in two volumes, entitled "*l'Education progressive, ou Etude du cours de la Vie*." The piece which gained the poetical premium, was subsequently recited by its author, and seemed to be a decent jingle enough, not altogether at variance with his name, Mr. Emile de *Bonnechose*. The subject was "the death of Silvain Bailly, mayor of Paris," the one proposed. I could not help occasionally feeling inclined to smile at the manner in which Mr. de Bonnechose made the audience acquainted with his poetical offspring. He rehearsed it in such slow, solemn, awful tones, that one might have imagined he was relating the most fearful story in the most overwhelming language that ever was listened to by mortal ears. The finale of the *Séance* was a discourse read by M. Jouy upon the Montyon prizes of virtue which had been decreed, in which he mentioned the persons rewarded, and detailed their merits in a highly interesting way.

I have heard the new opera of Ali-Baba, by Cherubini, but I cannot say that it is the most delightful piece of music that has ever charmed my ears. It smacks too much of the old school of composition for the present day, and is more remarkable for science than inspiration. There is a great deal of imposing sound, of rich noise, about it; the instrumentation is consummately managed, and whatever definite ideas there are, are worked up with perfect skill, but these are almost as rare as the *rara avis* itself. What the French call *phrases melodiques* preponderate greatly over the pure melodies, there not being more than three or four of the latter, if so many, that make any impressions. Yet it cannot be denied, that those who have heard it once must be desirous of hearing it again; the harmony is so fine, and there is so much good sense in it, if I may be allowed that term, except in the overture, which is full of *concelli* and straining after effect. The judgment is satisfied, if the ear is not tickled or the heart moved. I doubt if much parlor music can be gleaned from it.

ORIGEN.

Epiphanius attributes no less than 6,000 volumes to Origen. It may be added that the "Similitude" of Zoroaster is said to have occupied as much space as 1,260 hides of cattle.

TO A CHILD ASLEEP IN CHURCH.

Sleep, lovely babe! securely sleep,
With guardian angels hovering o'er thee,
Whilst seraph watchmen vigils keep,
Oh, dream not of the world before thee.

The anthem swells upon thine ear,
But wakes thee not with all its numbers:
No dream of joy or startling fear,
Disturbs thy spirit's tranquil slumbers.

The prayer ascends for thee and thine,
And friends and kin around thee bow,
Whilst pillowed near God's holy shrine,
Thou seemest an unpledged angel now.

And sure thy lips were formed to sing
The hallelujahs of the choir,
Who give hosannahs to their king
With golden harps and heavenly fire.

Then sleep, sweet babe, securely sleep,
With guardian angels hovering o'er thee:
Whilst seraph watchmen vigils keep,
Oh, dream not of the world before thee. FERGUS.

Trifles.

LINES.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

On seeing her set a piece of net-work in her hair.

For whom, sweet girl, dost thou prepare
That subtle net-work in thy hair?
Whose heart wilt thou entangle there?
Alas! poor youth! how oft shall he
Struggle—and struggle—to be free;
And all in vain! But as for me,
So fairly warned, I shall be shy;
And whilst I have the power to fly,
I'll use it now: so, Jane, good bye.

Richmond.

IMPROMPTU.

TO MISS ———.

On its raining upon her wedding day, which old ladies say is a sign that the bride will lose her husband.

Sigh not, sweet girl, to see these showers
Upon thy bridal day;
(But April ones preparing flowers
To crown the coming May:)
They bode no ill to thee nor thine,
Whate'er wise women know;
For through their falling drops doth shine,
Thou seest, a radiant *beau*.

APRIL FOOL.

Yes, you have made a fool of me,
This first of April, I agree;
But as for you, friend Tom, I fear
That you are one for all the year.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830.—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire,—and translated from the French, for the Messenger.

THE PAPERS OF FOUCHÉ.

The emperor laid down as a maxim, that the police should watch every one except himself; he said and repeated it to all whom he employed; and, nevertheless, nothing was ever better known to the police, than the occurrences in the Tuileries and in the cabinet of the emperor. Fouché was informed early enough of his disgrace to enable him to conceal the most important papers in his possession, and particularly his correspondence with the first consul, and subsequently with the emperor. His retirement was scarcely asked and accepted, before the Count Dubois was sent to place the seals on his house. Some days after, the seals were removed by Count Real, who was ordered to abstain from all searches, and only to ask the ex-minister to place in his hands the letters that Napoleon had written him at different periods.

That Fouché might understand that he came as a friend, M. Real went to Ferrières, Fouché's residence, in an open carriage, and only accompanied by his daughter, the Baroness Lacuée. On his approach, a horse that was ready saddled in the court-yard, disappeared: Fouché was no longer at his chateau. M. Real waited until eleven at night, and the ex-minister, after having passed the whole day abroad (he had taken with him a large sum of money which he had obtained from his agent), not knowing whether he ought to remain in Paris or fly to England, adopted the wise resolution of returning home. The seals were removed without formality; and, on the demand of the letters, Fouché protested that he had burnt them all, without exception; neither the emperor nor M. Real believed a word of this statement; but in such cases, when one cannot prove the contrary, it is best to appear to believe.

M. OUVRARD.

M. Ouvrard has published, or caused to be published, some memoirs of his life; in these memoirs he has been careful not to tell the whole truth. This remarkable man has been concerned in so many things, that twenty volumes would not suffice to contain all that he has done, seen, and heard.

I should undertake too much were I to begin with the commencement of his history and follow him down to the year 1832, when engaged in his last financial scheme, in negotiating for pastime, the marriage, then become necessary, of the Duchess de Berri with M. de Luchesi Palli. But I find M. Ouvrard concerned in one of the incidents of the ministry of Fouché; and of this alone I wish to speak at present.

A negotiation undertaken by Ouvrard with the English cabinet, with the consent, or at the invitation of the minister of police, was the avowed cause of the disgrace of Fouché. This negotiation, on the subject

of which the emperor, in the council of ministers, interrogated the chief judge, asking him what penalty a minister ought to incur, who negotiated, of his own accord and without the consent of his master, with a foreign power—this negotiation, for which Napoleon said to Fouché: "Duke d'Otrante, your head should be brought to the scaffold"—caused the negotiator only an imprisonment of twenty-four hours.

As I have said before, the avowed motive was not the real one of this disgrace.

Ouvrard had some interest in the house of Hope of Amsterdam; this house was associated with M. Labouchère, son-in-law of Mr. Baring of London. Ouvrard went to Amsterdam, and had some interview with M. Labouchère, on the subject of the means necessary to bring about peace between France and England. M. Labouchère suggested some ideas which Ouvrard communicated to Fouché on his return to Paris, and the minister engaged him to carry on this species of negotiation. His only design was, as he always persisted in asserting, to inform himself of the sentiments of the English cabinet.

In this species of negotiation, which Fouché only regarded as a matter of police, the emperor saw, or wished to see, the crime of high treason; he, at least, found in it a pretext for Fouché's disgrace.

Ouvrard was arrested at the house of Mademoiselle Hamelin, at Paris, by the duke of Rovigo, at the moment that the council of ministers were in session at St. Cloud; his papers were seized and he was thrown into prison. There he showed himself very little trouble about his situation, affirming that he had only acted on the indirect authority of the emperor.

It appeared, in fact, that Louis Bonaparte, king of Holland, had received through M. Labouchère, information of what had passed between Ouvrard and himself, and had notified the emperor, his brother, who had engaged him, if not to give any direct authority in his name, at least to let the affair go on, and even to risk some evasive instructions.

The morning after his arrest, Ouvrard was set at liberty, and the duke of Rovigo supplanted Fouché as minister of police. The emperor, tired of having a minister, wanted a clerk, who should be the faithful executor of his wishes.

THE DUKE OF DECRES, MINISTER OF MARINE.

The Duke of Decres was a minister admirably suited to Napoleon's purposes; a true clerk, good to execute any orders given, but absolutely incapable of any opinion different from his master's. The emperor frequently treated him roughly, but had, at bottom, an affection for him which I am unable to explain. Whenever the emperor was at Paris, the ministers were accustomed to assemble at the Tuileries every day at seven in the morning; the Duke of Decres generally arrived a few minutes after the appointed hour. The emperor addressed him with some harshness, in these words:

"Are you unwell?"

"No, sire."

"Ah! I see; it is your common complaint, laziness."

When the first moment of ill humor had passed, the emperor thought no more of the matter.

On the emperor's visit to the works at the port of Cherbourg, he caused the minister of marine to accompany him. The minister had ordered the construction of a piece of work, which he thought would serve to prevent the accumulation of the gravel and sand thrown up by the sea. The emperor embarked in a small boat for the purpose of visiting this improvement, then just commenced; he took with him the minister, many admirals, and the captain of the port, an old sailor with whom he conversed familiarly during the whole of the excursion. When they had arrived in sight of the work, he said to the officer:

"Do you believe, captain, that such a work will suffice to prevent the irruption of the sand?"

"Sire, he who says so is a blockhead."

The emperor turned to the minister:

"You see, duke, that I have not made him say so."

The emperor had heavy cause of complaint, and of more than one sort, against the Duke of Decres; he ascertained, for example, that an important rank in the navy had been granted on the recommendation of a lady of beauty and easy virtue. The minister had cause to repent it: the emperor spoke to him of it in full council. On another occasion, the duke, having gone to Holland, had brought back fraudulently some lace, which he intended for a very pretty governess, then in his employment. The custom-house officers did not think themselves authorized to examine the carriage of the minister of marine.

The emperor was informed of it; and, in council, in the presence of all the ministers, he reproached the duke in the most violent terms, commanding him imperiously to carry the lace to the custom-house, to be there confiscated, and to pay immediately into the treasury the fine imposed by law on the smuggler.

And, notwithstanding all these things, the emperor maintained the Duke of Decres in his ministry. He was a pliant and useful instrument, and in consequence he loved him, without perhaps knowing why.

Louis XIV. in the advice which he gave to his son, said to him:

"The ministers of a king must be his clerks, or the king will soon be the clerk of his ministers."

The emperor but too well followed the counsels of Louis XIV.

M. HENRI.

With the exception of two or three aberrations of the Count Dubois, the prefecture of police under the empire, could not be reproached with having departed from its particular line of duty; it abstained entirely from politics, but watched scrupulously over the surety of houses, the cleanliness of the streets, and the public health. If the authors of any crime remained too long undiscovered, the emperor, who made them give an account of every thing to him, would send for the prefect of police, reproach him severely for his negligence, and enjoin upon him to stimulate the zeal of his agents.

The prefecture of the police had at this period among its officers a man of a very superior order; this was the chief of the bureau specially charged with watching thieves; he was known as M. Henri, or father Henri.

The thieves form in Paris a distinct class; they sustain each other in danger and assist their associates in adversity; they have regular institutions of their own. When a thief is arrested *the society* supplies him with a woman to serve him, a defender before the court, and often witnesses to acquit him. If condemnation cannot be avoided, the protection of *the society* follows the prisoner even to the house of punishment; he receives assistance in money; they furnish him also with every possible means of escape. The pay in prison of a robber of a rank somewhat elevated, is at least five francs a day.

M. Henri knew all the robbers that were thus associated together in Paris. When any one was brought to him, he addressed him by his name, and detailed to him, without consulting any memoranda, the principal acts of his life, and the number of sentences that he had undergone. When in a good humor, he would go so far as to reproach them with the awkwardness which led to their arrest.

"They should confine themselves to the handkerchief," he said one day to a robber, who had been taken in the act of stealing, "who are unable to succeed with the watch."

"To secure the watch—that does not require a very great deal of skill."

"And yet it is precisely in attempting that, that you suffered yourself to be caught."

"It was because some one pushed my arm."

"A fine reason!"

"If I desired to secure yours, you think perhaps I should be very much puzzled to do so?"

"Mine? I defy you."

"Yours! I will lay you a wager that I can take it, in your very office."

"I will bet you five napoleons, and will give you until four o'clock; it is now twelve."

"Done; I stake my money."

And the robber immediately drew from some concealed pocket, which the guards had not discovered in searching him, five napoleons which he laid on M. Henri's table.

Two hours had not slipped by, when M. Henri heard himself called from a corner of his cabinet, where he was always surrounded by a crowd of agents and *gendarmes*. It was the robber who had found means to seize the watch while M. Henri was waiting on some one else.

In his place M. Henri rendered immense services. He had been invested with a sort of discretionary power. He enjoyed within very extensive limits, the right of pardoning before trial; and when he thought advisable to exercise it, he obtained in return important information.

One night about half after one, 200,000 francs had been taken from the coffers of the company who farm the gaming houses at Paris. At five o'clock, M. Perrin was in the anti-chamber of M. Henri, asking to speak with him on urgent business. M. Henri was awakened; he opened his eyes and recognized M. Perrin.

"You come at an early hour, M. Perrin; I beg pardon for having made you wait; but I went to bed at midnight. You come about your robbery of to-night, eh?"

"But how did you hear of it? It was committed between one and two o'clock."

"I knew it was to take place since the day before

yesterday, and I found it necessary to let it go on. Your robber has taken the Saint Denis road; he ought to be already arrested; they were to discover him at the moment that he was dividing the spoils with his accomplices. Your money will be returned to you this evening; but it will cost you a note of 500 francs for the agents. This will learn you to watch better for the future. *A revoir*, M. Perrin; I am going to finish my nap, and I advise you to do so likewise."

COMMODORE SIDNEY SMITH.

Sidney Smith was one of the most violent enemies of Napoleon, not only during his reign and throughout his life, which might naturally have been expected from an Englishman and a soldier, but after the emperor had been dethroned, and even after his death. There are no stupid absurdities calculated to stain the memory of Napoleon, which, in his blind hatred, the commodore has not received and accredited.

Sidney Smith is a sailor full of courage and skill, with but a weak intellect. In England they say in plain words—he is a mad-man: I wish to be more polite than the English. For many years Sidney Smith has been under the influence of an ancient hatred: he has never been able to forgive the French government for his captivity of two years. Age, which calms every thing, even the most envenomed animosities, ought to have made him understand that he has been the dupe of intriguers ever ready to inflame his national and private antipathies. Who knows but he may show himself some day not less generous than Sir Robert Wilson, denying at the end of twenty years all that he had stated and written touching the pretended poisoning of those attacked by the plague at Jaffa?

The escape of Sidney Smith from his imprisonment in the "temple" has been frequently related; but even in events the most generally known there are often curious details concealed from the public.

In 1796 Commodore Sidney Smith cruised on the coast of France. Having gone too far in the pursuit of a French corsair, he was captured in his small boat with twelve men of his suite, his secretary Wright, (the person who undertook in 1803 to transport Georges and his accomplices from England, and to land them on the coast of Bivelle near Dieppe,) and a French emigrant, M. de Tromelin. This last, afterwards admitted into the army, was nominated general of brigade after the battle of Lutzen, on the recommendation of the Count de Lobau.

Immediately after the capture, and in pursuance of an arrangement previously made, M. de Tromelin became, under the name of John, the servant of the commodore. In consequence of this title, and of his not being a military character, he was set at liberty a few days afterwards, with permission to return to England. M. de Tromelin soon revisited France, where he became a principal agent in the conspiracy formed to secure the escape of Sidney Smith. To effect this object the British government had provided him with unlimited credit at a banker's in Paris—the firm of Hams in the *rue du Bac*. M. de Tromelin's co-operation in the escape of Smith was not unknown to the emperor, who often spoke to the general, but without the least bitterness, of his partiality for the English.

The commodore, with his secretary, had been detained two years in the temple: the twelve men of his suite, taken with him, had been sent to the *depot* of English prisoners at Fontainebleau. Smith and Wright had requested in vain to be treated as prisoners of war. The commodore appeared too enterprising a man not to be guarded with more than ordinary care. By the kindness of the wife of the keeper of the temple, on whom the agreeable person, the intelligence, and good manners of Smith had made a deep impression, he enjoyed every privilege calculated to soften his captivity. He was even permitted, on his *parole d'honneur*, to walk abroad, to visit the baths, to dine in the city, to go to the theatres, and even to the chase. The commodore was too gallant a man to take advantage of favors thus accorded: on the day and hour agreed he invariably returned to redeem his word. During these two years the English government, anxious to procure the release of Sir Sidney, had made numerous propositions for an exchange of prisoners, all of which were rejected. Attaching much importance to his freedom, and unable to accomplish by direct means, it determined to employ every expedient in its power to secure it by indirect.

The means employed to effect his escape were so little calculated to excite suspicion, that the police were not informed of the fact until ten days after its occurrence.

Some time during the early part of the month of March 1798, the minister of the marine, Pléville le Pley, was informed that an intrigue was on foot to secure the escape of the two English prisoners. He notified his colleague of the police, by a letter of the 16th of March, informing him that if he were not on his guard, Sidney Smith would be free before ten days. The minister of the marine was only a few days wrong, for the escape took place on the 25th of April. And, what is most curious in the affair, is, that it was by means of the signature of this very minister that it was effected.

On the 25th of April, *Adjutant General Auger*, in uniform, followed by his *aide* and *two gendarmes*, presented himself at the registry of the prison of the temple, and exhibited to the keeper an order on the stamped paper of the ministry of the marine, with the signature of the minister of that department subscribed, which, in virtue of a decree of the directory, enjoined him to deliver the commodore, as well as his secretary, to the adjutant general, charged to conduct them immediately to Fontainebleau, the depot of English prisoners.

The suspicion of the keeper had been excited by orders which he had received a few days previously from the minister of police concerning the prisoners; and his conscience reproaching him for the numerous facilities he had given the commodore, he only saw in this transfer evidence of the government's desire to adopt additional means of safety. After a moment's hesitation his suspicion vanished, and he was completely relieved when he heard the *Adjutant General Auger*, an officer of high rank, in the confidence of the minister, announce his intention of contenting himself with the *parole d'honneur* of the two prisoners, should they be willing to give it. He hurried through the prescribed formalities, noticed the order of the minister on his jailor's book, made the adjutant general sign it, and then delivered to him Sir Sidney Smith and his secretary, Wright.

An accident which occurred a few steps from the prison, nearly disconcerted a plan which had been so well conceived, and so far so well executed. At the gate of the temple the commodore, his secretary, the adjutant general, and his assistant, entered a hack: the driver had been well paid, and ordered to proceed with rapidity. At the moment of starting, not perceiving the stall of a vegetable-merchant, he upset his paniers, and came near wounding a child. A crowd was collected, and already the cry of "*to the police*" was heard, when the two prisoners, to whom a visit to such functionaries would have been by no means agreeable, opening each one a door, threw themselves out of the coach, and disappeared with the two officers. A carriage, well supplied with horses, waited on the Boulevards. Smith and Wright left Paris instantly, and set off the same evening for London.

Now for the explanation. The minister of the marine, Pléville le Pley, had been absent some months before on a visit to Lille, for the purpose of conferring with the English envoy, Lord Malmesbury. On leaving Paris he had placed in the hands of his secretary some blank signatures for the despatch of business. One of these was adroitly stolen by a Dalmatian named Wiskowich; and it was on this paper, stamped at the top with the words *ministry of the marine*, and having the true signature and seal of the minister at the bottom, that the order of transfer was written.

The Adjutant General Auger was no other than a third or fourth rate opera dancer named Boisgirard, and his adjutant, an individual of the name of Legrand, a leader of the insurrection of Palluan, of which, however, he had been acquitted by regular trial, though he had reason to fear, at the time, new prosecutions.

There was another singular circumstance attending this transaction. The expenses of the escape were paid in advance through the credit given M. de Tromelin; but the compensation to be given in case of success was still to be settled, and the Ottoman Porte was charged with this part of the affair. Spencer Smith, brother to the commodore, was then British ambassador in Turkey: he had enough influence to cause the dancer Boisgirard, Legrand and the rest to be entered *nominally* in the service of the Porte. Never, certainly, did the audience of the opera or the national academy of music suspect that among the dancers who figured before them for 1,200 francs a year, there was to be found a colonel in the service of the Sublime Porte, enjoying a monthly allowance of 900 francs.

The morning after the escape, the keeper of the temple mentioned in his daily report the transfer of the two prisoners, in virtue of the order of the minister, founded on the decree of the directory. Such transfers were effected every day, and the officer, whose duty it was to receive the reports of the prisons, paid no more attention to that than to the rest; and it was not until the expiration of ten days that the police was informed. The accomplices of the escape were all known, but they were scarcely troubled. The keeper, named Boniface, (and never was a name better suited to the person who bore it) had been deprived of his office, when on the 3d *Nivose* he was transported.

THE PRISON OF BAYONNE,

DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

During the reign of terror any thing sufficed for a prison, and almost any body for a prisoner. At Bayonne a chapel had been selected, into which a hundred or a hundred and fifty persons were crowded. But a single piece of the original furniture remained; that was the pulpit; and the jailor, a genuine specimen of the provincial *sansculottes*, ascended it daily to deliver his prisoners a patriotic address. This jailor was at the bottom a brave man; and he treated his prisoners humanely enough, provided at the end of his harangues they shouted with him—"Long live the republic, one and indivisible!"

One day the jailor appeared in the pulpit at an unusual hour. The most profound grief was painted on his countenance; the prisoners, trembling, awaited some of those notifications of death to which they were but too well accustomed.

"Citizens," said he, "every thing is destroyed; the republic is destroyed: Robespierre is guillotined; Saint-Just is guillotined; Couthon is guillotined. Every thing is destroyed: one no longer knows what saint to worship."

And in descending he forgot his cry of "*Long live the republic, one and indivisible!*" which but few voices would have repeated after him.

THE FIRST CONSUL,

A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Napoleon, while first consul and emperor, consecrated almost every day, when at Paris, an hour or two after dinner to familiar conversations, to which but few were admitted. The second consul, or the arch-chancellor, the minister, secretary of state, generals of the first rank, two or three aids-de-camp, and those of the council of state, who enjoyed, in an eminent degree, the favor of the supreme chief, were of the number.

These conversations were prolonged or shortened as the first consul had slept more or less the preceding night, or in proportion to the fatigue he had undergone in the course of the day: they were sad or gay as the news of the morning was bad or good. Sometimes the conversation naturally terminated when Napoleon, stretched on a sofa, fell asleep.

One evening the first consul (he was still so at this period) showed himself more than usually communicative. He spoke alone—he spoke eloquently. He was listened to with as much pleasure as interest. Almost every subject had been reviewed; at last the word *ambition* was pronounced.

"I am supposed to be ambitious," said he. "Ambitious! and of what? I ambitious! Listen, gentlemen, attentively to what I am going to say; I authorize you to repeat it. In three years I will retire from public affairs. I will then have an annual income of fifty thousand livres; with my tastes that will be more than enough. I will have a country seat, because Madame Bonaparte loves the country. I mean to ask only one thing; I shall have well merited it, and I must absolutely

have it. I desire to be justice of the peace in my canton. Am I ambitious?"

The first consul spoke thus in the commencement of 1802.

THE AUTHORS OF THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

3 NIVOSE—24 DECEMBER, 1800.

I shall say nothing of the event of the 3d of Nivose itself. The mysteries of that fearful conspiracy have been sufficiently explained by the trial of two of its authors. I intend to confine myself to a few details, either little divulged or entirely unknown.

The affair of the 3d of Nivose occurred at a moment when the reaction against the Jacobins was at its height, a month after the foolish attempt of Démerville, Aréna, Céracchi, Diana, and Topino Lebrun. The Jacobins were accordingly the first to be suspected. The first consul adopted this opinion warmly. It was for a moment believed that Fouché would be disgraced, as he was accused of protecting the Jacobins, and had denounced the *Chouans* as the real authors of the crime.

The most violent measures were proposed in the council of state. A list of those to be proscribed was prepared in such haste, that the name of a man who had been dead six months, and of another who had been four years absent from France, figured on it.

Nothing less than the physical proofs which Fouché submitted to the first consul could overcome his prejudices; and although the authors of the crime were afterwards known, the Jacobins were nevertheless proscribed; the proscription was only less numerous. Forty Jacobins were transported to the *Sechelles* isles for a crime committed by *Chouans*.

Georges, in the different examinations to which he was subjected after his arrest in 1804, declared that he had sent some officers of his staff to Paris to assassinate the first consul. But, he added, that he blamed the method which had been chosen, that by explosion, as it endangered the lives of the innocent.

The authors of the infernal machine were Picot de Limoëlan, St. Réjand, Lahaye St. Hilaire, Joyaux and Carbon: the last was a sort of servant charged only with the duty of obtaining the necessary articles for the execution of the conspiracy. Picot de Limoëlan, major general of Georges, was the important man in the affair, and commanded in Georges' name: St. Réjand, an old naval officer, was the person who set fire to the machine with a sort of tinder. In his report to Georges, which he feared would be seized by the police, he spoke of the act as a matter of hearsay, and of the principal author of the crime as a malefactor.

"The malefactor," said he, "has declared to a pious person that he prayed at the moment of setting fire to the tinder. In this prayer he asked of God to avert the blow, if the life of Napoleon would be useful to the human family."

Lahaye St. Hilaire and Joyaux were officers of Georges, sent to aid in the execution of the conspiracy.

Carbon and St. Réjand were condemned to death, and executed the 20th of April, 1801. Joyaux, Lahaye St. Hilaire and Picot de Limoëlan escaped in the confusion of the first moment. Joyaux was concerned in

the last conspiracy of Georges, in 1804, and perished with him. Lahaye St. Hilaire was also engaged in the conspiracy of 1804, and again escaped. We find him in Brittany in 1806, carrying off the bishop of Vannes, whom he refused to exchange except for two of his men then in prison. He was finally taken in a struggle which cost the life of an officer of *gendarmerie*, and underwent his sentence in 1807.

Picot de Limoëlan, who censured the employment of tinder, observing, "*I would have set fire to it with a match, and have remained standing where I was,*" did not reappear at the head quarters of Georges. He embarked as a sailor at St. Malo: afterwards, retiring into a holy asylum, he became a priest. A letter from him, addressed to his sister, was seized. Fearing lest it should be stopped by English cruisers, he wrote above the direction: "*Englishmen, permit this letter to pass; it is from a man who has done and suffered much for your cause.*"

An agent of exchanges at Paris, M. Nolin, while travelling, was mistaken for Limoëlan, and arrested at Montpellier. During his short captivity he was the object of the most anxious care of the *faithful* in that royalist city. M. Nolin affected to laugh at the matter, and to let things take their own course. The keeper of the prison was bribed. M. Nolin was allowed to escape, and was carried to a community of religious people, where he was honored as a saint. Every thing necessary to effect his escape and flight into a foreign country was placed at his disposal; and his courage in refusing to leave his prison was greatly admired.

The order for his discharge could scarcely put an end to the illusion.

THE HORSE-SHOE.

At the moment of the explosion of the infernal machine, Fouché and M. Real were entering the opera, where the *oratorio of Saul* was to be performed. Informed a few minutes afterwards of the details of the event, they left their wives and went out on foot for the purpose of going, each a different way, to the place of the explosion, having previously agreed to meet in the course of the evening at the hotel of the minister of police.

The rue St. Nicaise and the surrounding streets were already filled with agents of the police: the crowd of anxious spectators were driven by the troops back into the rue St. Honoré and to the side of the Carrousel. The street St. Nicaise was filled with ruins. In the centre lay the remains of a horse, whose limbs had been so violently torn asunder and scattered, that only a single leg could be recognized. Will it be believed that this deformed fragment of the horse was the means of leading to the discovery of the truth?

M. Real immediately observed a shoe which seemed to have been lately put on, still attached to the hoof. He instantly comprehended its importance, as a means of leading to the discovery of the authors of the crime, and caused a sentinel to be placed near that it might be carefully guarded.

The next morning the fragments of the cart and the remains of the horse were carried to the *prefecture* of police, and all the blacksmiths as well as the cartwrights

of the capitol were invited to examine them. A smith recognized the shoe as having been made at his forge, and gave the description of the individual who had brought the horse to him, about five feet one inch in height, with a scar above the left eye. It was the description of Carbon.

M. DE BOURMONT DURING THE EVENING OF THE THIRD NIVOSE.

Fouché and M. Real, after minutely examining the place, and the fragments which the explosion had left, and giving the necessary orders for guarding them, repaired, as had been agreed, to the hotel of the police. They had been there but a few moments, when M. de Bourmont was announced. M. Real went out to receive him. M. de Bourmont came to offer to the minister of police to arm, against the Jacobins, three hundred *Chouans*, then concealed at Paris, and under his orders. M. Real did not believe, any more than Fouché, that the Jacobins were guilty of the attempted assassination. The course of M. de Bourmont appeared to them suspicious, and an order was given for his arrest, which was executed at once.

When the first consul heard of this incident he exhibited an ill humor that could only have resulted from the opinion to which he tenaciously adhered, that the Jacobins had co-operated in the crime which had threatened his life. He ordered M. de Bourmont to be set free; and when, afterwards, the true authors of the attempt were known, the extraordinary proceeding of this Mendian chief, an explanation of which it was so advisable to have sought, was already forgotten.

Is it not, in fact, reasonable to suppose that M. de Bourmont was in the secret of the conspiracy, and that his proposition to the minister was made with no other view than to turn aside suspicion, and to protect the flight of those who were really guilty, by misleading the police? Yet notwithstanding his deception in this instance, Napoleon's prejudices on some points were so strong, that, a long time afterwards, he thanked M. de Bourmont for the good intentions he had exhibited towards him. It is perhaps to the proposition of the third Nivose, in itself so unjustifiable, that M. de Bourmont owed the advancement which he obtained in the army, and the possibility of desertion on the evening preceding the battle of Waterloo.

In a great many instances one may observe in the emperor this singular predilection for the royalists, and, generally, for every thing connected with the aristocracy.

M. ARMAND D'AILLY.

M. Armand d'Ailly, who is, I believe, still on the French stage, had made a successful *debut* in his dramatic career in 1800. At the period of the attempted assassination of the third Nivose, he was employed as a comedian at the theatre des *Troubadours*.

M. Armand d'Ailly happened to be finishing a part, when the explosion in the rue St. Nicaise was heard. As soon as he had got behind the scenes, he took the manager aside and said: "There has just been a discharge of cannon. Doubtless the government has this

moment received the news of some victory, which it is celebrating by salutes of artillery. It must be announced to the public; it will produce a good effect." The manager threw some difficulties in the way, which M. Armand d'Ailly victoriously combatted. At length the curtain is drawn up, the actor advances, makes the three customary bows, and says: "Gentlemen, we hasten to make known to the public, that the government has this instant received the news of a victory of the French army. This victory, the consequences of which are incalculable, is announced at this moment to the population of the capital by the cannon of the Invalides."

Three days afterwards M. Armand d'Ailly was arrested. Closely confined in the prison of the *Force*, he had the greatest difficulty in proving that he was not connected with the conspiracy of the infernal machine.

DISCOVERY

OF THE CONSPIRACY OF GEORGES.

Much has been written about the conspiracy of Georges; the examinations of the numerous persons who were arraigned and who figured with him on the benches of the criminal tribunal of the Seine, have been published in many volumes; every thing seems to have been said about this affair. One thing, however, has been omitted, the recital of the circumstances which led to the discovery of the royalist plot of 1804. On this subject there are two different versions; for the one which I have traced to the most authentic sources I will name my authorities; the other was communicated to me by the most agreeable talker I ever knew, by Charles Nodier. I was in possession of the version, which I may call the original one, when Charles Nodier related to me his, which was so well arranged and so naturally constructed, that I, finding myself so much delighted with the acquaintance of Charles Nodier, could not hesitate to give it credit. Nodier spoke to me, however, *de visu*; but this worthy individual has seen so many things during his long life, that he is excusable for not having seen them all equally well.

The circumstances which led to the discovery of Georges' conspiracy, are not known, and for this reason the police were taken by surprise, and the police is not fond of exhibiting its blunders; they had some indistinct idea of a scheme for a debarkation on the steep coast of Dieppe, but were ignorant of the moment selected; they commenced watching the coast with great precaution when these debarkations were already effected, and the conspirators were concealed at Paris.

The first consul was at the Tuileries conversing with many councillors of state, when General Murat, commander of Paris, was announced; he came to submit to Bonaparte a letter, in which a person who had been condemned to death and was then about to be executed, asked leave to make some disclosures. The first consul read the letter, and said, after a moment's reflection:

"This is some poor devil who wishes to gain an hour of life; hope, then, is the last sentiment that remains! What he has to say is probably not worth the trouble of putting oneself out of the way; no matter, let us

hear what it is. Real, will you go and speak with him? But no reprieve, do you hear, I will have none."

The emperor used the right of pardon which the constitution conferred on him, very sparingly, and he declared that he had occasion to repent of every instance in which he applied it. In political matters he preferred not to prosecute at all. Many little conspiracies—many projects of assassination directed against them, were discovered by the police, with which the tribunals were never troubled. They found out the originators and the accomplices in each conspiracy, and after keeping them a few months in prison, set them at liberty. Such a system is perhaps not very rigorously conformable to our principles of liberty; is it less excellent on that account?

In compliance with the first consul's request, M. Real repaired to the *Abbaye*. The armed force destined to accompany the prisoners to the place of execution, was already ranged around the square, keeping back the crowd of curious spectators. The prisoner had been placed in a lower room of the prison, lighted by a small window looking on the square, and guarded by thick bars. From this place he could observe the preliminary preparations for his punishment; one of the *gendarmes*, having dismounted, had fastened the bridle of his horse to a bar of the window. The return of the order despatched to the commandant at Paris, was the only thing they now awaited.

M. Real entered, made himself known, and was immediately introduced into the chamber of the prisoner, whom he found, pale, alarmed, and scarcely able to speak a word.

"You have," he said, "announced your intention to make some disclosures; I come to hear what they are."

"Ah! yes, it is true, I have many things to say; but see, every thing is finished; of what advantage will it be for me to speak?"

And with a gesture of despair the wretched man pointed to the frightful exhibition so inhumanly placed under his eyes.

M. Real was struck with horror; his interest was excited, and beckoning to the jailor he said a few words to him in a short and severe tone, and the prisoner was instantly transferred to another apartment. He then strove to reassure him, had some refreshments brought, and observing that he had become calmer, again invited him to explain himself.

"I have no power to promise your pardon; it must come from a higher source; if, indeed, that which you have to disclose is of great importance, perhaps——"

"Will it be possible, sir? But no, the hour of my death has sounded; they only wait your departure to carry me out. No matter—I will have a more quiet conscience, and if I must die I will at least have done one good action."

"Speak; all hope is not yet lost."

"Yes, sir, I will speak; but believe me, the interest of the first consul requires that you should confide in the words of a dying man. I am condemned to death; I have been dragged before a military commission; they have interrogated me; they have confronted me with witnesses; they have tried and condemned me, and, in truth, I am still ignorant of what I am accused! You doubt, sir; I see it; it is so; is it not? it is what all say who are condemned; but, one moment. I am,

I repeat, perfectly innocent of the crime for which I have been condemned; nevertheless, I was believed to be guilty; I defended myself badly; my position was too false a one; for though innocent on one point, I have not the less deserved death; I am guilty on another; I conspired with Georges; I assisted in the debarkation of his accomplices on the coast near Dieppe; I came to Paris with them; they are all concealed here."

The attention of M. Real, intensely excited, increased with every word; he pressed the wretched culprit with repeated questions; his answers were simple, precise, consistent; in a short time no doubt remained in his mind. An order was forthwith despatched to close the barriers, and to institute the most rigorous *surveillance* over the departure of travellers; M. Real ordered the commander of the armed force to await additional instructions, leapt into his carriage and drove in the greatest haste to the Tuileries. On his arrival the first consul said:

"Well! it was some silliness. The unfortunate culprit is despatched, is he not?"

"No."

"How! no?"

"I have learnt strange things; Georges and his band are in Paris."

"Ridiculous!"

"No, it is but too serious."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed."

Here M. Real observed a movement, which the first consul was accustomed to make by turning half round, a gesture entirely Italian, a sort of sign of the cross.

"Let us hear what it is."

"The police has been entirely misled; I hold the clue to the whole affair."

And he detailed what he had just learnt.

"The devil! is it serious! and do you believe the man?"

"It is impossible not to believe him."

"You have not suffered him to be executed."

"No, undoubtedly; I took upon myself to order the executioner to wait your instructions."

"You have done well."

"An order of reprieve must be despatched."

"Write, I will sign it."

The order is immediately prepared, signed, and despatched.

"Now, Real, we must take measures to prevent their escaping us."

"I have already ordered the barriers to be closed, and that all persons should be rigorously examined who desire to go out or enter the city. The whole band will be soon notified; seeing the execution suspended their suspicions will be naturally excited; I go to prepare every thing that remains to be done. But, general, you have a review for to-morrow; there are seventy desperate men in the city, perhaps others yet unknown to us; every means of quitting Paris is denied them; they can have no safety but in your death; these men are in the midst of us; a pistol is easily fired; a blow from a dagger is easily given; you must countermand the review."

"No, no, every one to his trade; yours is to watch over me, to preserve me from every danger; it is mine to review the troops. I will review them to-morrow."

"It is imprudent, but I will neglect nothing."

M. Real returned home, had the prisoner of the Abbaye brought to him, and while completing the examination already commenced, despatched his orders for the next morning.

The houses which face the Carrousel, in front of the *chateau*, were, at that period almost exclusively occupied by women of the town; already, on the 3d Nevoise, the propriety of dislodging them had been agitated. During the night, all these ladies received an invitation to pass the next day in some other place. Never, however, did a review draw more spectators; all the windows looking to the Carrousel were filled with *gendarmes*, in citizen's dresses; the avenues were guarded with admirable care; but in spite of all these precautions, M. Real, who, from the balcony of the Tuileries, followed with a spying-glass every movement of the first consul, felt an indescribable oppression of the heart, which was only relieved when Bonaparte alighted from his horse, and ascended the steps of the *chateau*.

The individual who rendered this great service called himself Querelle; he was a country surgeon. He had in fact been condemned by mistake. His pardon was promised and he obtained it, but at what a price! He had come from the coast of Dieppe to Paris, with Georges and others, travelling by night, passing the days in cellars of farm houses into which his companions and himself were received by devoted accomplices. Querelle was compelled to recommence this voyage by night also, and under the escort of the police; he had to recognize by evidences almost imperceptible the places in which they had stopped. The police seized every suspected person and brought all to Paris. Querelle recognized one form by the peculiar character of the bark of a dog.

I ought, perhaps here, to insert the poetical and picturesque version of Charles Nodier, but mine would lose too much; it has nothing to recommend it but its truth.

DEATH OF AN OLD INDIAN.

Mors omnia secat.

I

On the wild strand of Florida, methought,
Last of his race, a stalwart Indian stood;
Like some lone oak which time had left unmote,
Surviving all its brethren of the wood!
The Sun was sinking on the burnish'd flood,
And mildly on the old man's visage shone—
Which many a trace of thought and feeling showed
Of harassing care, and griefs familiar grown—
On him the storms of life seemed rudely to have blown!

II

His aspect had been stern; but time had given
A bland expression to his sorrowing face,
Which spoke resignation to the will of Heaven—
As if his woes had found some soothing grace;
But earth had ceased to be his resting place—
Perish'd was all that once had made it dear!
And—left, the last of all his ruined race—
While pondering now upon his past career,
His overflowing soul vented full many a tear.

III

Anon! reviving from his deep emotion,
He turned his dim eye toward the Day-star bright,
Just then reclining on the breast of ocean,
That softly heaved beneath the tremulous light—
There was a whispering sweetness in the sight,
Which seemed his spirit to have tranquillized;
For, starting from his reverie—black as night,
Like Prophet, by an Angel's touch surprised—
The parting King of Day, he thus apostrophised:

IV

Bright orb! yet lingering on th' horizon's verge,
So grandly beautiful in thy decline!
How glad at morn I've mark'd thy rays emerge,
And earth, sea, sky, with fresh'ning beauty shine;
But clouds soon rose to dim thy rays benign,
And o'er thy face the tempest's shadows pass'd!
Thus hath thy pilgrimage resembled mine,
With many a cloud of sadness overcast—
And, tranquilly like thee, would I depart at last!

V

Like thine—*my* race is ended! I shall sleep
Beneath the woods in solitary gloom;
While o'er the Red Old Indian none shall weep—
Nor lay his lifeless relics in a tomb!—
But thou, bless'd orb! surviving this brief doom,
To-morrow shalt again in grandeur soar;
And, shining down on ages yet to come,
Daily thy warm beams on this head shall pour—
While I am slumbering cold upon this blood-stained shore!

VI

He said—and sank exhausted; for it seemed
As if his energies, long worn and weak,
Were now entirely spent! No longer beamed
His eye with wonted lustre; a slight streak
Of quivering warmth just played upon his cheek—
As, from his frame, stretched stiffening on the ground,
The spirit seemed insensibly to break—
Till, like the low vibration of a sound,
Life gradually ebb'd—and darkness closed around.

H. B. B.

TRUE LOVE.

Far in a barren wild I've seen
A spot of purest vernal green,
And though it was an image fair
Of true love sweetly pictur'd there.

Tho' all around was waste and sad,
That little spot was cheerly clad;
'Tis thus amid the waste of years
The tie of faithful love appears.

Out from a cloud of darkness shone
A little star all bright and lone;
And thus I said does true love's tie
Look brightest in the darkest sky.

MOUNTAIN-GLEN.

NICK OF THE WOODS,

Or the Jibbenainosay. A Tale of Kentucky. By the Author of "Calavar," "the Infidel," &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.—1837.

We have been much gratified in the perusal of this work, in which the well-earned reputation of the writer is well sustained. We do not mean to say that it is the most favorable specimen of his powers, but it shows enough of them to serve as a nucleus for some remarks on the distinguishing characteristics of his writings.

We cannot better do this than by instituting a comparison between him and the only other American novelist who has acquired any considerable degree of celebrity. We mean, of course, Mr. Cooper.

In the earlier works of that gentleman (for of his later novels no notice need be taken, as no one reads them) there are many and striking excellencies. His delineations of character are among the most distinct and vivid that we remember to have seen. This indeed is in part owing to the colossal proportions that he assigns them. Were his heroes perfectly in nature, and reduced to the moral dimensions of other men, we are not sure whether his skill would be sufficient to exhibit even their smallest lineaments with such perfect distinctness. But though Mr. Cooper may be thus indebted to one of his greatest faults for one of his greatest excellencies, we are not disposed to withhold our praise. A colossal statue is a good thing in its way, and so are the Pilot and the Red Rover. Although we know the original to be wanting in nature, we stand, no less, in the presence of such creations of fancy, with a sense of awe, which imposes on the mind a deep respect for the powers of the creator.

Another excellence of Mr. Cooper, is the easy grace with which he tells his story. In this respect we know no writer more felicitous. We do not mean to say that he is always so. He has no doubt learned to calculate how far his manuscript will go in print, and therefore sometimes feels the necessity of spinning out, in order to make out his two volumes. But in this respect, even at his worst, he is more tolerable than James or Ritchie, or even than Bulwer; and when free from this embarrassment, he glides along through his narrative in a style of which they seem to have no conception. He is particularly dramatic in his conversations, and happy in the art of making them tell his story. This is the great excellence in novel writing; for dull indeed must be the tale which will not be interesting when developed in sprightly, animated, characteristic dialogue, whether energetic or witty.

This is that excellence in Mr. Cooper which veils all his faults, and with this we must end the list of his good qualities as a writer. No man indeed has more need for something to hide, or to excuse his deficiency of invention, than this gentleman. We have read, both with interest and pleasure, all those works on which his reputation rests, and we are bound to say that in every instance there was some want of fitness in the *denouement*, some disregard of probabilities, and occasionally some defiance of impossibility, or some imbecile tameness, which in the end dissipated the interest and destroyed all the pleasure of the tale.

An attentive perusal of the work before us will con-

vince the reader that the excellencies and defects of Dr. Bird are just the reverse of these. Before we speak of his characters, we must premise, that there is one individual introduced into this work whom we feel rather inclined to assign to the head of *machinery*, than to that of character. It is the same that gives a name to the novel, and is shown up to us under the designations of Nathan Slaughter, alias Wandering Nathan, alias Bloody Nathan, alias Nick of the Woods, alias the *Jibbenainosay*, which, being rendered into English, we are told, means, in some Indian tongue, *the spirit that walks*. Now, this being, who turns out in the end to be a creature of flesh and blood, fortified by some unexplained charm from all the dangers of flood and field, and endued in like manner with powers which belong not to human nature, we are inclined to place in the same category with Meg Merrilies and Norn of the fitful head. Like them, he has no personal concern of his own in the action of the piece. Like them, however, and like the White Lady of Avenel, and other superhuman beings, though impassive to the motives which influence common mortals, he has some inscrutable motive of his own for taking a deep interest in the welfare of some, and for exerting his powers to the destruction of others, among the *dramatis personæ*. He is a creature of the same sort of poetical license, which makes one of Ariosto's heroes invulnerable, and endues another with the strength of forty men. We think this the most favorable light in which such things can be viewed. The nature of the superhuman endowment is not indeed explained, but its existence is made manifest; and we think it less offensive to the reader to require him to believe this at once, and then let all things follow in order, than to task his credulity to the end of the work, through a long detail of occurrences, incredible on the author's own hypothesis. Dr. Bird will believe that when, in saying this, we couple his name with that of Walter Scott, we mean nothing unkind. We cannot indeed pretend that our words will bear a complimentary meaning, but he on whom nothing worse is charged than the infirmities of great minds, can hardly feel himself offended.

Now, subject to this explanation, we bear our cheerful testimony to the fidelity with which the author has drawn his portraits from nature. We give this praise to the work before us, without even excepting from it the character of Ralph Stackpole. He is indeed an *extravagance*, but the original may be found in more than one of the settlements of the western country, where men run wild, and the exuberance of animal spirits and physical strength takes on forms so fantastical as to seem like caricature to the inhabitants of other regions.

But Dr. Bird's great excellence is in the ingenuity and contrivance of his story. This could not be so told as not to be interesting. State the leading facts of the case with the formality of a lawyer; let the parties be A. B. and C.; let no spoken word, no incidental circumstance be introduced to enliven the narrative or to illustrate character, and we shall still listen eagerly to hear the event, and in the end sit down in quiet satisfaction under a result in strict conformity to poetical justice, and brought about by *natural means*. This last expression must indeed be qualified by the admission that the difficulties in the way are gratuitously height-

ened, to afford opportunities for illustrating the superhuman endowments of the redoubtable Jibbenainosay. But the reader easily works the equation by extinguishing these superfluous opposing quantities, and feels that all that is essential to the story has happened just as it ought, and, *except as before excepted*, just as it well might happen.

But while we consider Dr. Bird as decidedly superior to Mr. Cooper in these particulars, we think the latter much more successful in the style of his narrative, and in the sprightliness and piquancy of his dialogue. Yet this must be taken with some allowance. Dr. Bird tells his story with less grace, and less dramatic effect, but he tells it with more simplicity and directness. There is no studied mystification, no prosing, no interruption of the narrative, no attempt to excite the interest of the reader by harassing him with purposed delays. He is not brought within a sentence of the close of some stirring episode, and then required to wait patiently for the event, while the writer takes up some other branch of his story. On the contrary, the occurrences of the tale are brought before the reader in the order of time in which they happened; and causes are made to precede their consequences, instead of being so inverted as to make the whole a series of puzzles and enigmas.

As to the dialogue, it is, as we have said, less piquant than Mr. Cooper's, but it is more natural. We have no examples of a clown who in general talks nonsense and murders the King's English, suddenly bursting into a strain of eloquence, when the writer has something pretty to say, and no other mouth to put it into. Dr. Bird rather falls into the opposite extreme, and is so careful to keep the *dramatis personæ* from talking out of character, that he sometimes annoys his hearers with their vulgarity. We recollect nothing witty, nothing striking, nothing to stir the blood from the lips of any speaker, but we are fully requited by the perfect fitness of the language of each to his own proper character. If there were more dialogue than there is, this would be tedious; but there is none but what is necessary to the story, and this moves along with too much rapidity to allow the reader leisure to be weary. But it is time we should give an abridgment of the story.

Major Roland Forrester was a soldier of merit in Braddock's war. He was the eldest son and heir at law, of a man of large fortune, who also left two younger sons. On the breaking out of the Revolution the elder brother sided with the crown, while his portionless younger brothers took the part of the colonies, much to the annoyance of the Major, who, though a childless bachelor, determined to disinherit them. In this mood he made a will leaving his vast estates to his steward and factotum Richard Braxley, in trust, for a natural daughter who had been obscurely placed with foster-parents among the mountains. Not long afterwards, the younger brothers were both killed in battle, the one leaving a son, named after his uncle the Major, and the other a daughter named Edith. These are our hero and heroine.

The death of his brothers softened the old man's heart. He took their children home and made a will in their favor. This he did the more readily, because he had not long before learned that the cottage of Atkinson the peasant, who had the care of his natural daughter, was burned to the ground, and that she (a little girl)

had perished in the flames. But soon after, young Roland, who had attained the age of seventeen, left his uncle's house and took up arms in defence of the colonies. This step renewed the old man's wrath so far as even to abate his kindness to his unoffending niece. But still there was no reason to fear that he would carry his displeasure so far as to disinherit her. But his death, which happened about the close of the war, when Roland was twenty-two years of age and Edith seventeen, threw her abroad upon the world a penniless orphan. It then appeared that his last will had been destroyed, leaving the other in full force. This, indeed, seemed to be of no consequence, as his daughter was supposed to be dead. Braxley, however, entered on the estate as trustee, declaring that it had been lately ascertained that the girl was alive, having been carried off to Kentucky by her foster father. As he was not without the means of convincing young Roland of the truth of this story, his authority over the property was not disputed. In this destitute condition poor Edith was left without a friend in the world, except an aunt who was residing at the falls of Ohio, where Louisville now stands. In her house a refuge was offered to the unfortunate girl, and thither she determined to go, escorted by her cousin, who determined to push his fortune in the same country.

The action of the story commences on their arrival at a place called Bruce's Station, on the waters of Salt River, and not far south of Kentucky River. Here the caravan which they accompanied, and especially Roland and his cousin, were received with great kindness by the commandant of the post, who had been a soldier in Braddock's war under the old Major. Their purpose was to continue their journey next morning to the falls of Ohio, but this was prevented by an accident which detained the young people until noon, and several hours after their party had gone. They then set out and fall into the hands of a party of Indians, by whom, after a hard fight, they are taken prisoners and carried off. But pursuit is made, and they are on the point of being rescued, when the whites, seized with a sudden panic, take to their heels, and leave them to their fate. A partition of the spoil and prisoners now takes place, and the young man is allotted to an old Piankeshaw chief, who with two followers make a part of the hostile band. By these, he is carried off in one direction, while his cousin is borne away in another by a party of Shawnees. Roland is rescued the same night by the Jibbenainosay, and the two set out in pursuit of the other party. They trace them to an Indian village beyond the Ohio, where they find the whole population engaged in a debauch to celebrate the return of the war-party. Taking advantage of this circumstance, our adventurers attempt to steal away the girl, and, when nearly successful, are baffled, and taken prisoners. Their doom now appears to be sealed, and all things are made ready for burning them at the stake, when a strong party, under the command of George Rogers Clarke, storms the village, rescues the captives, and destroys the inhabitants. The lovers rush into each other's arms, and all is well.

While this is going on, Roland discovers that his misfortune had been brought about by the machinations of Braxley. It appears that Atkinson, who was his creature and tool, had been, by his means, involved

in criminal causes in Virginia, had fled the country, and taken refuge among the Indians, among whom he had become a chief. Having changed his name, his whereabouts was known only to his old accomplice Braxley. This worthy had sought him out, with a view of making him the instrument of a deep laid scheme, in which he had already been his agent without knowing his purposes. The daughter of the Major had not been burned with Atkinson's cottage. The conflagration and his disappearance had been so managed by Braxley, as to induce his patron to suspect that both had been the work of his brothers. By this means he had no doubt of preventing any reconciliation, and procuring a will in his own favor, as the only other person in whom the old gentleman seemed to take the least interest. Should he fail in this, he was determined to turn to account the will which he still kept in his possession. The girl had been brought up as the child of Atkinson, and could be identified by him at any time. To place her in the wilderness in obscurity and poverty, was to make himself sure of her hand after her father's death, so that by marrying her he might make the estate his own.

But this scheme had been baffled by the death of the girl, who did not long survive her removal to the western country. The old gentleman too, though much incensed with his nephew, had never been totally estranged, and did not revoke the will made in favor of him and Edith. This determined Braxley to change his battery and offer his hand to that young lady. In case of success he had nothing to do but to produce Atkinson, establish the death of the Major's daughter, and divide the estate with Roland. But here again he was baffled, having been forestalled by that gentleman in the affections of the lady. Now again he turns to Atkinson, who has a daughter of the same age with the lost child of his patron, for whom he proposes to substitute her, and make her his wife. But Atkinson is a man possessing many fine points of character. Originally generous and upright, as well as brave and manly, he had been partly led and partly driven into courses which had, in the end, sent him forth a proscribed outlaw, to seek a place of comparative security among savages. Here, brooding over his misfortunes and crimes, he had learned to curse the author of both, and to find his chief solace in a resolution that his only child should be brought up in the paths of virtue. So far he had been successful, having managed to get her into the family of Colonel Bruce, the kind-hearted commander of the station that bore his name. Here she had grown up, distinguished for her amiable qualities, and displaying an intellect worthy of more improvement than the rude society around her afforded. Of her, her father was devotedly fond and enthusiastically proud. He had seen her in the pauses of war, and learned to love her, and to reanimate his love for virtue by the contemplation of it as exhibited in her. But his own doom was sealed. He was marked and proscribed, and from these occasional glimpses of the happiness he had forfeited, he returned to his savage associates, more and more embittered against the society from which he had been banished. In this mood Braxley found him, hating every thing that wore a white skin, and, most of all, hating his seducer and betrayer, and loving nothing but his daughter. The villain's proposal was

therefore promptly and fiercely rejected. But Braxley was not a man to be baffled in the pursuit of his object as long as any road to it was open. Fertile in expedient, and ingenious in wickedness, he now suggests a new scheme more congenial to the character and temper of his old associate, over whom, detested as he was, he still retained much of his power. Such is the effect of habit and intellectual superiority.

By a large bribe, partly paid and partly promised, he engages Atkinson to raise a war party of the most ferocious and restless among the several tribes of savages, and at the head of a band of outlaws even from barbarism, to attack the party of Roland on their arrival in Kentucky. He has made himself acquainted with their movements, ascertained the commencement of their journey, calculated their passage through the wilderness, and at the time of their arrival has his band in readiness on the south side of Ohio, skulking in the unsettled parts of the country, scouting for intelligence, but carefully refraining from any thing that might betray their presence. The season indeed was one when something like peace prevailed, and at the moment when Roland and his cousin left Bruce's station, the commandant had no idea of any enemy in his neighborhood. But they were near enough to know precisely all that passed, so that, in a few hours after the departure of the young people from the fort, they fell into the hands of their enemies.

It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that Braxley's plan was to destroy Roland, to get Edith into his power, to force her to become his wife, and in her right, as heir at law to her uncle and cousin, to secure to himself the object on which his wishes had centred for so many years. The rescue of Roland defeated one part of the plan, and the obstinacy of Edith baffled the other, until the inroad of General Clarke put an end at once to them and him.

We must here note a blemish, the more striking, because we find it in a work so remarkably free from any thing of the sort. If at any time the reader shall ask himself, "why does Braxley or Roland, or any body else, but the inscrutable Jibbenainosay, act in such, or such a way?" the answer is generally at hand. But if he asks, "what could induce Braxley to carry with him into the Indian country the suppressed will, and there to show it to Atkinson?" he must be more acute than we profess to be, if he can find an answer to the question. Doctor Bird himself seems sensible of this difficulty, and endeavors, as we think, lamely, to account for it.

So it is, the document is there. Atkinson luckily gets possession of it. His detestation of Braxley, his love for his daughter, and his respect for Roland, who had so conducted himself as to awaken the admiration even of his savage foes, suggest to him a new plan. He hies away to the young man, whom he finds bound and awaiting the return of that day which was to be his last. To him he shows the paper, and promises to save him, if he in turn will agree to marry his daughter. To his amazement, the proposal is rejected, and the savage rage of the "white Indian" is awakened by the supposed insult. He accordingly leaves the captive to his fate, which is averted, as we have said, by the unexpected attack of the Kentucky volunteers. In the meleé Atkinson is struck down, and an attempt to save

him is made by Roland, which is so far successful that the assaults of his enemies are arrested. But it is too late. The fatal blow had been struck, but the unfortunate renegade had retained sufficient consciousness to be aware of the generous interference of his late victim, and finds comfort, in his last moments, in doing him an act of justice, and giving up the suppressed will.

In our abstract of this story, we find that we have unconsciously divided it into two parts, which may be distinguished as the *physical* and the *moral* action of the piece.

The first, of course, has the usual and indispensable accompaniments of war and blood and slaughter,—enough, from the nature of the case, to satisfy a taste which we have outlived by some twenty years or more. But as it was once our own, we know that it exists, and can make no objection to its indulgence by others. The writer who spreads a feast for the public, is bound to supply something palatable to all his guests, and, so long as we find what we like, we have no right to complain that others are accommodated too. We are bound too to admit, that his desire to gratify that class of readers has not led him (always excepting the exploits of his "*walking spirit*") into any of the extravagances, which so often catch the applause of the vulgar. The battle between the Indians and their pursuers on the bank of Salt River, which ends in the defeat of the latter, is more graphic, more distinct, more true to the life, than any thing of the sort that we remember to have seen. Other occurrences of the same sort are not so well managed, but still much better than is common. If the work is in this respect less amusing to those who delight in "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder;" we can assure them it is far more instructive, than those pictures of savage warfare which are garnished with more of the "circumstance"—which properly belongs to combats of a different character.

But we think the reader will agree with us that the merit of this tale is in its *morale*. We venture to remind him of our expressed belief, that this cannot be so told as not to be deeply interesting, and we are willing that this opinion shall be judged by the impression made by the perusal of our hasty and inartificial sketch. If it does not abide this test, we stand condemned. But there is a merit in this part of the work, of which that sketch conveys no idea. The characters are true to nature, and, although not elaborately wrought, are exhibited with that distinctness and individuality which is the most indispensable merit of all painting, whether to the eye or mind. Roland and Edith are but given in outline, but they remind us of Retchs's outlines, in which distinctness and accuracy of drawing stimulate the imagination to supply all that is wanting of relief and coloring. The remorseless villainy of Braxley, and the more than Indian savageness of his renegade accomplice, bleaded with the recollection of virtuous principles, and the remains of good feelings in the latter, are so displayed as to fill the reader with embittered animosity against the one, and to awaken a strange sort of sympathy and good will for the other. We breathe more freely when we hear of the death of Braxley. That of Atkinson is witnessed with sorrow and pain.

The great excellence of Doctor Bird's sketches of

character is displayed in his representation of the wild Indian, and the frontier settler, hardly less wild. Fiction has invested these with a sort of poetry, which has been harped upon, until it is stale and disgusting. At first there was something quite imposing in the wild forms of rude virtue and savage dignity, which were exhibited as pictures drawn from the life. But they were copied, and the copies of copies have been so multiplied, that we are as familiar with them as with the picture of the dandy, the exquisite, the loungeur, the real gentleman, the drapery miss, the humble friend, the starched old maid, the good aunt, or even the *lady heroine* herself. We are tired of them, and turn with pleasure to the more sober and truthful painting of Doctor Bird, in which these characters are exhibited with little of the picturesque, and nothing of the grand or beautiful. He gives them credit for courage, address, resource, sagacity and craft. But they are neither wits, philosophers, nor orators. When kind, they are not polite withal, and when resentful, they are fierce and savage. They make no sage speeches, and utter no sentiments; and upon the whole, they are dull company, as any body will find who tries them. Doctor Bird, accordingly, instead of making them the vehicles for the expression of his own opinions on all sorts of subjects, gives us no more of their conversation than is necessary to his story. For this forbearance he has our approbation and our thanks.

Upon the whole, we think well of this work, and highly of the writer's powers. But we cannot leave him without a slight admonition, which we trust he will take as from a friend. We speak unwillingly of faults which time and his own good sense must mend. We make no doubt that he will soon decide for himself that "*remorseless*" is a stronger and more euphonious word than "*unremorseful*;" besides being English, which the other is not. We mention this word as an example. It will point his attention to others of the same class.

The next time Dr. Bird visits the western country, he will probably discover that he has somewhat mistaken the dialect of the inhabitants. We doubt if he ever heard, or will hear any man there, say "*howsomever*." Common as this is said to be in England, it has no place among the Buckskins. "*Howsever*" is their word. In general too, their dialect is rather caricatured, than truly represented by Doctor Bird; and as this is the only point in which there is any exaggeration about the picture, we should wish to see it corrected in any sketches of the same people which he may hereafter present to the public.

We think too that there are some incongruities in the narrative, which the author will himself detect when he sees them in print. At page 185, of the second volume, near the bottom, he will see a curious instance of this. These are faults of haste, which the change of a word would often correct.

We have but one word to add. We never can consent that any writer of prose, who has got over his first love fit, by marriage or otherwise, shall call water "*the liquid element*!" This again, we give as a *specimen*; and respectfully pray that Doctor Bird will leave all such "*nick-naming of God's creatures*," to men, whose ideas are so common-place as to require to be sauced with fantastical language.

AN EPISTLE.

....., April, 1837.

My Dear Mr. Editor:

A short time ago a respectable subject of Louis Philippe (or of Henry the 5th, or Robespierre the 2d, or Charlatan the 128th, or whoever else—King, Citizen King, Emperor, or President—may now be at the head of affairs in France, in place of the gentleman who seems to be considered the most attractive target in the world, though somewhat difficult to hit,) at all events a respectable Gaul—went into one of our eating-houses and taking a seat ordered some oysters—*une douzaine*. The servant to whom he spoke did not attend to him as soon as his appetite wished. "Garçon," he again cried—"give me one dozen oystare, if you please." Again and again he repeated the request, but from one cause or another, without getting what he wanted. His patience at length evaporated, and rushing up to the heedless *garçon* he collared him—and foaming with rage spluttered out to the infinite amazement of the other—"You d—n garçon, I ask you tree, four, fifty time for oystare—how do you do?" "Very well, sir, I thank you," replied the boy, thinking the Frenchman a very polite man, doubtless, though with rather a rough way about him. "By gar, I no ask you how you are; I say how do you do?" A shout of laughter from some bystanders, here interrupted the edifying dialogue, and a good natured individual informed the stranger, that "what are you about" and "how do you do," was the translation of "*qu'est ce que vous faites là.*" Monsieur resumed his seat and was forthwith supplied with his oystare.

Now, what do you tell me this story for, you ask. For three sufficient reasons. First, because it's a good story, and a good story is like a married lady, never a—miss; secondly, because I want to put the same question to you as the Gaul put to the garçon, as well as that which he desired to put—how do you do? and what are you about? and thirdly, because I am just now sadly afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, and like the Irishman who assigned as his reason for killing a poor old woman, that "he must kill somebody," I must write something, and one thing will do as well as another, unless Lord Byron tells a great fib in asserting that "a book's a book although there's nothing in 't." "Argle that," as our friend and Hamlet's friend, the worthy grave-digger, says.

How then do you do? Well, I trust, not only in body, but in that other most important part of the human system, the pocket, which, if it be out of order, deranges the whole economy, at the same time that it renders economy particularly indispensable. I mean, I hope that your Journal is as successful as you desire and as (begging pardon of your modesty) you deserve. I hope that the energy and industry and spirit which you have displayed in establishing and carrying on the Southern Literary, have met with their full reward. (Now, don't strike this sentence out, under the idea that allowing it to stand will look like self-praise. Such praise is, now-a-days, all the fashion, and instead of being no recommendation, as was formerly the case, it is almost a *sine quâ non*, to judge from the practice of contemporaries.) As to the other question, what

are you about? I need scarcely ask that. The answer to it is obvious enough. "Preparing with all care and assiduity the contents of my next number, which I intend shall at least equal, if not surpass, any of its predecessors." To render assurance doubly sure in this respect, by all means don't neglect to insert this present epistle of your humble servant. Take my word for it, you have not had any thing superior to it (of the sort) since you began to illuminate the public. *Verbum sap.* What did I say about self-praise? If every one were thus to practice what he preaches, how much improved the world would be! But alas! the post that indicates the road and never budes itself, is the emblem of man in all portions of the globe. It is so easy to say—"go and do likewise." It is so hard to—go and do so.

I have confessed that I am suffering under the malady called *cacoëthes scribendi*, and, *en passant*, let me inquire if this be not the most prevalent and fearful epidemic by which the present age is tormented? Is the cholera, or the grippe, any thing to it? Whom of living mortals has it not attacked? Who has not been brought by it to a condition which might make e'en angels weep, from the fantastic tricks it causes its victims to play? In former times "one fool in verse made twenty more in prose," as we are informed upon most excellent authority. Now—but it is worse than useless to get involved in a calculation upon the matter. To be in wandering mazes lost, is, I guess, not the pleasantest circumstance imaginable. This is undoubtedly the age of the *pen*. It is well for the goose-tribe that some substitute for their feathers has been invented, to supply the demands of this scribbling generation. Were it not for steel-pens, *et id genus omne*, their species would soon be destroyed, not for its golden eggs, but its plumage, spite of the reverence due to it on account of the service rendered by some of its members to the ancient mistress of the world—to her "who was almighty hailed." It is unquestionably the fact, that one who should attempt to read even all the books as they appear—and books form by no means the majority of the lucubrations which pour incessantly from the press—would find it not only impossible to do any thing else, but could not accomplish that undertaking. It may indeed be affirmed that many can scarcely find time to do more than read their own precious concoctions. I have often thought that if the power of calling any two spirits from the vasty deep of ages were given me by some wizard, I should certainly evoke those of him who complained in his usual gentlemanly way, that "*scribimus docti indoctique poemata passim,*" and of his brother satirist of the fiery order, whose verses, as he informs us, were the irrepressible outpourings of his indignation against the tribe of witlings, who were for ever buzzing about the ears of their contemporaries. If such lamentations and denunciations were extorted by the comparatively small number of scribblers in ancient times, what would be the effect upon those worthies, at finding themselves in the midst of the writing effervescence of the nineteenth century. What exquisite ridicule we should have from the first! what pleasant jokes and well-bred sneers at the multitudinous grubbers about the base of Parnassus—what biting, withering sarcasm—what overwhelming vituperation from the other! But even Juvenal's spleen would be somewhat mitigated when he should behold the multi-

plications of his genius that would every where greet his eye—the various and splendid forms in which he would see his indignant verse embalmed. Little could he have imagined that centuries after his corporeal part had verified his own remark about the ashes of the dead—whether of the great or the humble—his mind would be pervading worlds he never dreamt of in his finest phrenzy—would be infusing itself day after day into the thoughts of millions

Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem,

and not only “a Gadibus,” but from a much more occidental quarter of the globe. Little could he have imagined the wonders that were to be worked by an insignificant piece of lead! And could his compeer, to whom I have alluded—could admirable Flaccus have seen with his blear eye the shadows of coming events, with how much intenser exultation might he have emblazoned his “*monumentum ære perennius!*” With excellent reason in that case might he have requested “unborn ages” to do him the favor not to “crowd upon his soul,” as was asked of them by a subsequent bard. “Visions of glory spare my aching sight,” would have been extorted beyond question from his lips, or “something to that effect.”

It is marvellous, Mr. Editor, that with the diffusion of such works as his and his equals, such an immense quantity of trash should not only be written but read. (I hope you don't think I am furnishing an instance of the melancholy truth I speak of.) If the chaff were winnowed from the wheat—“my conscience!”—where would be all the crop? Truly, I am very much afraid, that the literary bread on which we are mostly fed at present, is nearly all bran—and though bran bread, as it is called, with a due proportion of pure flour, may be wholesome for dyspeptic stomachs, it is to be apprehended that when there is scarcely any thing but bran, the strongest constitutions must be damaged. Every now and then, however, we do get a loaf which may be eaten with infinite relish and benefit; and such a one is a volume I have just devoured, for which we are indebted to Mr. Prior, one of the most useful bakers, or best bred authors of the day. I refer to his biography, lately published, of him who “*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*” Who has written more delicious poetry than Oliver Goldsmith? Who has written a more admirable comedy and fiction than Oliver Goldsmith? Who has written more entertaining and instructive essays than Oliver Goldsmith? Who has written on a greater variety of themes, and written on them all more delightfully than Oliver Goldsmith? Whose wit is more exquisite—whose humor more natural and irresistible—whose sentiments more beautiful and just—whose philosophy more genial—whose style more chaste, more perspicuous, more elegant, more worthy of the epithet *simplex munditiis*? Whose productions, in short, if lost, would be more extensively and sincerely regretted? for whose have imparted more general or more real satisfaction? To laud them now would indeed be the wasteful and ridiculous excess of adding perfume to the violet, but it is a pleasure to pour forth a tribute of grateful admiration to one who has contributed so much to our instruction and amusement—who has given so many happy beneficial hours to our exist-

ence. Strange that now for the first time we are furnished with a fitting memoir of a man “who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do,” who, “whether we take him as a poet, a comic writer, or as an historian, stands in the first class”—encomiums that Dr. Johnson uttered, and that few will have the hardihood to gainsay. The reading world owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Prior, who has at length erected a monument to him not unworthy of his fame. The volume bears conclusive marks of its author's having addressed himself to his task, *con amore*, with the fullest conviction of its interest and importance, and a strenuous resolve to spare no pains to accomplish it in a mode equally creditable to himself and satisfactory with regard to its subject. The main fault to be found with it is ascribable to the very circumstance of his fondness for the theme, and desire to do it the amplest justice. It is loaded with too many details of a trivial character, which induce at times a sensation of fatigue that a little exercise of discriminating judgment would have prevented. *Le superflus* is not always a *chose très nécessaire*; in spite of the homeliness of its dress, the maxim that “enough's as good as a feast,” is better philosophy, at least in book-making. Mr. Prior's vision seems to have become so much absorbed with his enterprise, that every thing connected with it in the slightest degree was magnified to a value scarce inferior to that of the most important facts. All seems infected that the infected spy, is an observation as true in a good as in a bad sense. Whatever costs us labor to obtain, as many of his *trivia* appear to have cost our author, we naturally are tempted to estimate in proportion to the trouble experienced.

What an evidence does this memoir give us of the truth of Johnson's complaint, “slow rises worth by poverty depressed”—what a picture does it present of the indomitable spirit of genius struggling against the perversity of fortune—and how striking is the contrast it exhibits between the career of a votary of literature a few years ago and that of one at the present day! How many writers who will only be remembered by posterity when Oliver Goldsmith is forgotten, and not until then, receive thousands as a remuneration for their *fadaises*, where he got scarcely hundreds for these perfect effusions, which men will never willingly let die. If any of our novelists would bear in mind the paltry sum that the inimitable and immortal Vicar obtained, he might be made almost ashamed to take the moneys which his perishable creations, or rather compounds, produce. Intellect is certes not, like beauty, “purchased by the weight.” *Au contraire*—unless indeed in the sense that light writing is (or ought to be) very heavy reading.

Mr. Prior is particularly solicitous to do away the prevalent notion, that Goldsmith was a person, of whom it might be declared, “he never wrote a foolish thing and never said a wise one”—an idea which Boswell, in an especial manner, has conveyed, and which Garrick's epitaph upon him,

Here lies poet Goldsmith, called commonly Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll,

has certainly done nothing to remove. But Mr. Prior's success in this matter is not commensurate with his good will. He admits enough to show that “Goldy's”

tongue was by no means as inspired as his pen, and that he was often, if not absolutely foolish, at least weak and indiscreet in his conversation. It seems almost incomprehensible that the same mind should have worked so differently with the two instruments—but there is no end to nature's freaks. More than one admirable talker has proved a very stupid writer. At times, however, Oliver must have been equal to the best of them even in speech. One of his retorts, recorded by Mr. Prior, is felicitous in the extreme. He was complaining that the writers of fables always make their animals talk like men, and instanced the fable of the little fishes praying to Jupiter to enable them to fly like the birds they saw above their heads. Johnson laughed at him. "As for you, Doctor," he replied, "if you were to make little fishes speak, they'd all talk like whales." In truth, the mouths of the little creatures would find it hard work to manage such words as the great leviathan's. I never encounter his sesquipedalians but I think of the joke of Harry Erskine, when the son of a very magniloquent personage informed him that he had the misfortune to break his arm by falling from a stile. "It's well," said the wag, "it wasn't from your father's *style*, or you'd have broken your neck."

I ought not to conclude this without giving you an account of an affair which has just been exciting a good deal of commotion in our excellent city of brotherly love—said *af-fair* being a fair for the benefit of those unfortunates, who having eyes, see not, though from no fault of theirs; I mean (vulgarly speaking) the blind. It was got up by the fair, many of our principal ladies having interested themselves warmly in it, and carried it through with all that energy of purpose and kindness of feeling, which render woman indeed a ministering angel whenever care and anguish or misfortune of any kind is to be relieved, however uncertain, coy, and hard to please the dear, vexatious variable creature may be in our easy moments. For some weeks previous to its commencement, you could not pay a visit to any even of the reigning toasts, without seeing her lovely fingers busily occupied with the materials of purse, or slipper, or watch chain, or what not, with which she was to enrich one or another of the "tables" that she herself or some of her friends, was to stand behind and adorn. You could scarce maintain an interesting conversation upon the weather, or the sayings and mis-doings of your neighbors, or any of the other most favorite topics, for the way in which the approaching event monopolized all original ideas and charitable sentiments. Instead of singing with glorious John, "none but the brave deserve the fair," every body was exclaiming, that "naught but the fair deserved the least attention," and the first kind of fair gave out that they who were anxious to merit favor, need only exhibit for the time being the bravery of their pockets for the benefit of the second kind, so that every gallant youth found himself under the necessity of substituting charity for chivalry *pro tem*. In the present age of economists and calculators, the former virtue, be it hinted, *en passant*, is quite as much out of keeping with the spirit of the times as the latter.

The day at length arrived, when the doors of the Masonic Hall were thrown open for the admission of all whose curiosity or benevolence prompted them to

enter the saloon where the fair was held. And in good sooth it was an exhibition well worth the quarter of a dollar that was asked for the entrance fee. The sides of the apartment were lined with tables, which were adorned with all the elegance that might have been expected from the taste of those who had been concerned in their arrangement, and upon them was a splendid display of useful and ornamental articles of various descriptions, mostly wrought by hands that imparted double value and beauty to whatever they touched. Each table had its complement of dames and damsels who, of course, were the principal objects of admiration, and manifested the most exemplary tact and delicacy in securing purchasers. "*Qui vent acheter? qui vent acheter?*" was the popular chorus, and said by such lips as uttered it on this occasion, it produced a decidedly greater effect than it ever did when sung by the wives and daughters of Masaniello's companions, with all the advantage of a magnificent orchestral accompaniment. Who could resist "would you not like this purse, sir," or "take a ticket in a raffle, sir," uttered in the sweetest tones, with the most winning smile, and a soft suffusion of the cheeks, which seemed to say that the speaker was somewhat startled e'en at the sound her self had made? The impossibility of such hard-heartedness was fully demonstrated by the result of the sales. Three days were devoted to them, and at the end nearly every thing of moment was disposed of. Including the money taken at the door, the proceeds were little short of ten thousand dollars, the largest sum, I am inclined to think, ever obtained in the same manner in this country, and one which, if it will not open the eyes of those for whom it was designed, will at all events serve to cheer their hearts and improve their minds. There is certainly something particularly beautiful in the spectacle of female loveliness engaged in the work of charity, and the veriest old bachelor that ever disgraced the name of cavalier, would have felt a degree of tenderness stealing over his breast, until then so "unknowing how to yield," had he witnessed the scene in question, which might have produced there's no knowing what results. The following song or hymn for the blind, was written for the occasion, with which I shall terminate this *olla podrida*.

For me the sun doth never shine
(Oh! 'tis a heavy doom)
For me night's sparkling orbs in vain
The firmament illumine.

Unheeded all the fields put on
Their robes of varied hue,
Nor summer's green, nor winter's white
E'er glads my yearning view.

"These are thy works, great Father, these!"
The inspired poet sings,
But me, alas! they ne'er shall lift
On rapture's, seraph wings.

My soul they ne'er shall raise above
This vile, encumb'ring clod;
From nature I may never mount
To nature's holy God!

* "His shadow" (oh, effulgence vast,
Whose shadow is so bright!)
Hath never filled these sightless orbs;
For me there is no light!
Then blessings on the generous hands
Outstretch'd my steps to aid,
Who place within my grasp the staff
By heav'nly pity made;
Who open to me learning's page
And shed upon my mind
That inward light in whose pure rays
Our richest joys are shrined—
That light which 'mid my darkness shines
To show me whither lies
The path that from this dreary world
Shall lead me to the skies! X. Y. Z. &c.

* The epithet given to light by Aristotle.

I AM UNHAPPY NOW.

I am unhappy now,
And yet I scarce know why—
Age hath not stamp'd my brow,
Nor care bedimm'd my eye—
And yet I scarce know why,
I am not happy now,
But ere these few last years flew by,
I was not sad I trow.
The sunbeams as they fell,
Seem'd laughing in the air—
But now beneath some spell,
They have a sickly glare.
The moon which shone so fair,
A few short years ago,
Doth not as then appear—
I am not happy now.
I once could gaze upon
The lowliest, simplest flower,
That open'd to the sun,
And feel a pleasing power,
Along my veins to pour—
But now it is not so—
The joy of youth is o'er—
I am not happy now.
I look upon all things
With changed and alter'd eye;
Gone are my sweet imaginings
Of powers in air and sky—
And now I know not why,
My stagnant veins scarce flow;
And oft I heave a heavy sigh—
I'm so unhappy now.
Gone are my early dreams
Of pleasure and delight,
Like morning mists, or sunset beams,
Are faded from my sight;
All earth has is bedight
With mockery and wo,
And stands in such a sadd'ning light—
I am unhappy now.

Why was a single nerve
Finely attuned in me,
If from its music it must swerve,
At every thing I see;
At vice and at hypocrisy,—
The things that rankest grow?
That earth has nought of purity—
Makes me unhappy now.

'Tis not I am debarr'd
From fortune's golden store,
Or that my mind with grief is sear'd—
Aye rotten at the core:
'Tis not my dream of fame is o'er,
For that with hope doth glow,
But yet to tell, I have not power—
Why I'm unhappy now.

'Tis not a childish thought,
Which time will wear away;
For his swift course has always brought
Increase and not decay—
And it will hold its sway,
Though joy should gild my brow;
For still a mounting sigh will say—
Thou art unhappy now.

There's coldness in my heart,
Which was not always there,
And doubts, distrust, and fears impart,
E'en coldness to my prayer;
All that I fancied fair,
Has changed its lovely glow;
To see the false hearts men do bear
Makes me unhappy now.

I am unhappy now,
And yet I scarce know why—
Age hath not stamped my brow,
Or care bedimmed my eye—
I think of thoughts gone by—
Of scenes flown long ago,
And sadness mantles in my eye—
I am unhappy now.

LINES.

We have twined the summer's flowers,
In love's own mystic chain;
In the light of sunny hours,
To return no more again:
For a tone hath lost its lightness,
That was ever wont to cheer;
And an eye hath lost its brightness,
That hath never known a tear.

For like the flowers we cherished,
From autumn winds in vain,
Hath thine own heart's true love perished,
To return no more again:
And their fragrance still shall waken,
In thy memory a token
Of the love thou hast forsaken,
And the vow which thou hast broken.

MORNA.

SKETCHES

OF PRIVATE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF
WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

From the pen of one who enjoyed the confidence of this excellent man and his family—and who had opportunities of knowing him both in public and private life, which few possessed.

The personal appearance and the character of Mr. Crawford corresponded so exactly, that those who knew him only from reputation, never experienced the disappointment often felt on being introduced to a celebrated personage, whose diminutive size, insignificant features, or repulsive manners, are in strong opposition to our preconceived ideas.

Mr. Crawford, as a public man, was distinguished for the strength, clearness and solidity of his judgment. In the Senate, as an orator, he never dazzled, but he convinced—he never excited enthusiasm, but he commanded respect.

Such, too, was the character of his physiognomy. His clear blue eye—the bold outline of his features—his high and ample forehead—while they expressed intellectual strength, gave no indication of those brilliant qualities which constitute genius. His whole appearance and manners were in accordance with this physiological impression. His person towered far above that of most men. His figure was noble, and commanding. He looked the great man he really was—and in foreign courts, it is said, often attracted not only attention but admiration by his stately form, which distinguished him, even in a royal circle, as a noble, of nature's creation, notwithstanding the republican simplicity of his dress and manners. He had the ease and dignity which self-possession and self-respect bestow, without any of that grace and polish derived from art or fashion.

While the candor and frankness of his disposition made him accessible to every one, he at the same time inspired a feeling of respect that checked all familiarity. His upright and unbending form suited well with his firm and unyielding integrity—and had it not been for the benignity of his countenance and the cordiality of his manners, a cold esteem, instead of a kind good will, would have been the sentiment his appearance inspired. As it was, there were few persons who did not say to themselves, after an introduction to William H. Crawford—"this is an honest and a wise man;" and on taking the hand he offered in common civility, did not feel inclined to press it as the hand of a friend—such was the confidence which his looks inspired.

This was the impression made on those who knew him only as a public man. But to those who knew him as a father, a husband, a friend, though respect was not diminished, it was absorbed in the warmer sentiments of confidence and affection.

Restraint and reserve were banished from the domestic circle. Free from all duplicity or design himself, he suspected it not in others—and so implicit was his reliance on the honesty and disinterestedness of his friends, that his frankness was sometimes carried beyond the caution and prudence his political position required.

At the time when he was one of the five* competitors for the presidency, his political friends often advised him to be less frank and communicative, and in their private interviews complained that they could never

see him alone, but that all their discussions were carried on in presence of his family—"And whom am I to trust if not my wife and children?" replied he, when a friend made known to him these complaints. At this period the conflicting interests of the several parties attached to the several candidates excited the violence of party spirit to such a degree, as to introduce suspicion and want of confidence even into social intercourse: each individual in society was zealously and exclusively attached to one or other of the presidential candidates, and was cautious of betraying the slightest incident or casual expression, that could have the least influence on the interest of the party he embraced. A system of espionage existed—not concerted, but naturally arising from the state of things, which required the greatest prudence and vigilance, not to compromise the interests, or betray the confidence of the chosen party. Nor in such trying times could it be expected that treachery should be idle. Yet, though fully aware of these circumstances, never could Mr. Crawford be prevailed on to conceal, far less to disguise, any sentiment or fact relative to himself, which, as his friends represented, might be turned to his disadvantage; nor would he use the means, commonly used by candidates for popular favor, to conciliate his opponents.

On one occasion an intimate friend said to him—"Mr. Crawford, you are a Baptist; yet here, when the city is filled with Baptist clergymen [for the convention of that church was in session], you have not asked one of them to your house, while Mr. — has asked forty or fifty of them by turns to dine with him—the ladies of his family are paying them every kind of attention—and last night had a large party for them and their wives, and in fact are doing every thing that can be done to gain over a body, which, as you well know, has great political influence. Pray, Mr. Crawford, give them a party."

"Indeed, I shall not," said he. "They know my character and my claims to their suffrages now, just as well as if I asked them daily to my house. I will not take a single step out of the straight forward path to pick up the vote of any man."

"But, my dear sir, this is not going out of the straight forward path; it is only hospitality."

"Only bribery," interrupted he, almost sternly. "If they call to see me, I will receive them as I receive all my fellow-citizens, frankly and cordially—but I will not run after them."

"But, Mr. Crawford, are you always frank and cordial in your reception of persons that call on you? I have heard your manner and Mr. —'s, in this respect, contrasted. When persons visit his department, and are shown into his room, he always rises, shakes hands, and asks the visiter to be seated—and I have heard that you, so far from doing this, often continue writing, or just look up, and leave the person standing, until you are at leisure to attend to his business."

"A high misdemeanor this," said Mr. Crawford, smiling—"I attend to my public duties instead of my private interests. Why, if such persons had common sense, they would like me all the better for it."

"Yes, but then you might ask them to sit down."

"Were I to ask every one to sit down who came to my office, I should get little business done," replied he; "for every one has a long story to tell, and thinks the

* Adams, Calhoun, Clay, Jackson, and Crawford.

most minute details must be interesting to me, because they are so to him, and once seated, cannot be stopped."

"Few, if any, know your motive, which it must be acknowledged is a very reasonable and just one—and they ascribe your formal reception to pride."

"Let them call on me in my own house, and they will soon be convinced of the contrary."

This was, indeed, most true, and never could any one complain of a cold or formal reception when they visited Mr. Crawford at home.

During this presidential canvass, Mr. Crawford's health was much impaired. The severe medicines administered to him in a bilious fever that brought him to the very verge of the grave, left him in a state of almost infantine debility, and injured his sight to such a degree, that, although not blind, he lost the use of his eyes for many months, and had to exclude almost every ray of light from his room. His constitutional cheerfulness and sanguine temperament wonderfully supported him during this long and darksome confinement. His wife and children were always around him. Never was there a fonder husband or more indulgent parent: with these beloved objects by his side, the time was never tedious. The little ones used to clamber on his knees and sit for hours, prattling of all their concerns, or listening to the pretty stories he would tell them; or at times he would cradle the infant in his arms and lull it to sleep, and thus hold it for hours. His eldest daughter acted as his private secretary. Every morning when letters and papers were brought from the office, she read them to her father, and by his direction made such endorsements on the back of each, as enabled his first clerk to carry on the necessary business. His private correspondence, both abroad and at home, (and his foreign correspondence was very extensive,) was conducted exclusively by his daughter. She, too, read to him the daily papers, and such books as he desired to hear. Only his most intimate and confidential friends were admitted to visit him. Sometimes his patience gave way, and his temper became perturbed when those friends annoyed him with accounts of the party intrigues that were carrying on, or entered into political discussions.

Once, when a friend found him thus worried and irritated, the inquiry was made—"Why do you not give up public life, and go home, where, with your domestic habits and inclinations, you would be so much happier?"

"Would to God I could," replied he fervently. "But it is long since I have been a free agent. When once a man becomes the head of a party, he is no longer a free man. No, he is one of the veriest of slaves. Not only public concerns, but the individual selfish interests of his whole party are fastened on him, and bind him with fetters he cannot break. Were it not for having thus committed myself, long, long ere now, should I have returned to private life; for there are times at which I am heart-sick of the intrigues and selfishness of political warfare."

In reciting conversations, it is not pretended that the exact words or precise expressions are repeated, though, as far as possible, they are preserved; but the meaning, the sentiment, the opinion, are always faithfully true.

With the return of spring, Mr. Crawford's health was much improved. He left his darkened room, and was able to receive his friends in the drawing-room, and

on fine days to ride out. His convalescence was rapid, and private and political friends were rejoicing in the prospect of his complete restoration to health and activity, when one morning, after eating a hearty breakfast, in good spirits and apparently in good health, an attack of paralysis prostrated his strength and endangered his life. His recovery was doubtful. The vital powers were long suspended. What a dreadful shock to his fond wife and children!—What consternation seized his political friends!—What a triumph for his political opponents! Yes, such is the selfishness of human nature, that the death of a good man was a triumph to political partisans. For several weeks domestic and public anxiety was kept in painful suspense—he lived, but that was all. The calculations, the measures, the schemes of politicians, were suspended: with more of fear than hope, his affectionate family and personal friends watched beside his couch with unremitting tenderness and fidelity. At length all fears for his life were removed. The most eminent physicians who had been called in, pronounced him out of danger, and promised, though not a speedy, an entire recovery of bodily and mental health. This opinion, though universally diffused through the country, was not generally believed—and by those who did not wish it to be true, its correctness was strenuously denied.

At the commencement of summer he and his family retired to a beautiful little farm within three miles of Washington. The house was very small, but commodious—situated on a hill, in the midst of shrubbery and forest trees, and commanding an extensive prospect of fields, meadows and woodlands. The salubrity of the air, the rural scenery, of which he was very fond, the quietude of the country, combined their bland influences, and soon produced the most salutary effects on Mr. Crawford's health. His powers of speech continued imperfect, and perhaps his memory still suffered from the shock of paralysis. But the general tone and activity of his mind were restored, and he took a more lively interest than he had done for many months in public concerns. He resumed the duties of his office, so far as depended on his mind, for as yet his hands and his eyes were too weak to be employed, and those of his daughter were substituted for his own. Mr. D—n, his first clerk and most faithful friend, passed some hours every day with him, and, as he was a most talented, efficient, and industrious man, the public business did not suffer from Mr. C.'s prolonged absence from his office. Numerous visitors, both citizens and strangers, private and public characters, and foreign ministers, visited him in his humble retreat. On the principal or ground floor of the house, there were only two small rooms, which opened into each other. One of these was used as a parlor, the other was fitted up as conveniently as possible for Mr. C.'s chamber, in which, being the most pleasant and comfortable, he always sat. Several doors opened from this chamber, and afforded him views of the surrounding scenery—and large forest trees threw a refreshing shade over the lawn and shrubbery around the house. Here would he often sit, watching his youngest children at play on the grass, while his daughter read to him, or wrote to his dictation, and pass whole mornings with unalloyed delight. His natural cheerfulness had quite returned, and those who knew him best, said they had never known him

more happy and light-hearted. He seemed very indifferent about political concerns, and much more anxious to obtain victory in a game of chess, than in the game of president. No one would have supposed who saw him on such occasions, that he was the head of a great political party, anxiously and eagerly contending with a strong opposition for the great prize of the presidency. He betrayed no solicitude on the subject, and was even reproached with being too careless and indifferent as to the result of the contest that was going on. Many of his visitors were the agents of his political adversaries, who came to spy out the nakedness of the land, or, in plain words, to examine his looks, his words and actions, and to report the condition of his mental and bodily health; for, such were the exaggerated rumors afloat concerning this important point, that it was almost impossible either for friends or enemies to ascertain the truth; but although Mr. Crawford knew these facts, he never, by word, look, or action, attempted to influence any opinion they might form. If he felt languid or drowsy, he yielded to his feelings, whoever might be present, indifferent as to what report should be made. His wife and some of his attached domestic friends tried to persuade him to exchange his large easy-chair for a sofa, on which he would look less like an invalid. After great and often repeated persuasion, he allowed the sofa to be substituted for the old chair. It was placed on the side of the room in which were the windows, that the light fell on his back, and his face remained in shadow—what was still worse, the curtains were of green silk, and gave his complexion a ghastly hue. He looked at such times really ill, almost corpse-like, and that at the very time when his health was greatly improved, and his natural color almost restored. He was urged by his wife and some intimate friends to allow the green curtains to be exchanged for crimson: he laughed heartily at what he called female artifices, and said he could not consent to play the coquette even to win the favor of his mistress—the public. So that, through all this eventful winter, he looked in much worse health than he really was, and even some of his most zealous partisans began to fear he was incapacitated by disease for the presidency.

This controversy about the sofa and green silk curtain, took place in his city residence the ensuing winter, and here, is as much out of time, as the sofa and silk curtain would be out of place in the rustic dwelling he now inhabited, where his old chair was more in keeping with the rest of the furniture. But an incident did occur at this time, which evinces, even more plainly, Mr. Crawford's aversion to every disguise or concealment. As he did not desire the daily attendance of his hair-dresser, when wanted, he was sent for. One morning when he came, two strange gentlemen were with Mr. Crawford, who, as they had neither acquaintance or business with the Secretary, it was presumed came on a visit of observation. Dickson was a good humored talkative man, who, having for more than twenty years been chief barber to the whole of Congress, was quite a privileged sort of person, and for the sake of his amusing gossip, had been indulged by his employers in more than usual communicativeness and familiarity.

"What do you think, sir?" said he to Mr. Crawford. "Yesterday a strange gentleman from New York came to me—'Dickson,' says he, 'you are Mr. Crawford's

barber I hear—so, of course, you must know the truth. They tell me he is blind: now, my good man, do for God's sake tell me if it is so—speak the truth, and you shall be well rewarded.'

"Sir," says I, 'if a blind man can write like this,' pulling your note out of my pocket and showing it to him—'if a blind man can write such a fair round hand as that, then Mr. Crawford is blind.' Bless your heart, I wish you could have seen how he looked—so blank and chap-fallen. Yes, yes, I know he would have been glad enough could I have told him you were blind."

"Ha, ha, ha," echoed Mr. C. to the barber's chuckling laugh—"Why so I am blind, Dickson, as far as concerns writing. I could not see to write a line—my daughter wrote that note."

The barber in his turn looked chap-fallen and glanced at the two strangers, and then at the Secretary, as much as to say, "but why need you let these spies know as much?"

But Mr. C. would as freely have let the whole world know; for in no matter, great or little, would he consent to deceive or mislead public opinion.

Before we dismiss our barber, there are two other anecdotes worth relating perhaps, though one occurred long before, and the other after this time.

Surprised at the enthusiastic regard this man in so many instances evinced for Mr. C., a friend inquired of Mr. Crawford what had given rise to such an uncommon attachment. "That is more than I can tell," said he—"but of my own liking for the good natured fellow, it occurred oddly enough. I had lost my horse, and was looking out for another: one day, as I was riding along Pennsylvania avenue, I met Dickson mounted on precisely such a horse as I wanted. I stopped, and calling to him, inquired whether he would part with it, and at what price. 'To you, sir,' replied he, 'at no price.' 'How so, friend?' said I—'why not to me? Have I ever done you any harm?' 'No, sir,' he answered, 'you have never done me any harm; but you have done your country great harm by the vote you yesterday gave in the Senate, and if you were to lay down your whole fortune, you should not have my horse.'

"Well done, my brave fellow," said I, holding out my hand to him; 'I wish every man was as honest as you, and happy, thrice happy would our country be.' From that day I employed him as my barber, and we have ever since been as good friends as honest freemen can be."

A day or two before Mr. Crawford's final departure from Washington, as he was sitting with his family, the servant said, "Mr. Dickson was in the hall, and wished to know if he might come in." "Certainly," replied Mr. C. He was accordingly shown in. He was dressed in his Sunday clothes, and evidently came to pay a visit, and not on business. He did not approach, but stood at the door, twirling his hat in his hand, not embarrassed so much as he was agitated, and quite at a loss to speak—a rare thing with our facetious barber. "Take a chair, take a chair," said Mr. Crawford, pointing to one near him. The good fellow obeyed, looked up with eyes full of tears, but for some moments could not speak; at last he said, "They tell me, sir, we are soon to lose you." "It is true," said Mr. C. "I am going home." Another pause. "I am heartily sorry to hear it," said Dickson, at last; "every one that

knows you is heartily sorry. It's a long while, sir, since you've been home, and so, sir, I was thinking your garden might be out o' sorts, and as you love gardening so much, it is a pity it should be so. Your people at home may not have saved you good seeds; and you know, sir, I am extraordinary particular in saving the best seed in my garden. I have put up a parcel of the finest sorts, and if you will not be affronted, should like to leave them with you. Will you accept them, sir?" "Willingly, and thank you too, Dickson," replied Mr. Crawford. On this the honest barber's face brightened, and he handed the parcel to Mr. C. saying, "would to the Lord I had as many votes to give; they should all have been given as freely for you, sir." Then turning to Mrs. Crawford, and looking at the children, he continued, "and with your good leave, ma'am, I should like to cut the young gentlemen's hair once again before they go." After his wish was complied with, and he had nothing more to do by which he might lengthen his visit and evince his grateful feelings, he turned, and looked first at one, then at another, then at Mr. Crawford, with great emotion, and eyes full of tears, and seemed to be studying for some other mode of expressing his affection, but could find none; so, slowly rising from his chair, and approaching Mr. Crawford, who held out his hand to him, he seized it, and while he held it pressed between both his, he exclaimed, "God bless you, sir—God bless you!" and, unable to say more, he turned, and shook hands with the rest of the family, and wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, bowed low and hurried out of the room.

"What warm hearts the Irish have," said Mr. Crawford, as he twinkled away the tear which had started to his eye.

The autumn this year, bright and glorious as it ever is, seemed to Mr. Crawford, as he once observed, when sitting in his piazza, more so than he had known it for many, many years—he felt, though he did not designate the reason. Instead of being shut up in his office, and annoyed by the turmoil and labor attending his station, he was tranquilly enjoying the beauty and quietude of nature, with unceremonious visitants, sufficient to amuse and vary his simple domestic life. He lived in the very bosom of affection. His only weakness was too unbounded an indulgence of his children. He was their companion—their playmate—their instructor. It had always been his habit to rise with the sun; and when the season allowed, to work for an hour or two in his garden, then return to the house, and until breakfast time, or for an hour afterwards, to give lessons to his children. Again, in the afternoons of summer the pleasing task was renewed, and when the heat of day was over, to sally forth with his whole flock of younglings to the garden. Each of the boys had a separate plot, which they tended under his direction. What emulation, what anxiety to excel the produce of their father's garden, to show finer radishes or pepper grass, believing as they did, it was their skill and not their father's, by which they were produced. Mrs. Crawford and her daughters often joined the merry group, and lent their assistance. To see Mr. Crawford thus occupied, was to see him in his happiest mood. The mischievous tricks, activity, and boisterous mirth which would have annoyed even most parents, to him

was absolute enjoyment; and never would he allow, that unrestricted liberty, made spoiled children, but on the contrary maintained that the best characters—the best tempers, were thus formed. Where the parent's presence produced no restraint, there was no temptation for falsehood, dishonesty, disguise. Where a parent's presence promoted sport and gladness, there was no inducement for children to go from home in search of amusement, and at home they were secure from vicious habits, or vicious examples. On such principles did he live with his family, and never was father blest with fonder children. The eldest was his confidential friend, his most agreeable companion while in health, his able assistant and devoted nurse during his long protracted sickness and confinement. Foreign courts and public life had not in the slightest degree changed the simplicity of his manners or habits. A stranger, one afternoon, in going to visit him, was directed by the servants to an adjoining field; (the house in which he resided in Washington, at that time, was on the skirts of the city, and surrounded by fields) thither he went, and seeing a tall, robust man, with a handkerchief tied round his head, and an apron round his waist, in which he carried the oats he was sowing, he approached and inquired for the Secretary. "I am he," replied the apparent farmer; and perceiving the surprised look of the stranger, he added, "I was born a ploughman, sir."

On his return from France, his country neighbors for many miles round collected at the county court in greater numbers than usual, to see *the minister* as they called him, and were calculating on the changes which his residence with kings, and queens, and emperors, and nobles, must have produced. "Depend on it," said one, "he will be dressed in all his furbelows." "Oh yes," said another, "he'll certainly show off that embroidered velvet coat we heard he wore." "You need never expect to see him the same plain honest man he left us. He will hold his head too high to look at us," added another. While they were thus discussing the matter, the one-horse-chaise, or *sulky* as it was called, turned the corner of the building, and out jumped Mr. Crawford, in his old straw hat and homespun suit of clothes. Cordially did he greet his neighbors, who, if the truth must be told, were a little disappointed; and their pride would have been more gratified, though they could not have been as well pleased, had he come to them in his ministerial splendor.

Yet, plain and simple as he was on some occasions, when he did enter a drawing-room, no one would have suspected—such was the ease and dignity of his manner—that he had not been born and bred in courts. He was not then the tall robust farmer, but the lofty and imposing gentleman.

It was during this fine autumn weather, late in October I believe, that Lafayette arrived in Washington—an event of the most stirring and lively interest, in which every class of our citizens, even the slaves, participated; bond and free, high and low, eagerly crowding to catch a glimpse of the *friend of America*—of the hero who had fought for her liberties. Mr. Crawford, though still an invalid, and for more than a year an absentee from drawing-rooms, joined the other members of the cabinet in the public reception given Lafayette by the President.

[To be Concluded in our next.]

THE TURQUOISE BRACELET,

Or, "Diner à L'Etranger."

A PAGE FROM "LIFE IN GOTHAM."

"*Mon cher ami, je suis ravi de vous voir!*" "Well, you may be, my dear Colonel," replied the Signor Malacervella, his friend from Naples—"for I was on the point of sending you *mes excuses*, owing to this *mal à la tête*, which I assure you, *foi d'honnête homme*, is almost insupportable. But you, and your charming lady, are irresistible—so, *Ecco mi! in casa vostra.*" Thus passed on a lively dialogue, purposely couched in broken Italian, French and English, partly for merriment, and partly as a sort of mutual accommodation to the melange of all nations present, when Madame entered in all her glory and dazzling beauty. With winning grace and smile she bowed in her loveliest manner, and each, in turn, was presented to her; after which she reclined, with inexpressible nonchalance, on the cushions of the sofa. "Divine enchantress!" said Mr. Von Belsinghammer, a young German, whose natural enthusiasm burst out into a flame on looking upon his fair young countrywoman—"Thou sweet Bavarian rose set in a coronet of pearls! It would be robbing beauty of her empire, not to decorate ever thus her throne enshrined upon those raven tresses and that snow-white forehead, that —" "*Arrêtez-vous je vous prie—Je vous en prie*, Monsieur Belsinghammer," cried out Madame, who often ennuyée with the extravaganza of this gentleman, was determined to cut him short, and give other admirers and older friends a chance. "He could not have exhausted," said the Chevalier d'Avis, a French gentleman of Portuguese origin, who, not less infatuated than his predecessor, now took up the thread—"He could not have exhausted a theme, in itself inexhaustible, even though his praises were lavished more profusely than 'autumnal leaves that strew the vale in Vallambrosa.' Those gazelle eyes of dark chataigne! those teeth—and lips! that bust, and arm, and hand so white—so peerless! and the thousand other indescribable charms, which the idol of him, and of us all, possesses in all unbounded infinity of her incomparable loveliness!" Belsinghammer was completely dumfounded by this burst of eloquence, and knocked in the back ground—his clatter hushed—his bell-metal cracked—in fact "a gone'coon"—a diving-bell. The Chevalier had decidedly made a good hit—and he was more "*au fait*" in these matters, as the Moorish blood perhaps he had in him, gave an oriental luxuriousness to his views of the female character. By this time Belsinghammer had made good his retreat, and retired to a remote corner of the room, where, ensconced upon an ottoman, he was discussing with Monsieur le Colonel "San François," as he always called our host, the principles of *dragoon* tactics, the costume of the *lanciers* and *gens d'armes à la chasse*, and the number of tumbrils, howitzers, and caissons, captured at the battle of Borodino—going over in fact with the Colonel, who was a *vieux soldat de L'Empire*, the whole of Napoleon's campaigns in Egypt, Italy, and Russia, and interspersing these military reminiscences with divers sapient reflections on civil engineering, the rail-roads from the Danube and Dnieper, etc. A new and imposing aspi-

rant, a Monsieur Potier, from Languedoc (or, as he called it, Long-uedoc) now made his appearance in Aladdin's enchanted ring, as the group might be called around the fair lady, and, after inclining his tall figure and grave Socratic head for some time in mute wonder at the brilliant object before him, his shadow falling on her like the *adumbratio* of Saturn on Venus, broke the ice in monosyllabic French, thus: "Lovely bracelet, Madame—*Cadeau Madame je suppose, envoyé par quelque prince?*" "*Non Monsieur Potier—*'tis not from prince—*mais un souvenir*, which I had from Monsieur le Comte de" "*Que c'est superbe! Magnifique!*" exclaimed Signor Malacervella, the Italian gentleman with the headache—"Mi ricordo d'un beau chateau qu'il y a sur les bords du Seine près du Havre." "*C'est précisément ce que vous dites,*" responded Colonel San François—"C'est le même; Monsieur le Comte est grand admirateur de ma femme." "*Que c'est beau! que c'est charmant ce chateau,*" quickly reiterated Madame, hoping vainly to divert the too searching scrutiny of gazing eyes and intrusive digits upon the exquisite turquoise and chasings of the bracelet—or rather endeavoring to transfer this admiration from her own fairy arm and tapering fingers, that gave lustre and value to the ornaments, to the splendid castle of the noble donor, whose turrets and battlements tower in such beauty over the margin of the river mentioned. But these efforts were fruitless, as were those that the erudition of Signor Malacervella superadded, in using every possible stratagem to obtain the floor, and draw the attention of the audience to his rather diffuse display of antiquarian lore, on the memorable localities of the river Seine, the ruins of *Jumièges*, the wonders of Rouen, feats of William the Conqueror, etc. By this time the turquoise and the rich bracelet had been pretty much exhausted and used up by sundry learned disquisitions and erudite theories and speculations, touching the qualities of precious gems and of Guinea gold—all of which it was apparent to "a looker-on in Venice," as the Signor said to Belsinghammer that he was, was only done to gain time, and to find a plausible pretext for prolonging the opportunity of luxuriating in the "incense-breathing" atmosphere of the Goddess," at whose altar they were kneeling. "You 'a looker-on in Venice!" said Belsinghammer gruffly to the Signor—"rather say 'a looker-on' upon Venus." "Bravo! I owe you one," said Malacervella. There seemed to be no prospect of a termination to this most deeply interesting inquiry, until the annals of metallurgy, numismatics, and alchemy, should be thoroughly ransacked, from the days of Paracelsus to Sir Humphrey Davy. To the delight of all, however, little Sigismond, at this moment, came running up to the sofa, with the welcome sounds of "*Mamma! Le diner est tout pres*"—when, forthwith, Monsieur Potier's gaunt-like figure slowly unfolded itself, like the coils of the sea-serpent, and stood erect, soaring above and leaning over the astral and mantel. "How like the tower at Pisa!" quietly murmured Malacervella. "Yes," said Belsinghammer, "it will give those smaller fry ocular demonstration, or more if wanted, that his giant stature can talk in mute thunder, though his diplomatic tongue be as silent as the grave; and teach them, moreover, that however *latitudinarian* may be their visionary hopes, that they can eclipse him by their parade of foreign lingo, it will be a dangerous

thing to measure weapons with one of his *longitude*, unless they possessed courage a little more adapted to the taste and *spirit of the times* than they seem to have." The truth is, to make a *long* enordium short, Monsieur Potier peremptorily took possession of the "En-cantadora," as Malacervella called the beautiful Peri before us—and placing her *sans ceremonie* under his arm, cavalierly marched off as he turned a savage look behind him, and proceeded on his way to the *Salon à Manger* with as much assurance and *sang froid* as Don Whiskerando Fusboton carried off the books and library of poor Don Quixote—and what is more, with the same regular-bred confidence, curvetting his neck up as he went like a proud steed, seated himself down alongside of the bewitching beauty he was guarding at the head of the table, where amidst a profusion of luscious dishes and delicious wines from *Dinde aux Truffes* and *Patés Foie d'oie de Strasbourg* to *Clos Vaugéot* of the finest vintage, shone out the sparkling of wit, the poetry of impassioned love, the sublimity of eloquence, the fire of chivalry, each rendered tenfold more brilliant by the emulation with which each desired to shine, as he hoped to catch a glance or win a smile from the divinity which presided over this delightful *re-union*. Of course, "the observed of all observers," after the lady herself, were Monsieur Potier and the *Chevalier D'Avis*, which latter, by some deep laid plan, or collusion with his friend Potier, contrived to obtain the honor of the chair that flanked the left of Madame—and thus these two gentlemen, as it were monopolizing the lady, excited the keenest feelings of envy on the part of the other guests, who by this piece of strategy had been thrown to the immeasurable distance of some three or four feet from the point of all attraction, which seemed to them an abyss more interminable and impassable than the regions of illimitable space! The consequence was, that there was considerable sharp-shooting between the disappointed and ejected, and Messieurs Potier and D'Avis, who, as the chosen favorites of the golden prize, were of course the willing victims of repeated assaults, which they rebutted with ineffable composure, seasoned at times, however, with some acerbity of repartee when goaded rather hard. Their imperturbable stoicism towards their vanquished opponents was, however, as impenetrable and immovable as the sullen resolution of the three-headed Cerberus that guarded the lovely Proserpine for the inexorable Pluto, and they cast indignantly back the thunderbolts that were hurled upon them with no less dexterity and precision than Oceola and Micanopy repelled the bullets of General Jessup. "All I have to say is, gentlemen," said the chevalier, "let those laugh who win." "Oui," muttered Potier. "Not so fast," called out Signor Malacervella. "*Je ne suis pas D'Avis de vous*," punning upon the chevalier's name—and as to Monsieur Potier or Portere, I'm glad to see the icebergs upon his stereotyped features beginning to melt and *effervesce* under the potent beams of beauty, in whose effulgence he is basking. I never thought before any thing could cut through the frozen regions of his philosophy." It must be understood that this sentence threw Mynheer Von Belsinghammer into perfect ecstasies, and his flaxen tresses knotted à la *Brutus* into ten thousand Medusa ringlets—for once elongated themselves with inward pleasure into the mould-candle shape of an Esquimaux Indian.

In fact, he exhibited as intense delight as would be produced by an ear of corn upon the eyes of a shad-shaped pig, that had been starving on acorns upon the banks of the Muskingum. The peculiar object of the young German's bitterness and spite, appeared to be his *vis-a-vis*, Dr. Schenter, as he called him, of the army, who though a most affable companion, and a genteel pattern of a man to the full extent of his dimensions, presented, it is true, a frame somewhat less herculean and expanded than that impersonation of a wind-mill, to wit, the Signor Potier. Nevertheless, the Doctor, like most others of his rather circumscribed periphery, was not to be trampled upon with impunity, by any long-sided *asteroid* that glided across his orbit, so that all Von Belsinghammer's snarling attempts at wit were returned back to him in full coin and double measure across the table. "Ah!" said Von B. in his broken French—"Misery loves company—*Nous y sommes mal-placés Monsieur Senetarc—Regardez mon ami—L'Enchantresse a l'autre extrémité du ciel—et le Dieu au centre—vaut mieux un Sénateur que Cupid.*" "Et vous à l'Enfer," retorted the Doctor in a double thrust.—"Appunto! Staccato! Bellissimo!" cried out the company with one voice. Whereupon the loquacious countryman of Goëthe, with his multitudinous powers of speech, and to give the devil his due, well stored and brilliant mind, again *hung up the clapper* of his garrulous propensities for another half hour. The truth is, the Signor Malacervella, who was à *cote dè* Belsinghammer, was at this time seized with an awful spirit of dullness, which came over him like a thunder cloud, passing between the bright star of his admiration and his delighted vision. The *mal di testa* had augmented to an almost excruciating agony, and his disposition naturally none of the most saccharine was now a little acidulated by the appalling prospect of being soon irrevocably doomed to take French leave of a groupe so entirely suited to his taste. So Mr. Von Belsinghammer, when he began to "flare up" again, tuned his pipes to another pitch, and with a wicked spirit of malignity, more fiend-like than the demons of Faust, let the hammer of his ill-humor fall with terrific vengeance upon the already tormented cranium of the poor dejected Signor. "*Pauvre Malheureux Signor!*" exclaimed, in a tone of touching pathos, the voice of the beautiful lady, descending like delicious music upon the ear of the persecuted Signor, more soothing than those celestial warblings, which from Juno's lips awaked Argus from his dreams. "*Mon cher ami—mio bravo Signore, qu'est ce donc, que vous afflige? Ah! comme j'ai pitié de vous!*" she feelingly said, "*Cette douleur atroce! cela vous abîme—nous allons être privé de votre aimable société.*" "*Attendez un moment, Madame,*" said Belsinghammer, "*soyez tranquille—n'ayez pas peur—il reprendra tout à l'heure—il n'a pas encore mangé des petits Poix.*" A general murmur of approbation here broke out at the expense of the Signor, who, it was familiarly known, notwithstanding his macaroni propensities, had an especial liking to the *petits Poix*, as imported to us from the Paris restaurateurs. "*C'est à dire Petits poix Sucrés, au cuille on aux perdrix—n'est ce pas vrais mon bon ami!*" added Colonel San François, to make the joke hit better. "*Où Monsieur,*" (said the Signor) "*voi avete ragione—mi piace votre complaisance—mais caro-sicuramente—Senzaltro—vi prego—soyez convaincu, c'est une*

verité. Colonel, you will find the green pea a delicious dish, and you will be *d'accord* and *direz avec moi* donnez-moi *Des petits Poix!* But never, *sur aucune consideration*, tachez de me convaincre, que *Mr. Belsinghammer est un homme de 'grand Poids!'* Bravo! Bravo! Bravissimo! rung round the vaulted chamber with the reverberating tones of a cathedral bell. "*Ah! mon cher Monseigneur!*" sang again the syren voice of Madame, "*vous monterez au ciel un autre Phénix, après avoir mangé de petits poix.*" The enchanted lips that uttered this repartee redeemed the sarcasm with which it was barbed, and like Hyacinth, when his purple blood flowed out from the wound inflicted by his dearest friend, the enamored enthusiast upon whose devoted head the javelin plunged, had only strength to murmur as he was borne out of the room—"*Où mon ange—je meurs volontiers—Je suis sur que je monterai au ciel, et que je serais changé en Phénix quand j'aurais le bonheur suprême d'être assis à côté de Venus.*"

TO OUR READERS.

"REVIEW OF PRESIDENT DEW'S ADDRESS."

We received with gratitude, and published with pleasure and approbation, the article, the name of which is prefixed to this. We admired the chaste style, the classic taste and the gentlemanly spirit that characterize it. But we do not assent to all its doctrines, nor concur in its criticisms. Yet we gladly surrendered, for the time, our chair of office, to a writer so well qualified to fill it. He has acquitted himself well; but in resuming our function we feel it our duty to mark an error or two in his performance. He will know us to be incapable of departing from the example of candid courtesy which he has set us, and will take our censures in the same spirit in which his own were conceived.

His criticisms are addressed first to the style, and then to the matter of his author. We shall take him up in the same order; and in doing this we are happy to say that to *his* style we have nothing to object. It is clear, simple, chaste and graceful. The author of *that review* can ask no higher praise than this. It will certainly satisfy all his canons of criticism in regard to mere style. It satisfies ours too. We might say more (though not truly), which might sound like praise to some, but in his, and in our estimation, it would not be praise.

But we feel ourselves bound to throw our *Ægis* over Mr. Dew; and though in doing this we may leave bare the heel of Achilles, yet we doubt not to screen him securely from any shaft which may be aimed at the head or the heart. We therefore at once avow that there are some inaccuracies of style which we shall not attempt to defend. What these are will be understood by referring to the review. It is needless to specify them. They will be distinguished by not being made the subject of any remarks by us.

We entirely agree with the reviewer that the usage of good writers is the only standard by which the English language is to be ascertained. But we perhaps differ from him in the manner of applying this standard. Our language is the subject of continual accretion, and from age to age (indeed from year to year) is enriched by the addition of new words and new idioms. To the authors of these we are certainly deeply indebted, and we shall continue to incur fresh debts, as often as any one shall contribute to our facilities of giving clearness, force, piquancy and grace to expression of our thoughts. But how can these valuable contributions go on, if they who offer them are considered as forfeiting, by the very act, their place among those good writers whose compositions are to be taken as standards of language? The effect of this must be to stop all farther improvement. But does the language admit of none? Say that it does not. What then? There was a time when it did; and the law of language was the same then as now. How happens it then that so much has been added to it, in defiance of this supposed law, and that they who have furnished the additions have been honored and rewarded; while such as, at this day, follow their example, are to be censured?

With due submission we will venture a solution of this ques-

tion, which will at once vindicate all contributors, past, present and future, whose suggestions of words or phrases may abide the test we shall propose.

We will say then that the English language consists *actually* of all the words found in our dictionaries, and in all our standard authors, and, *potentially*, of such other words as necessity or convenience may suggest the use of, and in the formation of which certain conditions are observed. It might savor of pedantry to specify these; and we are not sure that we could specify them all. But a few examples will illustrate our meaning.

The adjective indicates a quality, which it predicates of the noun substantive. Now this quality has, or ought to have, a name. Sometimes that name is made the root of the adjective, and sometimes is derived from it. Now we do not scruple to say that if there be an adjective and no noun expressive of the quality which that adjective predicates of its adjunct noun, it is lawful to make such a one. If we had no such word in any book as "*badness*," the use of the word would be perfectly proper. Again, it may happen, that although there is a noun expressive of the generic quality predicated by an adjective derived from it, if any modification of that quality were found unprovided with its appropriate word, it would be quite right to form one from the adjective. Thus, if we had but the word "*joy*" belonging to the whole family of gladness, the formation of "*joy-ous*" and "*joyous-ness*" would be as legitimate as the use of the generic word itself.

In the exercise of this privilege we will suggest one rule which is sometimes overlooked, and produces results unpleasant to the classical taste. It is this—that whether the radical which it is proposed to expand into a new word is of Saxon or of Latin origin, the increment which is supplied should be chosen in conformity to the genius of the language from which the word is derived. If this rule be uniformly observed, the innovator may rest assured that the new word thus grafted on the old stock of the language will incorporate with it, and become a part of it. Thus, if we suppose that we had no word to express "*badness*" in any of its modes, we should adopt that word, and also "*wick-edness*," thus adding the Saxon increment "*ness*" to the adjective. But we should not say "*malevolentness*," but "*malevolence*," according to the Latin formula.

To come nearer to the point in controversy: We maintain that, as a general rule, it is lawful to use most nouns verbally, making little and often no change in their form. Hence, if the word "*based*," which is used as a participle, were not to be found in any book on earth, such use would be perfectly legitimate. We would say the same of the verb to "*ornament*." It happens that both these words, which are condemned as barbarisms by the reviewer, are found in Webster; as well as the word "*incipiency*," which he also condemns. But we lay much less stress on this authority than on the principle we have stated. Why should not such words be used? Can their meaning be mistaken? Is not their formation in perfect harmony with the rules and genius of the language? Have they not unequivocal marks of legitimacy, whether born yesterday or an hundred years ago?

We would beg the reviewer to task his black-letter lore, and find us in any ancient author the word "*leash*" used as a verb. What authority had Shakespeare for making it a participle, in that magnificent passage with which all his readers are familiar? Shall we join with Green and his other censors in condemning him too as a licentious innovator? Use was as much the *jus* and *norma loquendi* in his day as now. But Shakespeare used a freedom as pardonable, and as much practiced now as then—*Hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim.**

In these remarks it will be seen that it is hardly any part of our object to vindicate Mr. Dew. Webster has all the words excepted to but "*pervasive*." That word is a desideratum. It is a legitimate formation which expresses in a state of rest the quality which "*pervading*" exhibits in action. If it is not English, it deserves to be, and will be. The first use of it by a good writer naturalizes it *de facto*.

We were edified and pleased with the reviewer's critique on the quotation from Virgil. His rule is true as a general rule. But he errs in denying any exceptions to his maxim, that the quotation should be used in the exact sense of the original pas-

* We remember seeing the use of the word "*notice*" as a verb severely criticized by Gifford in the Quarterly. Yet he himself thus uses the same word in the same work.

sage. This very line was applied by Doctor Johnson to his boasted work, his Dictionary. The passage is in Boswell's life of him.

But an example is at hand of a quotation used with the happiest effect in a *reversed* sense. It was in a speech of the late Mr. Randolph, which all who heard it felt, and which none can forget. When the confidence of the opposition was claimed for Mr. Adams, and a pledge of confidence was asked, he gave his answer in the words of Apollo to the son of Clymene—"Pignora cula petis, do pignora cula timendo." The fear of Apollo was for his son. That of Mr. Randolph was of Mr. Adams. Yet the effect of this quotation, so applied, was electrical, and was considered by many as one of the most felicitous examples of Mr. R.'s fine classic taste.

So much for verbal criticism. *Paulo majora canamus.* Yet we cannot dismiss this philological discussion without avowing, that to us the subject is one of great interest. We would respectfully request those who preside over the language of our country and race, to consider well of the ideas we have presented. Should they be received with favor, they may have the effect of composing the strifes of verbal critics, and of blending into harmony the contributions of literature, and art, and science, to a language so happily qualified to adapt itself to all the modifications of thought which the progressive improvement of the human mind must elicit.

When the reviewer, turning from the work of verbal criticism, undertakes to examine and controvert the doctrines taught in Mr. Dew's address, he seems to us engaged in the unprofitable task of refuting that for which his adversary does not contend. He does, indeed, assert the importance of moral and political science; and, in doing this, displays somewhat of that zeal, which is always awakened by the sneers of others against what we approve. President Dew is aware, that in most other seminaries, and especially in some of those in Virginia, these subjects are held in little repute, and are decidedly postponed to the exact sciences. We do not understand him as doing more than to contend for their equal claim to consideration. In doing this, it was not necessary that he should recapitulate all that could be said in favor of mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry. This was already done by those with whom he was contending. His part was to say as much, if as much could be said with truth, in favor of what the reviewer calls his favorite studies. They are perhaps his favorite studies; but it is not on that account that he spoke on their behalf. He advocated them because of their intrinsic importance, and he advocated them as the head of an institution where they have been always particularly cherished. He knew that this had been imputed to his college as a fault, and from this imputation he felt it his duty to defend her.

If any thing was wanting to make good his defence, his reviewer has supplied it. We beg the reader's attention to the following passage:

"Among the greatest evils that has ever afflicted this commonwealth, is the morbid desire of her sons for political distinction. It has been the bane of the republic, destroying every thing like useful enterprise in Virginia, and banishing from their homes thousands of our citizens, to find preferment among the people of other states, or from the patronage of the federal government. No sooner do our young men leave their seminaries of learning, than, deeming themselves politicians and statesmen, ready made according to the philosophy of the best schools, they rush with ardor into the political arena. Disappointed in their ambitious aspirations, with their taste depraved, and having lost all capacity for useful employment, they become reckless and abandoned; or falling in with a dominant party, they sacrifice all independence of character, and stoop to the lowest arts of the demagogue, hoping to creep to that eminence to which they had vainly attempted to soar. Nor is this passion for political life confined to the educated portion of our people. Truly has President Dew said, 'our whole state is a great political nursery.' It swarms with politicians of every age, and hue, and size. But, unfortunately, for one statesman we have a hundred demagogues. Next to a standing army in time of peace, a class of professed politicians, set apart expressly for the business of public life, is most dangerous to the liberties of a free state. Such men must necessarily be the Swiss of party. Considering politics as their vocation, they must needs seek for employment. If they fail to find it in the independent discharge of their duty as representatives of the people, they must seek it in mean compliances with the imperious mandates of party leaders, or in a course of degrading servility and sycophancy to the dispensers of federal patronage. Let us do nothing to increase this numerous swarm of hungry politicians. What we need in Virginia, is a class of educated country gentlemen, well instructed, not only in moral and political philosophy, but in

polite literature, and especially in those physical sciences so intimately connected with agriculture, that most ancient, honorable and independent of all pursuits. Such persons would be qualified at once to discharge well the duties of citizens and of statesmen; and like one of the most celebrated of the ancient Romans, could step from their ploughs to the most important offices of the state, without elevating there own dignity, or degrading the high stations to which they might be called.

"If we were disposed to detract from the dignity of the study of moral and political philosophy, we might join issue with President Dew on the proposition which he has so broadly stated, that 'the great mass of high intellect, in all ages and countries, has been employed in morals and politics;' and we might appeal to the history of the world, and the testimony of many of the wisest of mankind, to disprove the doctrine that seems to be a corollary from this proposition, that the highest intellect is necessary to political success. The truth of the remark of the celebrated Chancellor Oxenstien, who, with great abilities, had the opportunity of extensive observation and experience in one of the most distinguished courts of his age, has been so universally acknowledged, that the remark has become almost proverbial: 'Go,' said he to his son, who expressed diffidence of his capacity for office, 'Go, and see for yourself, *quam parva sapientia regitur mundus.*' The philosophic historian of the 'Age of Louis XIV,' has added the weight of his opinion to that of this distinguished statesman. He thus expresses himself: 'In reading Mazarin's letters, and Cardinal de Retz's memoirs, we may easily perceive de Retz to have been the superior genius; nevertheless, the former attained the summit of power, and the latter was banished. In a word, it is a certain truth, that to be a powerful minister, little more is required than a middling understanding, good sense and fortune; but to be a good minister, the prevailing passion of the soul must be a love for the public good; and he is the greatest statesman, who leaves behind him the most noble monuments of public utility.' But it is needless to multiply proofs upon this subject. In this country we have so many living witnesses, that men of very moderate abilities, and of still more slender acquirements, may rise to the highest offices in the state, that to doubt it, would imply a degree of skepticism, sufficient to resist the strongest evidence, or the most conclusive demonstration."

The particular evils here enumerated are, "the morbid desire of distinction;" "the swarms of politicians of every age, hue and size;" the insufficiency of their acquirements, and the fearful excess of demagogues over statesmen. The general evil is expressed in the language of Chancellor Oxenstien: "*Quam parva sapientia regitur mundus.*"

These are evils. None feels them more than ourselves or President Dew; and none can paint them more strikingly than his reviewer. What then? Because there is an acknowledged evil, shall there be no remedy? And if a remedy, shall it be one which we can, or one which we cannot administer?

Is it for mere schoolmen to correct "the morbid desire of distinction" nourished by our institutions? "The democratic commonwealth," says Burke, "is the foodful nurse of ambition." The evil, such as it is, inheres in the nature of the thing, with its consequent "swarms of politicians." It may be rendered harmless, but while liberty exists, it can never be destroyed. Like the name of Phidias on the shield of Minerva, envy cannot obliterate it without spoiling the whole work. But why is it an evil? Because our "politicians are not qualified for their task," and are rather "demagogues than statesmen."

Now, for this, President Dew proposes a remedy—moral and political education. We beg the reviewer to re-examine the address with critical care, and say whether he there sees any reason to believe that the author would be content to turn out from his classes, tyros in politics, and demagogues? Does he see any indication that such, though undesigned, would be the effect of his instructions? Our present number contains another lecture from the same institution, and on this very subject. We request him to read that, and ask himself whether he sees there any reason to apprehend that the student will be led to think himself a statesman, as soon as he has got by rote a breviary of popular sayings.

If we rightly understand (and we think we do) the plans of President Dew and his fellow laborers, it is their object, if practicable, to correct the very evils of which the reviewer speaks. No doubt frequent disappointments await them; but until we are convinced that their means are not adapted to their ends, we shall wish to see them persevere. And we shall watch their labors with a hope rendered cheerful by past experience. However demagogues may abound among us, few of them, in proportion, have been reared at William and Mary. The course of instruction there is essentially the same pursued thirty or forty years ago; and we live surrounded by the proofs of its excellence in the very point in question. We have but to step into the Court of Appeals, and we see on the bench, the President,

and Judges Cabell and Brockenbrough, and at the bar, Messrs. Johnson, and Leigh, and Stanard, and Robertson. We know that they are all alumni of William and Mary, and almost all contemporaries; the rich fruit of one abundant harvest. While we think of these men, may we not be allowed to hope that the system of education which has given them to their country, may continue to furnish others, in whose presence the ignorant pretender shall blush, and the demagogue shall stand rebuked? In such a result no one would rejoice more than ourselves—no, not even our friend the reviewer; and for its accomplishment, there is no man to whom we look with more confidence than President Dew. Praying God to speed him in his labors, of him and his reviewer we take a courteous farewell. To the latter we feel ourselves obliged by his neat and elegant critique, and beg him to believe, that our sense of its merit and his own, is not the less, because we have felt it our duty to screen another friend from a censure, originating, as it seems, in misapprehension. The question of authority for the use of certain words, is one to be settled between Walker and Webster. We wish, for our parts, that all lexicographers would fight their own battles, instead of setting honest men by the ears. If they must fight by champion, we should like to see the "battle of the books" renewed, and folio meet folio in fair field. If the strife should end in the extermination of all the dictionaries of the English tongue, we are not sure that the language would lose any thing by it. No well-read man has need of them. They do but save illiterate clowns from betraying their ignorance and low breeding. And even this they do but imperfectly. By the initiated, the language learned from a dictionary will never be mistaken for that acquired in the parlor or in the halls of science.

The remarks which we made, in our number for February last, upon some reflections which a writer in the Pittsburg Times, and the editor of the paper, had suffered themselves to cast upon us for ascribing the "Lines to my Wife" (published in our number for October preceding,) to Lindley Murray, have brought us several letters from different hands, which we shall lay before our readers for their amusement. It is curious, indeed, to find from them that we were all out—if we are even now exactly in. Thus our correspondent A. B. L. surprises us with the discovery that the Lines are evidently borrowed (with few alterations) from an old Scotch song by one Lapraik; and very interestingly identifies the *original* as a favorite of Burns himself. He agrees with us, however, that the *imitation* which we published was probably written by Murray, rather than by Huddesford; and we were thanking him in our hearts for his aid on this point, when we received the letter of "Oxonienis," who, not dreaming that the Lines were borrowed or altered from Lapraik, assigns them without hesitation to Huddesford, and indeed seems to prove that they are his, by tracing them to the "Wiccamical Chaplet," which he certainly edited. At least, their coming out in that work would appear to establish the fact of their having been written by some Wiccamist, and Murray, we suppose, was hardly one of that tribe. So we must *now* think that the Lines are most probably Huddesford's; and we are glad to learn from our correspondent, that the author of them is not the "Englishman of very little celebrity" that our Pittsburg pair supposed him to be, but an eminent Oxonian, a man of learning and letters, and justly esteemed an elegant poet for his time. Indeed, these Lines, if he had writ no other, would fairly entitle him, in our opinion, to the praise of possessing no small share of poetical tenderness and taste. But our correspondent X. Y. has here furnished us with another specimen of his Muse, which raises him still higher in our favor; as it shows that he had also no small genius, or at least talent, for the sublime.

But what do we say to the fifth, or additional stanza, which our "Oxonienis" informs us is not in the copy in the "Wiccamical Chaplet?" Why, we think, with him, that it is manifestly unworthy of the rest, and most probably by another hand. We cannot, indeed, altogether assent to his sharp condemnation of the figure of the Ivy, which we think justifiable upon the soundest principles of criticism—for it is sufficient, we take it, that a figure shall be, in law language, "true to a *common* intent," without being so to "every intent;" and if the Ivy, as he charges, draws its nourishment from the tree to which it attaches itself, that is obviously no more than it has a right to do, as a wife may, very lawfully, claim support and subsistence from her husband, (though both, we confess, may happen to extract a little too much) and, at any rate, its secret fault does not ap-

pear, and ought not to be remembered, in the admirable fondness and fidelity with which it clings to the trunk which it adorns—alike through storm and sunshine—even to its death. The poets, accordingly, have done ample justice to its merit in this point of view; and the very figure is, in fact, sanctioned by the best usage, ancient and modern. We could quote a hundred examples from the Greek, Latin, and English classics, to prove it; but we refrain. We admit, however, that the writer, whoever he was, might perhaps have found a better plant for his purpose. We observe, indeed, that the song of Lapraik, which he evidently had before his eyes when he wrote, has the "woodbine" instead of the "Ivy," and we feel at once that if one could fairly imagine himself to be a tree, he might, very reasonably, choose to be clasped by that beautiful flower, rather than by any *Ivy* in the world (unless, indeed, it were one of those *sweet Irys* that happen to be growing and blooming in or near a certain *borough* that we know.) But we keep our readers too long from the Letters. Here they are at last.

Augusta, Georgia, 18th March, 1827.

Sir:—From the last number of the Messenger, I learn that you have been rudely handled, by a writer in the Pittsburg Daily Times, for ascribing the ode "To My Wife," in the October number of your truly valuable periodical, to Lindley Murray. Surely, your mistake was quite too natural, to justify the sharp reproof of the writer in the Times. But what will he, and his indorser (the Editor of the Times) say, when they learn, that Mr. Huddesford has no more claims to the authorship of that piece, than Lindley Murray! In point of fact, it was written by a Scotchman, of the name of John Lapraik, a contemporary and companion of Burns. It is to be found at page sixty-seven of the first volume of the Glasgow edition of the *Encyclopedia of Songs*; which was published nearly twenty years before the *Western Songster*. The ode appears in the Messenger a little changed, both in measure and dialect, from the original; but not so much so, as to raise a doubt even in the mind of the writer in the Times, as to its identity with Lapraik's. Let me lay them both before the reader.

From the Messenger.

TO MY WIFE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of Husband and of Wife.
One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
E'en years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloyed.
Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.
If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home;
I'll lull me there to rest:
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.
Have I a wish!—'tis all her own,
All hers and mine are rolled in one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis Death to be disjoined.

From the Encyclopedia, &c.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties,
That made us ane, wha ance were twain:
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss;
Ev'n years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o' bliss.
Hae I a wish?—it's a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;
Weel pleased, they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And ay when wearie cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.
I'll lay me there and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear:
Hae I a joy?—it's a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
There like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

To the last, the Editor appends the following note:

"We are informed by Burns, 'that this song was the work of a very worthy facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, whose little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connexion as security for some person concerned in that villainous bubble, *The Ayr Bank*. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.' From this it may be inferred, that this is the identical song alluded to in the following stanzas of Burn's epistle to J. Lapraik:

On fasten-e'en we had a rockin
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun an' jokin
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.
There was ae sang among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife;
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast
A' to the life."

The foregoing establishes the authorship of the song, beyond controversy. Murray, we know, was for a time in extremely indigent circumstances, and was through life almost afflicted with bodily infirmity. It is probable, therefore, that, considering the song peculiarly appropriate to his own situation, he paraphrased it, as it appears in the Messenger, and addressed it to his wife. Can Mr. Huddesford present as fair a claim to it as this?

A. B. L.

Charleston, S. C. March 26th, 1837.

Sir:—This communication is occasioned by a notice in your "Messenger" for February last. I have no doubt that you will give it a place, as, I think, it must end all controversy relative to some verses attributed by the Editor of a Pittsburg newspaper to Mr. Huddesford, whom he is pleased to call "an Englishman of very little celebrity." Mr. Huddesford (now, I believe, no longer living,) was a distinguished scholar at Winchester, under that illustrious head-master, Dr. Warton: he was subsequently a fellow of New College in Oxford, where none but Wiccaminists are eligible, and where his friends and school-fellows Huntingford, Howley, Burgess, and many other distinguished young men, were his constant associates. He was also intimate with Lisle Bowles, who, though a Wiccaminist, was of Trinity College, and a pupil of Thomas Warton—a scholar not less illustrious than his brother Joseph. With all these Oxonians, except Huddesford, I was myself well acquainted, and have often heard their estimate of their school-fellow, who was, at least, *par inter*

pares. You are, no doubt, aware that Howley is now Archbishop of Canterbury, and Burgess Bishop of Salisbury, with a literary reputation exceeded by that of few scholars in Europe. Dr. Huntingford, when one of the under-masters of that noble school, published his "*Greek Exercises*," and, subsequently, his "*Monostrophics*," which were reviewed, in vos. 68 and 69 (old series) of the Monthly Review, by Dr. Parr and Dr. Charles Burney; with a display of critical learning which is hardly imagined in the United States where more is said, and less done, in the way of sound education, than in any other part of the civilized world. Dr. Huntingford's learning and merit raised him from comparatively obscure parentage, to be head-master of Winchester (after Dr. Joseph Warton's death), and, successively, Bishop of Gloucester and Hereford. Some very interesting correspondence between him and Dr. Parr, may be found in vos. 7 and 8 of Dr. Parr's lately published works. So much for Mr. Huddesford's friends; and, I suppose, he is entitled, as well as other men, to the benefit of the maxim, "*Noscitur à Sociis*," even if he had no better claims to distinction as a man of letters.

But, sir, when you have before you the *new series* of the Monthly Review, you may form some judgment of George Huddesford, *per se*. In vol. 39, page 472, of that excellent work, you will be made acquainted with two volumes of "*Poems*" by Huddesford, printed in a style of typographical elegance that is seldom given to the productions of very obscure authors: they are dedicated, *by permission*, to Lord Loughborough, then Chancellor, in language that manifests the degree of esteem entertained by that distinguished lawyer and statesman for his young friend. The "*Poems*" probably met with a gracious reception; for, soon after, Mr. H. published his "*Wiccaminical Chaplet*," in rivalry, no doubt, of the "*Lusus Westmonasteriensis*," and of the "*Musæ Etonenses*." The "*Chaplet*" did not pass unnoticed, as is evident from vol. 49, page 201, of the same series of the "*Monthly*," where you will find it reviewed with a degree of approbation that no scholar could have bestowed upon the lines attributed to Lindley Murray in your miscellany for October 1836. Bowles, Huntingford, Howley, or Burgess, one of whom probably reviewed the book, and Mr. Addington (then Prime Minister), to whom it is, *also with permission*, dedicated, would never have sanctioned such stuff as "*two wishes rolled in one*;" nor were these gentlemen so ignorant of the connection between the Ivy and the Oak, as to suppose that to separate them was to kill the oak. Dr. Johnson, at least, knew better; for, he compares the fondness of a mawkish wife to the embraces of the Ivy, which occasion the death of the noble tree to which it attaches itself: separation, therefore, would be life.

In short, sir, Murray, or somebody else, had stolen Mr. Huddesford's pleasing verses, and had persuaded his unsuspecting wife that they were his own, and that she had inspired them. If, in this instance, the Ivy had entwined itself round the Oak (such a one as it was), till it had choked it, poetical justice, at least, would have been done.

To enable you and your readers to settle this point for yourselves, I add Mr. Huddesford's "*Song*," as he modestly calls it. It will undeceive your own Correspondent, and abash, if any thing can, the Editors of the Pittsburg "*Times*," as well as him of the "*Western Songster*."

MUTUAL LOVE.

From Huddesford's "*Wiccaminical Chaplet*," page 112.

When on thy bosom I recline, [As above.]

One mutual flame inspires our bliss; [As above.]

Have I a wish, &c. [As above.]

If cares arise, &c. [as above, except that the original has "*all her care*," for "*every care*."]]

Here ends Mr. Huddesford. The fifth stanza, about "*rolling wishes in one*," and "*the Ivy round the tree*"—"Bound up in closest amity"—so that "*Death ensues from disjunction*"—of "*a parasite creeper*!" (as Lord Bacon calls the Ivy, that nourishes itself by sucking out the substance of the tree to which it attaches itself)—is perfectly original, and from the pen of the Bard of the "*Western Songster*." He is welcome to it.

OXONIENSIS.

Mr. White:—The introduction of the name of Huddesford (in a late Messenger) into a controversy concerning the authorship of some lines claimed for him by one, and for Lindley Murray by another, has reminded me of the following. They are all of his composition that I have ever seen. As I never heard his name but in

connexion with them, I presume he was a writer of but "little celebrity," as is said of him. Be that as it may, these lines have a merit which entitles them to be preserved. They came to my hands in manuscript some five and twenty years ago. Whether they are Huddesford's or no, I know not. Perhaps they too may be found in the Western Songster, or some other such pedlar's pack of small wares, second-hand trumpery and stolen goods, and may have the name of some other person prefixed to them. Should this be the case, I hope that neither you, Mr. White, nor I, may be accused of attempting any deception. Yours, X. Y.

TO A MOUNTAIN OAK, TORN UP BY A TEMPEST.

Thou, who unmoved hast heard the tempest chide,
Full many a winter, round thy craggy bed,
And, like an earth-born giant, hast outspread
Thy hundred arms, and Heaven's own bolts defied,
Now liest along thy native mountain's side
Uptorn. Yet deem not that I come to shed
The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,
Or basely to insult thy blasted pride.

No! still 'tis thine, tho' fallen, imperial Oak,
To teach this lesson to the wise and brave;
That 'tis far better, overthrown and broke,
In Freedom's cause to sink into the grave,
Than, in submission to a tyrant's yoke,
Like the vile reed, to bow, and be a slave.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Gleanings in Europe. By an American. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 2 vols. 12 mo.

These volumes ought never to have been written—or at least ought never to have been published. They are made up, indeed, almost entirely of matters and things that might do well enough to talk about, or even to write about in familiar letters to one's family, or friends; but quite too small and trivial, we should think, to be *cooked* in this way. In truth we are surprised, and almost provoked, that Mr. Cooper (for he is the writer of them,) should seriously undertake to carry us back ten years in our lives, and all the way across the Atlantic, to give us an account of such things, for instance, as a kiss which he saw committed, in Cowes, by a tight young sailor lad, upon the lips of a smart country girl, who gave him, very properly, a sound box in the ear for his pains. Yet the said kiss is positively one of the most interesting and *instructive* things in all the work.

But we are perhaps a little too hasty in our judgment; and we are forgetting at least the modest and reasonable request which the author makes in his Preface, when he says: "All I ask is, that the volumes may be viewed as no more than they profess to be. They are the *gleanings* of a *harrest* already gathered, thrown together in a desultory manner, and without the slightest, or at least a very small pretension to any of those arithmetical or statistical accounts that properly belong to works of a graver character. They contain the passing remarks of one who has certainly seen something of the world, whether it has been to his advantage or not, who had occasionally good opportunities to examine what he saw, and who is not conscious of being, in the slightest degree, influenced 'by fear, favor, or the hope of reward.' His *compte rendu* must pass for what it is worth." This is certainly fair warning, and if we *will* read the volumes after it, it is plainly our own fault, and we have certainly no right to complain that we do not find them what we wished, but what they did not pretend, or choose to be. We may add, too, that they give us quite all, and even a little more than they promised in the Preface; and contain, in fact, some light and pleasing sketches of the state of things in France, (that is, as it was some eight or ten years ago,) which may serve to pass off a leisure hour or two well enough. We would submit some extracts as samples of the work; but being pressed for room, we can only refer our readers to a few.

Mr. C's account of the physical characteristics of the French, our readers will find a little different from what they had supposed. (See vol. 2. pp. 53 and 56, inclusive.)

His views of society and manners in the French capital, are lively and pleasant enough. (Vol. 2. pp. 124 to 128—130 to 133—and 135 to 137.)

The remarks on the literary character of the age—especially

in France—are worth noting. Our limits will not allow us to give them—we must therefore content ourself by referring the reader to vol. 2, pp. 77 to 81, and 92, to the end of the chapter.

There are more good and amusing things in these books; particularly a very *accurate* account of a great diplomatic dinner given by our Minister, Mr. Brown, to Mr. Secretary Canning, at which all the *corps* were present; and another of another great dinner (a *royal* one this time,) where our author had the good fortune to see his Majesty Charles X, and all the royal family, eat in splendid style—but we forbear.

We infer from the title of these volumes—*Gleanings in Europe*—that they are to be followed by some others which may treat of England, &c. as these do of France. Well, if Mr. C. *will* continue to publish such things, we shall probably continue to read them, (that is, if we have nothing else to do at the time;) but we really think that we might both be better employed.

Minor Morals for Young People. Illustrated in Tales and Travels.

By John Bowring. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 1 vol. 12mo. p. 262.

We can hardly call this a good book; though it has certainly some good things in it. The author's design in writing it, as he tells us in the Preface, is to "elucidate the theory of genuine morals for the service of the young, by the blending of amusement and instruction;" and "in the attempt," says he, "to accomplish so important a purpose, I felt encouragement from a frequently repeated observation of Mr. Bentham's, that nothing is wanting for the establishment of sound opinions in all questions of right and wrong, but the determination to follow the consequences of actions into the regions of pain and pleasure. No better guide for judgment has, I believe, been ever proposed; and my conviction is as strong as it can be, that it is impossible to add to the stock of virtue without adding to that of felicity, or to increase the amount of felicity without increasing that of virtue." Accordingly, all that follows, as he tells us, is only an attempt to illustrate this important truth by facts drawn from the writer's own observation and experience, and sometimes by little fables of his own invention, intended to show "the application of that *standard of morality*, whose universal recognition will, as he believes, be the characteristic of a new and better era."

Now, we cannot agree for a moment with our author, that his "standard of morality," as he calls the Greatest Happiness principle of his master Jeremy Bentham, is either sound or safe. It is true, indeed, that God in his infinite wisdom and benevolence has connected duty and happiness together by strong and inseparable ties; but we deny that this union is the foundation of *moral obligation*, or that it can be properly made the basis of a system of morals for any—and especially for the young. In our opinion, we are bound to love virtue, as we love beauty, for itself—for its own sweet sake—and independently of the pleasure which it imparts—though that pleasure comes, of course, along with it, (or after it,) and may even enhance its charms. Still, we do not love it for the pleasure, (though we may love it the more for that,) but for itself. But we go further, and higher, and maintain that we are bound to love virtue, not only for its own sake—for its own intrinsic excellence—but because it is agreeable to the will of God, as intimated indeed by the very happiness which accompanies, or follows it, and more clearly revealed in his word; a principle which this new theory seems to supersede.

Nor if the Greatest Happiness principle were true, would it be easy or possible, we think, to make children comprehend it. It is evidently too general and abstract for their minds to embrace. Nor, as we have said, would it be exactly safe in all cases. For if we even concede that the tendency of any act to produce the greatest amount of happiness would furnish a proper test of its morality, may not a false appearance—a mere *mirage* of pleasure—deceive the eye? And especially of a child who has not yet learned to look beyond the surface of things, or to "submit the senses to the soul." The theory is, therefore, dangerous as well as false, and the inculcation of it, of course, taints, and almost spoils the book. There are, however, as we said, some good things in it; and we should lay a few of them before our readers as samples of the work if we had room. The chapter on the "Employment of Time," on page 69, and the chapter entitled "Fishes and Friendly Counsels," on page 182, are fair specimens of the book, and our readers may judge from them how far it is likely to suit their taste.